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NON-FICTION

February, 1969

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Frontier Times
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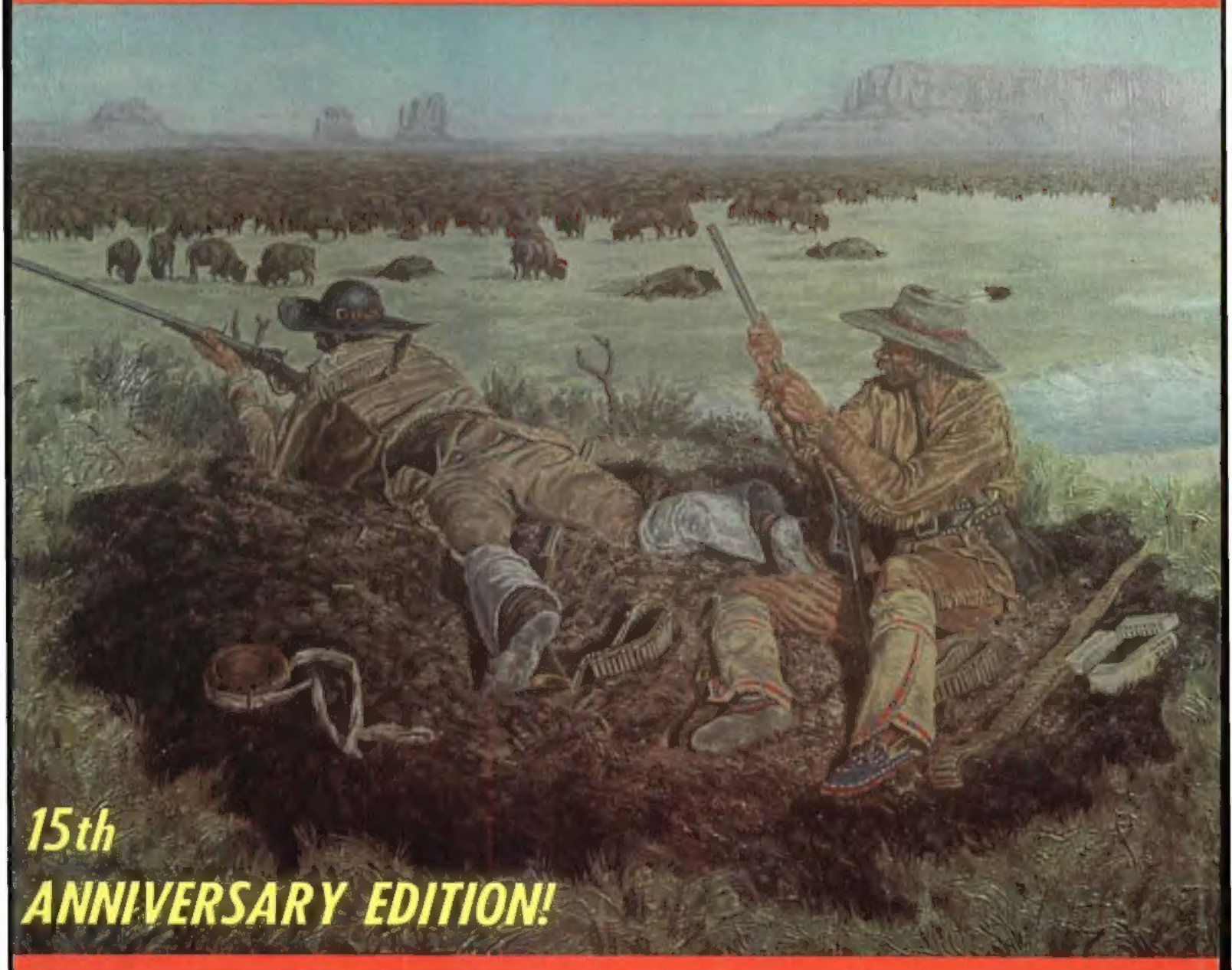

15th
ANNIVERSARY EDITION!

Partial List of Contents: BELLE STARR'S KILLER • TREASURE CANYON
CHARLIE RUSSELL AND WALT COBURN • NORTHWEST LUMBERING
BUTCH CASSIDY • TONTO BASIN WAR'S FORGOTTEN VICTIM
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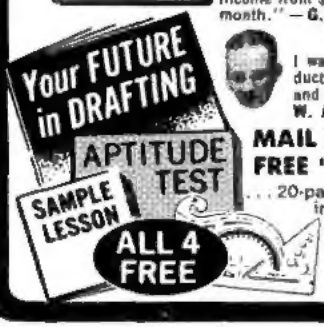

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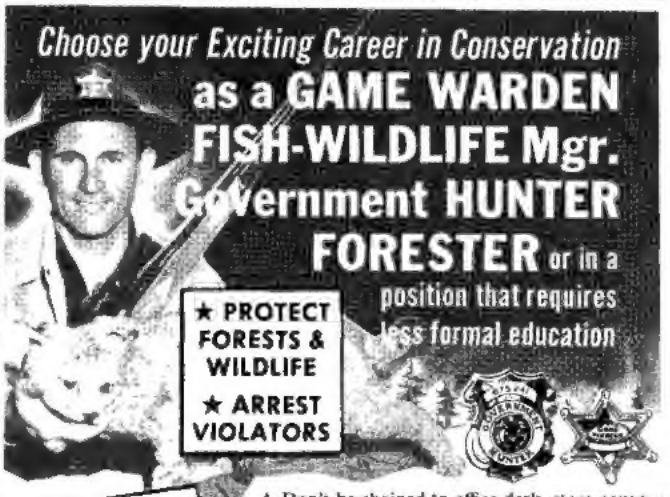

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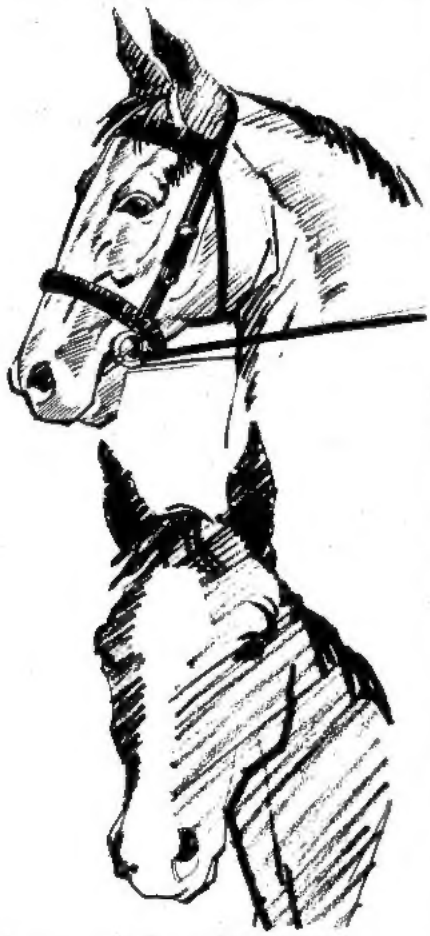

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A Joe Small Publication

January-February, 1969
Volume 16, No. 3
Whole No. 91

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

PAT WAGNER, Editor
JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher
ROBERT SMALL, Advertising Mgr.
MARY SANDERS, Editorial Asst.
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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Buffalo Hunters

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

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Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address.

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91 Issues!

SOMEBODY who can count around here told me that this is approximately our Fifteenth Anniversary Edition! Fifteen years of trying to tell the truth about the Old West! No wonder I feel kind of dopey, battered and skinned. It's like stealing my Uncle John Glover's watermelons.

When I was a kid on a farm in Burleson County, Texas, we always had a big patch of watermelons. And they were most always good—but not as good as Uncle John's. In fact, *nobody's* melons were as good as Uncle John's.

When we four cousins—Bill Glover, Bill Fergeson, Wallace Fergeson and I—got together, something had to give! Generally, it was the surrounding neighbors!

Bill Glover (there were two sets of Glovers in our community) was the son of Jim Glover, brother of John. I make sure that this is clear for the simple reason that it never was much fun to lead a raiding party on your own pa's watermelon patch!

Well, we passed alongside the J. W. Small melon crop (over two hundred Rocky Fords sticking sunburned heads above the leaves) and continued across the "new-ground" field to "the best damned watermelons in Burleson County!"

I'll never forget Bill Glover (oldest and always the leader) on this memorable day. We were generally slap-happy and "funny-tongued" but Bill seemed to be thoughtful and a bit moody on this particular expedition. It wasn't that he was afraid Uncle John might catch us. In those days, even a stranger was welcome to enter a man's watermelon patch and help himself without asking the owner. It was just a sort of unwritten courtesy—and the farmer seldom knew who he was being courteous to! Still, it was more fun to steal a prime specimen than merely pick one out of your own patch—it lent just the right touch of excitement that added to the appetite.

"Boys," Bill Glover said solemnly, "we have done this several times lately, picked the best melon in the patch (Uncle John wouldn't feel right if we didn't), and have been able to get out into the woods and have a feast without him ever catching us. The one thing I want to bring up before you boys is a case of manners. When I bust the melon, there are always four greedy hands grabbing for the heart. Gentlemen, let's be civilized—at least one time. I'll cut the heart into four different slices and we should all be satisfied."

This little speech shook us. Manners had never been our great concern in the past and we were downright subdued. A feeling of guilt ran through us as vivid memories of past brawls passed through our minds.

We agreed and Bill held the tremendous Stone Mountain just the right height and let it drop lightly on the sandy loam. It broke easily. A seam of exciting red continued to pop up in the center. Bill opened his knife and encouraged the break until he was able to pry open the sugary delight. There,

in all its mealy glory was the big prize, the best part of any watermelon—the heart itself. It looked like a ridge of red in a brilliant sunset. I remember that my mouth actually watered as I waited for Bill to begin dividing it.

Instead, he grabbed the heart with one deft snatch and faded into the underbrush. We sat in stunned silence. A sort of maniacal laugh floated back over Bill's shoulders.

That happened a long time ago. It seems like week before last!

WHAT DOES ANYONE do about time anymore? Could it *possibly* be fifteen years ago that I was putting together the first issue of TRUE WEST in a little cabin on Dell Creek in the Hoback country of Wyoming? I know I am sounding nostalgic—and I do it with malice aforethought. By golly, I can remember even some of the *smallest details*, dreams, plans and actual work on Volume 1, Number 1—and still in this seizure of "where did all that time go" I could swear it wasn't two years ago!

We had an invitation to spend four weeks with Jim and Molly Bosone, who live in a little paradise right out of Bondurant, Wyoming. It isn't far from the Jackson Hole Country and Hole in the Wall. I felt real good—being there in the lap of history while editing an issue of WESTERN SPORTSMAN as well as working on the first issue of TRUE WEST.

We had figured that there was absolutely *no way* for us to make this long visit to paradise—so we just picked up and went anyhow. Those are nearly always the most memorable trips of your life. The "right time" never comes. So the "Warden" and our three boys climbed into an old beat-up car and we transported about half our office equipment (which was rather meager in those days!) along with us.

Robert and Joe would adventure while the Warden—Elizabeth, that is—would watch after Jim (two years old at the time) and help me when he wasn't trying to get in the creek—just forty-eight steps away!

After a furious day's work, I would grab my fly rod and head off to cut trail on the boys upcreek. You could catch trout right there at the cabin. But it wasn't near as much fun as busting off some skin searching in the thick brush for that hidden pool and the lunker that's always supposed to be there!

I've got to spend *one more* month like that. It was one of the finest months of our lives—we were *all* young then and we enjoyed every moment of that trip, hard work as well as play.

I'll never forget those meals Molly served us! Jim and Molly Bosone are "salt of the earth" people. The last time I heard from them they were taking in a few guests in some cabins they built later. But it is still a working cattle ranch. If you don't believe it, you might help Jim gather in some firewood up in the higher country where the government allows dead pine, fir and spruce to be used by the ranchers! He'll let you work some cattle, too—if you know how.

These memories are fifteen years old? They are as sharp as today. They always crowd in when someone asks me how TRUE WEST got started.

I must stop reminiscing. They say you're getting old when you do that too much and just because I feel 106 today is no reason why I should mess up white space with fond memories. Better say a word or two about this issue.

We think (and remember we are not *always* right!) that this is the best edition of TRUE WEST we ever published. There is *something* about every section of the West in here as well as some mighty famous names and places. Did you know that the king of western writers, Walt Coburn, was a neighbor of Charlie Russell? As impossible as it may seem, after all that has been written about Russell, there *is* some new material. As a tie-in, we're running a story about the founding of Great Falls, Russell's home for so many years. It is written by the wife of the man who selected the site. This information came from her great-grandson.

You'll find a story in this issue on John Jennings, little-known brother of the famous Al. There are those who say he was a much better man—"better" meaning more man and less talk. Another article may clear up the controversy of who killed Belle Starr. It is unpublished material of a family doctor who knew this all along but preferred to keep it quiet. He advised his wife to wait a while after his death to make the papers public.

Now we are supposed to have a scoop—the aftermath of the Graham-Tewksbury feud. We'll know if we haven't—after you read it! Popularity with our readers and reputation brought Walt Coburn, Richard Summers, Albert Gilles, Willard Porter, Maurice Kildare, Ike Osteen and others into this issue. And look at that cover, by Joe Grandee, titled the "Buffalo Hunters." There is a story to go with it by Seth Hathaway—a first-hand account by a Kansan taken from our old FRONTIER TIMES files.

Hope to see you again in our THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY EDITION!—Joe "Hosstail" Small.

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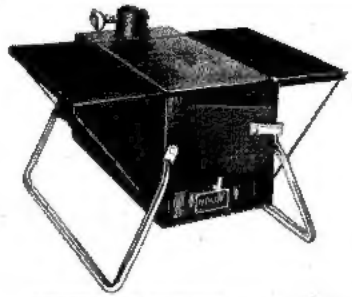
BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



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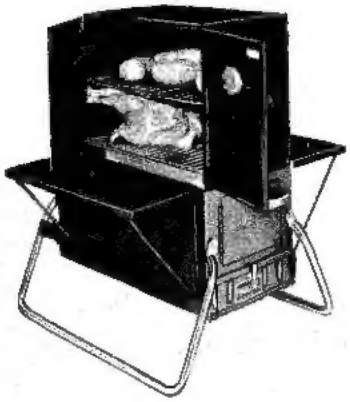

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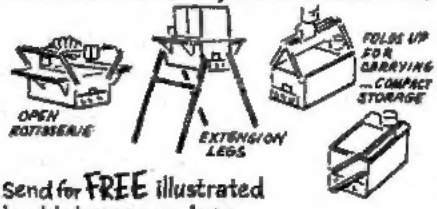

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Truly Western

Painted Cave, Texas

Dear Sirs:

I was delighted to find in the October 1968 TRUE WEST some real heirlooms. On pages 36-37 in "True West Scrapbook" you have pictures for which you seek identification. Most of these were taken on the ranch where I lived for twenty-five years and I can identify the spots completely.

On the upper left is a shot of the west end of a railroad tunnel about 500 yards in length. Halfway through the tunnel is an "eye" or an opening out to the cliff side. This tunnel is about ten miles west of Comstock, Texas and just two miles from the mouth of Pecos River on the east side.

At top center is a shot of the old bridge that crossed the Pecos River at its mouth. The base of the center pier still stands and the timbers stood until 1954 when a major flood destroyed them all. Soon all of this area will be covered by the water impounded by the Amistad Dam of Del Rio.

At top right is a picture of the Painted Cave stop only about a mile east of the Pecos River. The large Indian shelter near the site gave it the name. This location is only some forty feet above the water level of the Rio Grande. Remains of the station, with telegraph poles, spikes, and cinders, were extant until the 1954 flood.

At center of the stage is a picture of the old Devil's River bridge which has long since been removed. This is only a few miles west of Del Rio. Today the water from Amistad Dam stands over 100 feet deep at this site. (View is from east side of river.)

At bottom left is another view of the Devil's River Bridge, this time from the west side of the river.

At bottom right is another view of the mouth of the Pecos River, or the same bridge as that in the picture at top center. The fill on the west side of the river remains, but the fill on the east side was destroyed in places by the 1954 flood. Very little remains except the cuts, tunnels, and an occasional cinder heap.

This railroad was built about 1880 and was removed in 1890. In the tunnel are some names and dates of some of the workers. Also, one or more graves are on top of the hill over the tunnel. I hope this has been helpful, and again, thank you.—Jack Calk, 678 Monroe Street, Eagle Pass, Texas 78852

Dear Sirs:

The pictures shown of and near Painted Cave in your October 1968 TRUE WEST brought back memories of some time past. The first line of what now is the Southern Pacific going west out of Del Rio, Texas followed the Rio Grande on past Devil's River and the Pecos River and then came out on top around Langtry, Texas. The pictures taken were of the Devil's River Bridge and the Pecos River Bridge. Painted Cave was near the crossing of the Southern Pacific over the Pecos River and was blasted out wide enough for the depot and the agent's house as shown. The agent at Painted Caves for several years was a Mr. Dunlap, my uncle. The Southern Pacific used the lower route, as it was called, until the Pecos High Bridge was built along with railroad lines connecting same. Sorry I do not have any dates on the lower route, and any trace of Painted Caves will be wiped out with the new lake after Amistad Dam is completed. Trust that I have been of some help.—John A. Mitchell, 330 Robinhood Place, San Antonio, Texas 78209

Dear Sir:

The pictures in the scrapbook of TRUE WEST for October 1968 are very interesting to me. For approximately six years (1907-13) I was a trainman on the GH&SA (Southern Pacific System) between Del Rio and Sanderson, Texas.

On the old maps of Texas you will find the name San Felipe, the name of a large spring of water. When the town of Del Rio developed nearby the name was still used for the southeast or Mexican part of the municipality.

Painted Cave became the flag stop on the railroad named McKees and the overhanging rock, shown in the picture, was known as McKees Rock.

The picture on the lower left is on the bed of the Rio Grande at low water and would be submerged normally. The two pictures in the upper center are the bridge across Devil's River, taken from each direction, where the railroad leaves the Rio Grande and crosses Devil's River before entering the Castle Canyon. This section of the S.P. route from New Orleans to the West Coast was one of the scenic show places that impressed all travelers over this route.

It is my understanding that in the early days of the railroad efforts were made to provide rail service between Del Rio and the Devil's River country, which may account for the station Painted Cave. This idea was soon abandoned,

(Continued on page 59)

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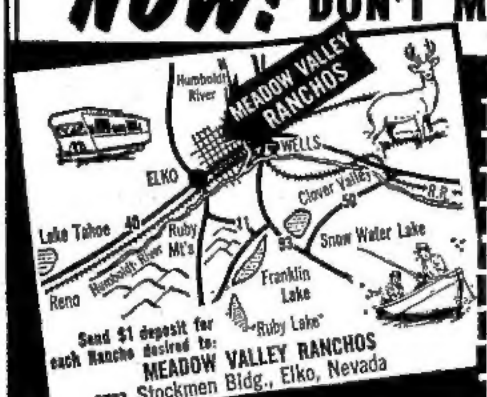

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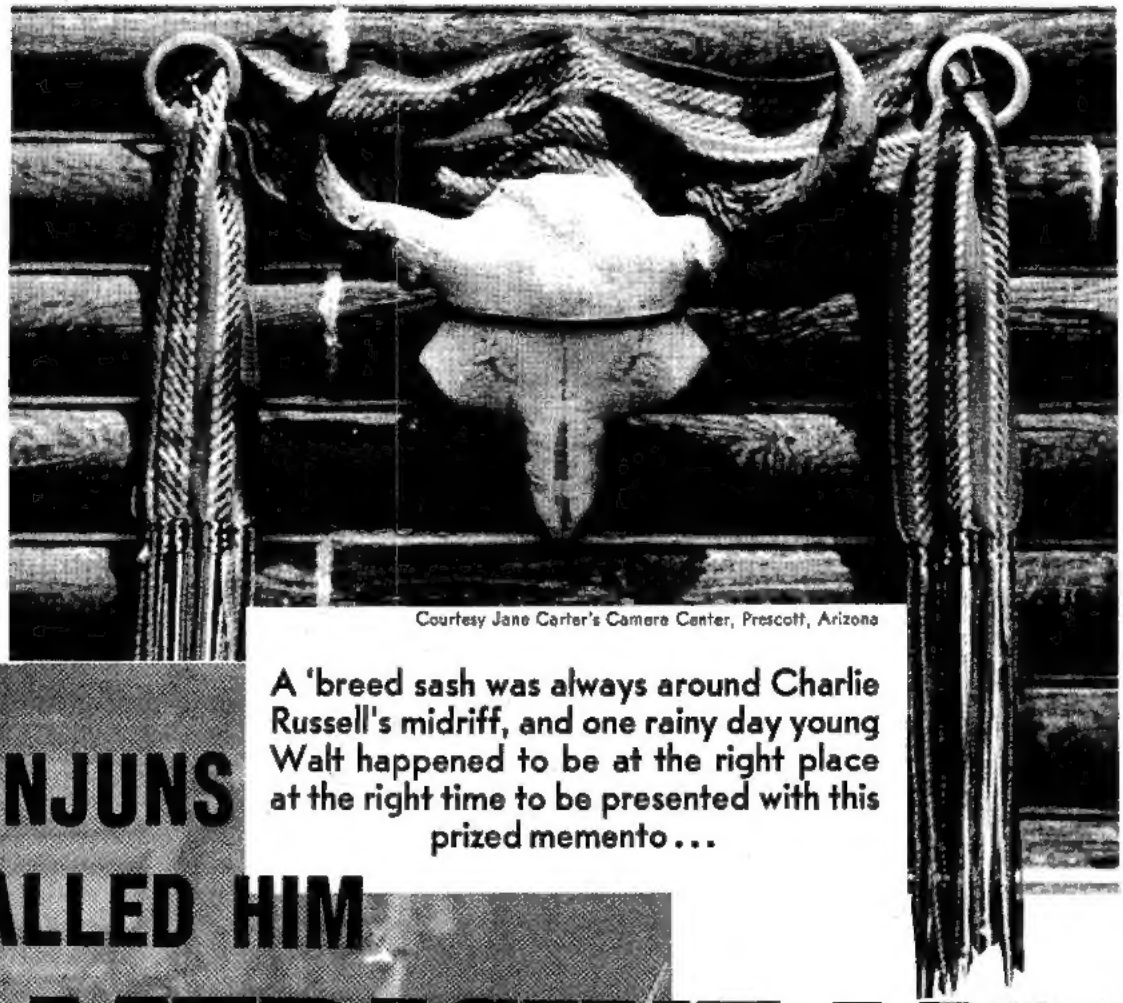
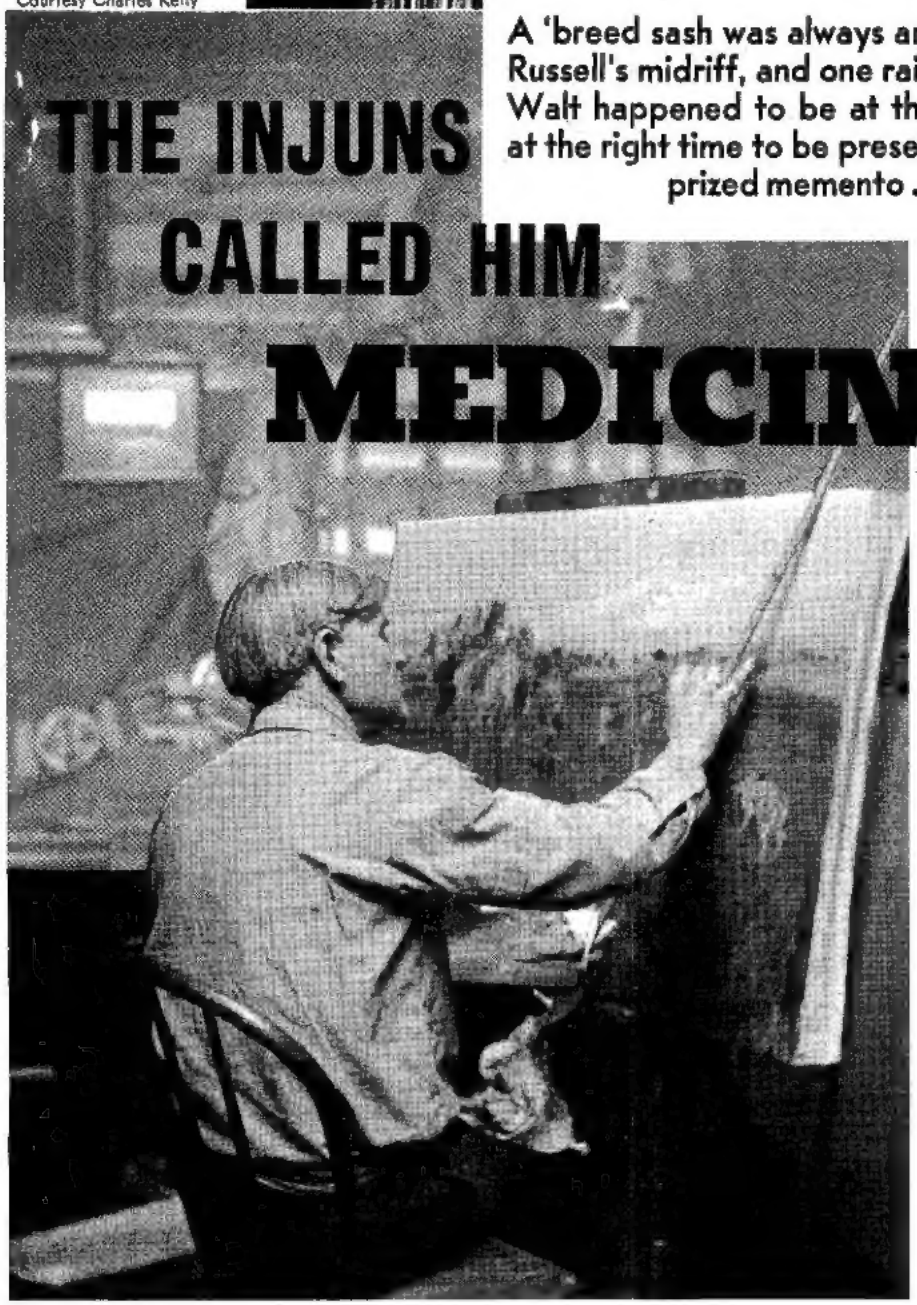


Courtesy Jane Carter's Camera Center, Prescott, Arizona

The L'Assomption sash Russell wore hangs most appropriately on a log wall and over a buffalo skull, his trademark.

Courtesy Charles Kelly



A 'breed sash was always around Charlie Russell's midriff, and one rainy day young Walt happened to be at the right place at the right time to be presented with this prized memento . . .

THE INJUNS CALLED HIM MEDICINE MAN

I HAVE NO recollection of the first time I met the world famous cowboy artist Charles Marion Russell, better known as Charlie. Looking back across three quarters of a century, it seems as if I have known him since memory began. His home and log cabin studio were only three blocks from our home in Great Falls, Montana.

I was six years old when my family moved from White Sulphur Springs, Montana, where I was born, to Great Falls in the year 1895. My father had bought a three-storied white frame house on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street, the former home of Phil

Charles M. Russell in his studio in Great Falls, 1916, working on a painting of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, one in a series of ten commissioned by J. J. Hill of the Great Northern Railroad. Each painting showed the actual background of the incident portrayed.

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By WALT COBURN

Photos Courtesy Author

Gibson, son of Paris Gibson who was the mayor of Great Falls and often referred to as the founder of the city.

Besides the house there was a three-stalled stable with a hayloft and carriage house, and a room for the hired man. The milch cow was kept in a one-storied cow barn, with a high board corral fence backed up to the block-long alleyway. Across the alley were the stables of the residents living on Third Avenue.

There was a spacious lawn on all four sides of our home, with lilac bushes on either side of the front walk. Rose bushes, hollyhocks and sweetpea vines formed a high hedge on the east side of a large vacant lot. Behind the house along the corral fence were four-feet-high red currant and gooseberry bushes. Facing Fourth Avenue was a white picket fence with a front gate, and along the avenue tall cottonwood trees grew on both sides of the wide dirt street the entire length of the avenue, along the wide boardwalk.

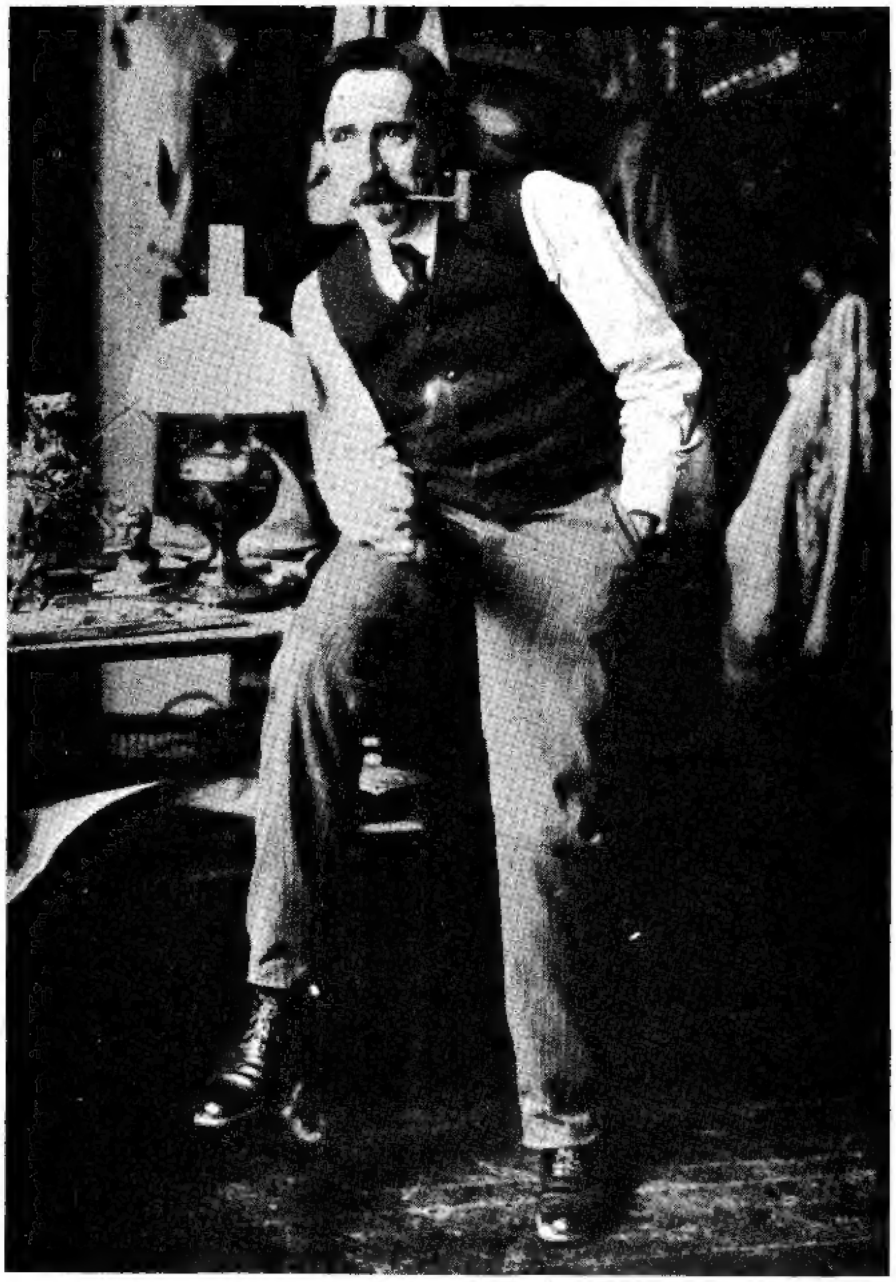
A block below on Ninth Street was the streetcar line that extended from the Great Northern Depot below the Park Hotel through the business section and the north side residential district as far as Black Eagle Park, across the suspension bridge over the Missouri River at Thirteenth Street, to the Boston and Montana Smelter where the smelter officials lived in company-built houses. To the east beyond Black Eagle Park, with its baseball grounds and dance pavilion, a well kept dirt road followed the river to Giant Springs and the abandoned silver smelter with its half dozen gingerbread-decorated brick residences.

I especially remember Charlie Russell because—with mighty few exceptions, if any—the cowboy artist was the only man in the vicinity who rode horseback to town during the summer, spring and fall, or whenever the weather permitted, while other men rode the streetcar to town and back.

Great Falls was divided by Central Avenue into two separate parts, the north side and the south side. For the most part the more prosperous citizens lived on the north side. Maybe that was because Paris Gibson, who also lived on Fourth Avenue, had had the row of cottonwood trees planted, together with lawn boulevards on either side of the boardwalk. Anyhow, I recall it as the best kept street on the north side.

Perhaps it was because the red-light district was on the south side that it gained a tough reputation, along with the warehouses and the spur track of the Great Northern Railway where boxcars were lined up at the warehouses and wool storage sheds.

Across the railroad bridge on the west side was the roundhouse and freight yards, where the railroaders and gandy dancer section hands lived. Also across the river from the Thirteenth Street suspension bridge (a combined streetcar, wagon and foot bridge) was the residential district called Little Chicago, where the laborers at the B & M smelter, mostly Poles, dwelt in humble cottages.



Courtesy C. M. Russell Log Cabin Studio, Great Falls, Montana

Will Crawford, New York artist and illustrator in the early 1900s.

Most of the residents on the north side owned buggies, surreys and carriages. On a summer evening the rigs rolled along Park Drive which followed the river below First Street. That was especially true of a Saturday night when the Great Falls Black Eagle Band held concerts in the bandstand at the foot of Central Avenue, near the Park Hotel.

While most of the families on the north side had stables and owned carriages, the menfolks used the streetcar to go downtown, leaving the women full use of the carriages, with coachmen, to go calling in the afternoons.

TO THE BEST OF my recollection Charlie Russell never owned a rig of any sort, but he always kept a saddle horse. Those were the lean years for the world-renowned cowboy artist. It calls to mind the old saying that a prophet is without honor in his own home town. In a manner of speaking that held partly true of Charlie Russell. Albeit he was widely known throughout Montana, his great talent was sort of taken for granted. While most of the north side residents had at least one framed Russell painting hung on the parlor wall, those paintings were purchased at a small fraction of their value today.

In Bill Rance's Silver Dollar Saloon in Great Falls were a number of large-sized Russell paintings. Across the street at Sid Willis' Mint Saloon were hung an equal number. Down Central Avenue at

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT

Of the Tenth Judicial District of the State of Montana, in and for the County of Fergus.

September TERM, A. D. 1908 Lewistown, Mont. Nov. 14", A. D. 1908

PRESENT, HON. E. K. CHEADLE, JUDGE.

The State of Montana
AGAINST
C M. Russel.
Defendant.

Convicted of Gambling

The County Attorney with the Defendant ... came into Court. The Defendant was duly informed by the Court of the nature of the Information found against him for the crime of Gambling committed on the Second day of November A. D. 1908, of his arraignment and plea of "Guilty as charged in the Information." The Defendant was then asked if he had any legal cause to show why judgment should not be pronounced against him to which he replied that he had none. And no sufficient cause being shown or appearing to the Court, thereupon the Court renders its judgment: That whereas the said C. M. Russel having been duly convicted in this Court of the crime of Gambling,

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED, That the said C M Russel be punished by a fine of One Hundred Dollars.

E. K. Cheadle Judge.

State of Montana, } ss.
County of Fergus.
TENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT

I, John B Ritch Clerk of the District Court aforesaid, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of the judgment duly made and entered on the minutes of the said District Court in the above entitled action, and that I have compared the same with the original and that the same is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole thereof.

ATTEST: my hand and the Seal of said District Court, this 14" day of November A. D. 1908

John B Ritch Clerk.

By ... Deputy Clerk.

SEAL — DISTRICT COURT — STATE OF MONTANA — FERGUS COUNTY

IN THE DISTRICT COURT

Of the Tenth Judicial District of the State of Montana, in and for Fergus County.

THE STATE OF MONTANA, Plaintiff
vs.
C. M. RUSSEL, Defendant
} INFORMATION.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT of the Tenth Judicial District of the State of Montana, in and for the County of Fergus, on this Thirteenth day of November, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight, in the name, on behalf and by the authority of the State of Montana, C. M. Russell is accused by the County Attorney of Fergus County, Montana, by this information of the crime of Gambling, committed as follows, to-wit:

That on the County of Fergus, in the State of Montana, on or about the second day of November, A. D. 1908, and before the filing of this information, the said C. M. Russel did then and there wilfully and unlawfully carry on, open and cause to be opened, conduct and cause to be conducted, play and cause to be played, operate and cause to be operated, and run as principal a certain game of chance known as "stud poker", played with cards for moneys, checks, credits and representatives of value, and did permit the said game of chance, to-wit: "stud poker", to be carried on and conducted, played, operated and run in one Jas Murray & Company saloon and bar-room, a place of business where drinks are sold and served, for moneys, checks, credits and representatives of value.

All of which is contrary to the form, force and effect of the Statutes in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the State of Montana.

WITNESSES for the State:
John Monroe,
Thomas Grimshaw,
Ray E. Ayers.

Martin Norman of Lewistown, Montana provided Walt Coburn with the above copy of a document on file against C. M. Russel (spelled with one l) who was charged and convicted of gambling on November 14, 1908. There are a few old-timers left around Lewistown who claim C. M. Russel was Charlie Russell, the famous western artist. It is significant that the clerk of the district court at that time was John B. Ritch. The friendship between Charlie Russell and Johnny Ritch was of long standing, dating back to the time Johnny lived in the town of Landusky in the Little Rockies, and "Kid" Russell worked as a forty dollar a month cowhand and nighthawk, long before he gained fame and fortune. Both Ritch and Russell were a fun-loving, happy-go-lucky breed of man, not above playing practical jokes on one another, and the cowtown of Lewistown in the era of 1908 was a little on the wild side, a wide open town where anything went, including gambling.

It is Walt's opinion that the arrest and subsequent trial and conviction of C. M. Russel for running a stud poker game, and the resulting hundred dollar fine, was a put-up job on Russell, and that his bosom friend and drinking companion John B. Ritch was the instigator of the practical joke, and that Russell perforce went along with the whole procedure, enjoying the trial that had all the aspects of a kangaroo court. In 1908 Charlie Russell was in the chips and lived with his good wife Nancy on Fourth Avenue North in Great Falls. Charlie was mostly on the water wagon and it was only on rare occasions that his hat blew off and he left his high perch on the wagon to pick it up, dust it off in the saloons and climb back on the water wagon, and perhaps he had come to Lewiston for a visit with his old friend Johnny, to belly up to the bar and buy drinks for the house and do a little gambling in the back room.

the Maverick Saloon, owned by Highnote and Cut Bank Brown, were more Russells, and up the street at Albert Trigg's Brunswick Saloon were still more. In the red-light district on the south side, in the parlor houses owned by Sylvia Bryant and Cricket Rockwell, were still more, and in Ben Steel's Stockholm Bar other Russell paintings were to be found. On the walls of Shorty Young's Honky-tonk and Silver Dollar Saloon at Havre, Montana, were several original Russells. And in Fort Benton a goodly number were displayed in the front parlors of old-time pioneer residents, as well as in the saloons. Chinook, Glasgow, Lewistown, Big Sandy, Cascade, and other cowtowns had their quotas, as did the cities of Helena and Butte.

Wherever Charlie Russell went in his travels throughout Montana he left his sign. Paintings, marked with his buffalo skull trademark and often dated, were sold for a song or taken in trade at the saloons, or given away to some friend. Paintings, pen and ink sketches, colored crayon sketches, sometimes wax models—everything.

Charlie Russell and his wife Nancy, whom he always called "Mame" moved from their cabin at Cascade to Great Falls in 1897, where they rented a four-room house on Fourth Avenue. After a brief courtship, Charlie had married Nancy Cooper, an eighteen-year-old girl from Kentucky who was staying with saddle maker Ben Roberts and his wife and family at a small ranch on the outskirts of Cascade on the banks of the Missouri River. There were only a few close friends at the wedding — nine guests to quote the exact figure. When Charlie gave the preacher ten dollars

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Courtesy Charles Kelly

A corner of Charlie Russell's studio in Great Falls, showing the statuettes he used as models.

and gave the cowboys five dollars for whiskey money, he was flat broke. He had spent $75.00 on a one-room cabin with a lean-to kitchen for a home and had hired a half-breed to paint the interior a light blue. The cabin was located on land owned by Ben Roberts and, as Charlie was wont to put it, "Our honeymoon trip was a hundred-yard walk on a moonlight night."

Russell was then thirty-two. The date of his marriage, September 9, 1896, marked a significant milestone in the life and career of the artist. In spite of her youth Nancy Russell was thrifty and moneywise far beyond her eighteen years. Fully aware of the latent genius of her carefree prodigal husband, the young bride took over the handling of the purse strings in no uncertain manner. Nancy was a business woman right from the word go, setting a higher price on the paintings the improvident Charlie had been selling across the bars for drinks or giving away to friends.

Charlie was happy to let Nancy handle the sale of his art work. Not only that, he began taking greater pains with his work, and for the first time seemed to dedicate his life to his art, letting the genius he was born with express itself.

It was Nancy who, by gentle persuasion, induced Charlie to move from the small town of Cascade to Great Falls where existed a more lucrative market for his paintings.

It was while they were living in the rented house that Charlie's father, a well-to-do businessman from St. Louis, paid them a visit. He suggested his son pick out a suitable location and he would buy the land and pay for the building of a house as a wedding gift. Charlie selected two vacant lots on Fourth Avenue North, next to the house of his good friend Albert Trigg, owner of the Brunswick Saloon, and built a modest two-story white frame house with a corner porch. In 1903 he built a log cabin of telephone poles, with a large stone fireplace, on the adjoining lot, and this he used for a studio. In 1897 I was in the second grade at the old Whittier Grammar School, and Miss Trigg, daughter of Albert, was my teacher.

ON THE WALL of the seldom-used parlor of our Great Falls home, above the mantel of the seldom-used fireplace, was hung a large Russell watercolor. The subject of the painting was three cowboys roping an ornery range cow on the prod. The mounted cowboys were my three older half-brothers, Will Bob and Wallace Coburn. Russell had gone to my father's Circle C ranch which lay forty miles south of the cowtown of Malta in the Little Rockies country of northeastern Montana to give authentic background to the subject.

Wallace Coburn and Charlie Russell had much in common, which made for companionship and lasting friendship. Both were happy-go-lucky, carefree and improvident. They had a rare understanding of God's handiwork of nature, the rivers and mountains, the vast prairies, the wild animals and birds and their habits. They shared hatred for the barbed wire that foretold the passing of the free range and the cow country they loved. Both men were champions of the lost cause of the Indian, and they were welcome in the lodges of the Old Men. Both used the universal sign language understood by all tribes of the Plains Indians of Montana.

Whenever Russell came to the Circle C ranch he and Wallace would saddle up and ride over to the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation to talk to the Old Men of the Assiniboines and Gros Ventres tribes, carrying gifts of pipe tobacco rolled up in their slickers. There they would sit for hours in the tipis of the tribal chiefs, smoking and listening to the Old Ones talk. Charlie would take along his sketch pad and pencil, with a lump of wax in his pocket, and as they sat around he would make small figures of a coyote or wolf or bear or prairie dog or beaver, and give them to the Old Men.

The days of the buffalo hide lodges had long since gone. During the summer the Indians lived in canvas tipis issued by the United States Indian Department,

(Continued on page 45)

Herbert Percy Rolfe

The daughter of Montana's Territorial Governor describes the first days of the town which in later years Charlie Russell would make famous but which at that time was jokingly called the "Future Great"

HOW GREAT FALLS BEGAN

By MARTHA EDGERTON PLASSMANN
Submitted by REX BUNDY

Courtesy Great Falls Public Library

The first townsite office of Great Falls, Montana, was the tent shown above, 1884.

IN 1883 plans were completed to lay out the townsite of Great Falls, Montana. These plans were formulated by H. P. Rolfe, who was my first husband, and Paris Gibson, a Minneapolis manufacturer who was staying in Fort Benton while traveling the adjacent country in search of good sheep graze. Mr. Gibson saw the possibilities of the falls of the

The staff of the *Leader*, first newspaper of Great Falls. Left to right, standing: Peterson, Al Toby, Charles Crago, Claude Boardman, Charles Proctor, Harry Mitchell, unidentified, Walter Meckler. Left to right, seated: O. S. Warden, Herbert P. Rolfe (editor and owner), Albert Erickson (standing), Charles Wright and William Bole.

Courtesy Great Falls Public Library

Located at about 5th Avenue South and 2nd Street, this was the earliest hotel in Great Falls. 1884, owned and operated by Walker and Carter.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Paris Gibson

Missouri as a source of power for manufacturing concerns.

He talked the matter over with Mr. Rolfe, and engaged him to act as his attorney, also to do the surveying. Both men made frequent trips, ostensibly in different directions, but always ending in their meeting where the Missouri River makes a turn eastward to flow over the first, or Black Eagle Falls, so named by Lewis and Clark. Here, in that extensive curve, lay the site of the future city.

In the summer of 1884, we moved into a shack on our preemption claim in the southeast corner of the townsite, and two miles from the river. Our shack was typical of the times, consisting of the regulation affair of upright boards, with the roof covered with tar paper. It contained four rooms, with one above that could be utilized in an emergency.

Our claim commanded a magnificent view of the Belt, or Girdle Mountains to the east and south, and up the Sun River valley to where the Continental Divide, in the west, shut off further view. North of the river were bluffs, and the townsite was beginning to bloom with homestead and preemption shacks, about a dozen in all. Then began, for us, true pioneering.

That year mosquitoes, the bane of the Missouri, were exceptionally bad. They filled the shack day and night, and the men could not work outside unless they wore gloves and mosquito nets. Rattlesnakes abounded, as did water snakes along the river. The buffalo had disappeared; but nightly, a band of antelope passed our shack on their way to a spring a half mile below. Coyotes howled on the bluffs every night, and one of them charged into my flock of Plymouth Rocks in the middle of the day and didn't leave until a dozen hens lay dead or dying.

We had no stores, at this time, and all supplies were brought from Fort Benton, or Helena, by freighter. In the summer, with no ice, no perishable food could be kept. We depended, in part, on canned goods, but the small variety of these left scarcely any choice. Our meat was ham or bacon, except when someone took the time to kill an antelope or deer. It taxed the ingenuity of the housewife to prepare appetizing meals under these conditions. The water we used was hauled from the spring where the antelope drank, or from the Giant Spring above Rainbow Falls. This was used for our drinking and washing water, and was used sparingly.

There were only two women in town, myself and my husband's niece, Lelia Rolfe. Mail arrived infrequently, as there was no post office. Its receipt, in the case of every homesteader, depended on the thoughtfulness of someone traveling in our direction. We formed the habit of hailing passers-by with the question, "Any mail for us?"

On the long sweep of land from our shack to the river, grass and sagebrush grew, and nothing indicated that here would rise a city. Piles of rock were placed at the corners of streets and avenues to show their location. Yet it took a vivid imagination to think of them as we hoped they would be in the future, lined with trees, buildings and homes.

That summer a few persons manifested confidence enough in the infant city to settle there, and among them were some women. However, they lived too far away to be company for me, and I would have suffered from loneliness were it not that my cousin, Serapta Sanders, took up a claim near town, and spent much of her time with me. Being so far from neighbors, and the weather being hot, we removed unnecessary clothing in the happy belief that we would be more comfortable and also unobserved. Across the river dwelt some homesteaders who were asked, "How do those women up there at Rolfe's manage to spend their time? They must be lonesome."

"Oh, no," the man rejoined, "They have the best of times. They take the baby in its carriage and, with the rest of the children, go over to Black Eagle Falls on picnics. WE WATCH THEM EVERY DAY THROUGH A SPY GLASS!"

On learning this, we tried to conduct ourselves thereafter as if in the presence of an audience.

(Continued on page 62)

BELLE STARR'S

Here is evidence that Belle lived long enough to name her assailant—but unfortunately told the one person who wouldn't talk!

By CHARLES W. MOONEY

Photos Courtesy Author

The "Bandit Queen" in Fort Smith, Arkansas, 1886.

Author's Note: My mother, who divulged this story about Belle Starr and her daughter Pearl to me in 1934, was then sixty-seven years old and a very dedicated and pious person. She admitted that because the reputation of both Belle and Pearl in later years had become so blemished, she had remained reticent and a little chagrined at being personally acquainted with them for sixteen months back in 1888 and 1889. However, both women had been peaceable and friendly neighbors, and had not been in any trouble with the law in those sixteen months.

Ella Mooney, my mother, has made statements that may vary from certain written accounts. For instance, one writer "pooh-poohs" the idea that Belle Starr had a piano in her log house home, and we also point out that her home was a three-room one instead of one-room, and also that Belle lived for over an hour after she was shot. My mother also establishes her birthday in 1846, rather than 1848, as Clayton Mooney at sixteen, and a veteran already in the Civil War, would certainly know whether a girl was sixteen or eighteen then, and also remembered discussing her age, and this has been passed down in the Mooney family.

Too, my mother knew a better side of Pearl, at least temporarily, when she was living a respectable life in Tamaha, in 1889, before her life of ill repute. Pearl's scornful suppression of the truth and her unlawful withholding of evidence about the murderer of her mother was to protect a loved one.

I doubt that this story would ever have been told to me had I not planned to do a book on my father's life and my mother thought this experience of his should be recorded in it.

DR. JESSE MOONEY, my father, after one year in medical school in St. Louis, came from Arkansas to the Choctaw Nation in late May of 1888, and settled at Tamaha, Indian Territory, and started practicing medicine on his temporary certificate at the age of twenty-two.

The manner in which Dr. Mooney and his family arrived in Indian Territory was unusual. Most families went west in a covered wagon; the young doctor and his family came this way, too, except that his covered wagon and team of horses were lashed to the deck of his mother's river steamboat which landed at Tamaha in 1888, piloted by his older brother, Greenwood Mooney, who was a capable riverboat skipper.

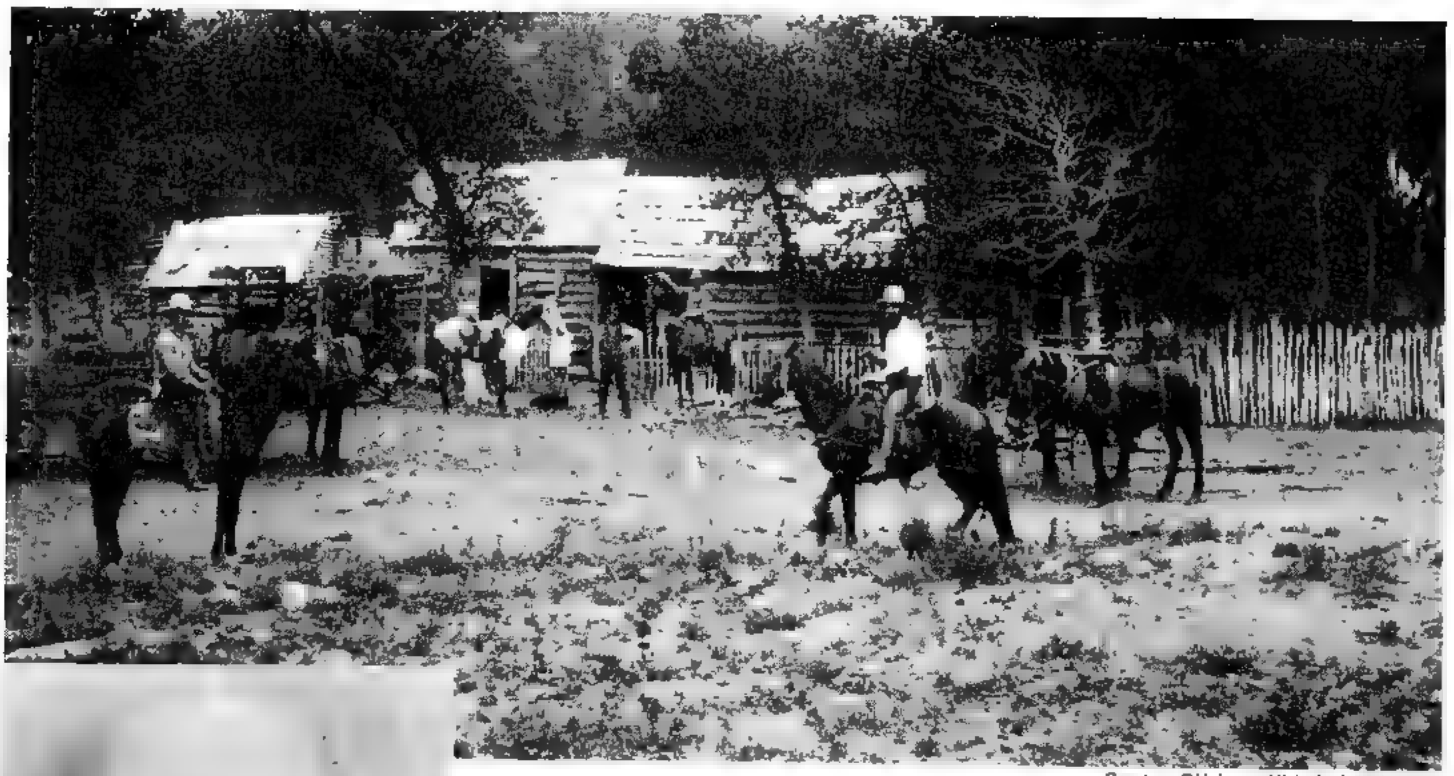
Dr. Jesse Mooney

Only a week after arriving with his wife and two small children, and while still living in the covered wagon at the edge of Tamaha, the doctor was awakened one morning about daylight by a messenger.

"You'd better saddle yore horse, Doc, 'cause they ain't no roads where we're goin'," he said. "It's 'bout ninety miles south down in Atoka County."

When Dr. Mooney suggested he get a doctor at Atoka or at nearby Ada, the messenger replied, "The call is fer you personally, Dr. Mooney. It's from an old friend of your brother Clayton—Belle Starr. She said you'd come if she asked

KILLER REVEALED



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Belle's home in Younger's Bend, Indian Territory. The photo was taken the year she was killed.

Major Jesse Mooney (1818-1884)

fer you. She heard you had started doctorin' at Tamaha, and she needs you bad!"

The doctor had heard about Belle Starr, as all of America had in the past few years. Known as the "Bandit Queen," her reputation was that of the most notorious woman outlaw during the post-Civil War period. Dr. Mooney had heard that she lived only about fifteen miles from Tamaha at a place called Younger's Bend, where the South Canadian River made a "U" bend around her secluded log house, high on a hill overlooking the lazy river below. He wondered why she was some ninety miles away and why she had asked for his services.

Belle Starr was twenty years older than Dr. Mooney, and her daughter Pearl was just a year younger than the doctor. Belle had ridden with the Jesse James gang and the Younger brothers. She had admitted that Cole Younger was the father of Pearl, and called her Pearl Younger. Belle was born on February 3, 1846 (not 1848 as was erroneously put on her tombstone) near Carthage, Missouri, the daughter of Judge John Shirley. She had an older brother Preston, and had a twin brother who had been killed by the Federals during the Civil War when he was only sixteen. Her Christian name was Myra Belle Shirley, and she had been a spy for the Confederates during the last two years of the war. She had known Clayton Mooney, the doctor's older half-brother, who was a scout for the Confederacy in 1864 and 1865, with an honorary title of "Captain." Clayton had gone to war with his father, Major Jesse Mooney when he was only fourteen, in 1862. Clayton knew Myra, as she was called then, and knew that she was two years and two weeks older than himself, as they had discussed it.

NOW IN 1888, Belle Starr was known to be a living terror when made angry, especially by her foes and false friends, but was pleasant, docile and mild mannered to her close acquaintances. Although actually homely, she had a good personality, and was like home folks to her friends and neighbors in the nearby towns. Belle had a crude sense of humor and a flare for the dramatic. She reveled in her notoriety and was a dead shot with a pistol or rifle. However, people didn't resent her, although they had heard all the stories about her. On the contrary, she was more of a legend and a heroine to them.

"She never done us no harm," one old-timer had remarked to the new doctor at Tamaha, which seemed to sum up their closeness to her. Although she served a short sentence in federal prison for horse stealing, she was a part of the blazing history of the Southwest and a part of the heritage of Oklahoma.

Her husband, Sam Starr, had been killed over a year before Dr. Mooney came to Tamaha, in a shoot-out with his cousin, Frank West, who was a tribal policeman for the Cherokee Nation. It happened at a country dance near the little town of Oklahoma (this name was changed to Whitefield November 27, 1888), about eight miles from Tamaha. The shooting took place just as Sam and Belle had arrived at the dance, and each killed the other with his first shot. Both were dead within five minutes after Sam had arrived. Dr. Mooney's cousin, Isaac Mooney, a blacksmith at Briartown, had been at the dance and had witnessed the shooting. Sam Starr was the half-breed son of old Tom Starr, a giant of a man who had killed over thirty Cherokees himself, and was as wild and ruthless as they come.

(Continued on page 64)

By RENO "DAD" INGLES

Edited by
RICHARD SUMMERS

Illustrated by Stookie Allen

Impossible working poor food

A GOOD PART of my life I been in and out of the logging business as logger and foreman and rafter. I've watched things change a mighty lot—from all hand logging with a peavey and hand jack and not much else, with oxen and skidroads and horses and lumbering wagons and chutes and rafts, to trains and high riggers, and of recent days to tractors and bulldozers, known as cat logging.

In my early days it was mostly hand work and gravity, from chopping and sawing to fall the tree and axes to trim it—no power saws as used now— but just brawn and sweat and plenty of both. Oxen to haul logs to the rollaway, an incline of earth off which logs rolled into the big lumber wagons with their six-foot wheels. Haul the logs to a steep incline where the mountains sloped down to the river, chute the log down, and there make up rafts that gravity pulls to the mills.

In my time I've seen every sort of employer—some very close but good to their men and fair all round, a few that was generous, many that gouged every penny they could off the men and their business. Men who worked for this last type, which was in the majority, was called slaves, and from my observation that's what many of them was.

It was my misfortune to have one of this last type for my first boss in the high timber, a man by the name of Eric Judson. In the nineties there wasn't much a laboring man could do if things wasn't right except roll up and roll out—quit. He could like it or he could lump it, the owner figured; and the owner made his own rules. He served what he wanted at his table, furnished whatever accommodations he wanted, and specified his own hours and rate of pay—whatever his conscience and his selfishness told him to do.

I think I was the instigator of the first strike of a camp in Oregon or Washington. This I don't know, for sure, but it was long before the timber men become organized, first in about 1906-1907 with the Wobblies—I.W.W.—and later on with the A.F.L. and C.I.O.

I been on the other side of the fence too, on the hiring and the handling end, so I got some sympathy for both sides. No bunch of men ever had harder work or more dangerous work or longer hours or poorer accommodations, I think, than the Oregon and Washington lumber men of the eighties and nineties. Hard, dangerous, dirty work, and yet most loggers wouldn't be nothing else, stayed at it all their lives mostly until they was too old for the strenuous work or got killed or maimed in an accident, of which there was plenty.

So many things can happen in logging. There you are, sawing or chopping on a six-foot diameter pine twenty, thirty feet off the ground, and your foot slips or your springboard works loose and down you go. Or a stripper don't hear you yelling "timber" when the big fellow starts to go, and a branch on the main trunk crushes him. Or there's another boy working downslope on the rollaway between a log already loaded and another being hoisted on, and a peavey slips or a chain gives way or something goes wrong, and the two four-foot logs, twenty, thirty foot long, crack him like a nut.

There's always the chance if you're a teamster and running along beside those big wheels, holding onto the break stick down-slope and the ground wet and skiddy, that anything can happen. Down around the curves through brush and around blowdown, gravity tugging, and you trotting along, it's easy to slip. One of them four-to-six-foot iron-felloed wheels roll over you, or the big tongue whip up and whack you one on the curve, or the load slip, or a log fall off on top of you. All them things happen now and again, not often, but they happen.

And down at the bottom end of the chute you're working away with a peavey or a hand jack or maybe a Spanish windlass for heavier logs, rolling it out of the muck and into the apron and somebody yells, and the boys on top thinking it's you giving the signal, holler, "Here she comes," and maybe you don't hear them to jump out of the way, and—well, I've seen that happen too. I've seen all these things happen. And I've had my share of accidents myself, too many of them.

I HAD A RUN-IN with Mr. Judson the very first day I arrived in the Judson camp. Chum Fowler and I had come by boat to Rainier, Oregon, which was a logging center. Chum, a more experienced hand, got a job right off. I lounged around for nearly three weeks, and then took what come along, carpenter to repair a logging chute at the Judson camp.

This was like most logging camps of them days, the big main house with some outbuildings and the one big bunkhouse in a clearing in the woods alongside the Willamette River. But it was a little worse than most, run-down and without paint, and all cluttered up with broken-down wagons and rusted iron.

The bunkhouse was a far cry from what they furnish now. Now it is not more than six men to a cabin, and they even get plenty of windows and sheets, of all things! Them days all the camp lived in one building, large or small depending on the camp, and all along both sides was the bunks, built endwise, upper and lower, like cartridges, double-barreled, so you crawled in with your head toward the wall and your feet sticking toward the room and board walls on each side of you. You was furnished a straw tick which laid on boards, and that's all. You brought your own bedding. Windows there was practically none, maybe two or four at the ends of the building, and as many as fifty to a hundred men would be living in such a place.

These buildings was open raftered, built of shakes, with planks for the floor, calk-pitted from the hundreds of boys that had clunked around there with their loggers' boots. A coal oil lamp or two, with reflectors, hung from the cedar ridgepole. In the center was one of them old-fashioned, pot-bellied stoves that was kept going all the time in the winter, as much to dry out clothes as for

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warmth. A wire line or two run down the length of the room, and on this the boys hung their shirts, socks, mackinaws, red drawers and britches. It rained so much and the woods was always damp, so it was a rare night when a man would get back to camp dry. If he worked rafting in the river he was wet all the time.

This bunkhouse of Judson's was worse than most. Couple window panes busted out, floor hadn't been swept out in a blue moon, stove had a crack in it, one of the two lamps was busted.

This camp was about five miles out from Rainier and I walked it. I went up to the big house and knocked. This Judson come out. He was a man maybe in his fifties, bald headed and ruddy faced. I told him who I was.

"Where's your tools?"

I didn't have any tools. I told him, "I couldn't carry them along. I walked."

"What experience you had?"

"All sorts," I had had a good deal of experience both as a carpenter and blacksmith and some around machines and boilers by now along with my job as timber hauler for the mill near Buxton where I'd worked for five years. Sundays I used to shoe horses at the mill for extra pay, and sometimes I'd do odd jobs in carpentry; and once when we was laid off I worked three months as a carpenter building a couple of houses along with a regular carpenter, Mr. Shandy. I was twenty years old at this time.

"You don't look like no carpenter to me," said Mr. Judson. He was a sour man. His mouth had a regular hook downward and he wore a permanent frown—been frowning so long his face just naturally stayed froze that way.

"I'm a carpenter," I says, looking him square in the eye. I was always handy with my hands, could build or do almost anything that come up. I wasn't the exception so much either. Farmers and homesteaders had to be all-round handymen, to which in addition I'd learned some blacksmithing from my father and plenty at the mill. It wasn't uncommon, after you delivered a load of lumber, to help a farmer nail together and brace up his

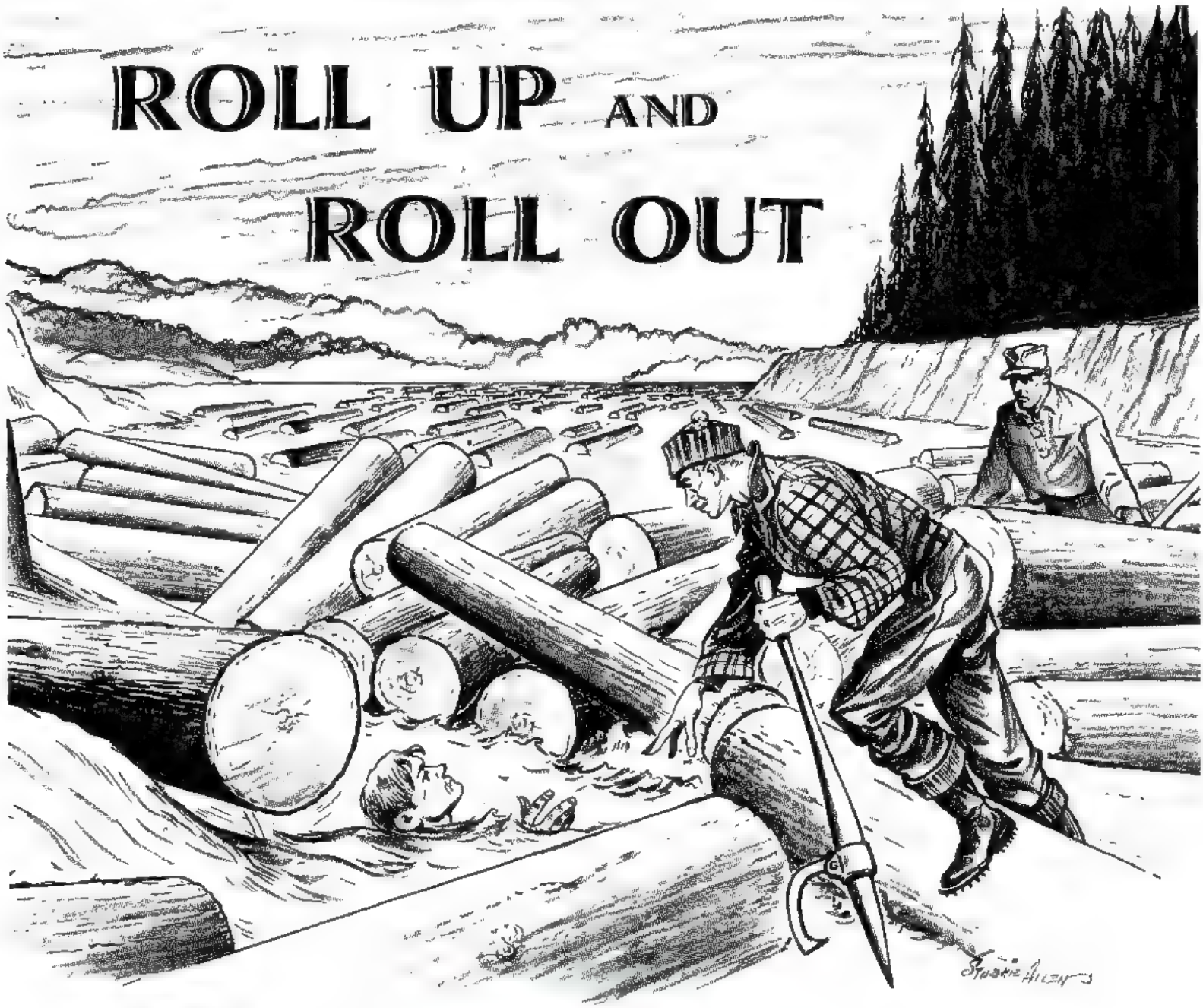
conditions

and poor pay—

and if a man felt like complaining,

he fast got the word to

ROLL UP AND ROLL OUT



LOEB EXHIBIT

Courtesy J. C. Pate

Driver Shorty Wright, shown here about 1930, once had a log roll over him and luckily suffered only a broken jaw. Shorty uses the peavey, one of a lumberman's most important possessions.

forms for a building afore you left with the empty wagon. Just a courtesy you give a man, and he'd extend the same to you on the next occasion.

Or he might bring you a basket of fried chicken next time he come past the mill. It was just that way in them days, everybody help everybody else, because you never knowed when you'd be the one needing help.

Not long ago I seen a truck driver just a standing, smoking away, while a feller was wrestlin' with a big boulder. Two of 'em could've moved it easy. But the truck driver belonged to the truck driver's union and the man with the boulder belonged to the common laborer's union, an' it was contrary to the rules for one to help the other. Well, the laborer couldn't move the rock by hisself, so he had to wait while his buddy come off from another job to help him. The laborer set on the rock and the truck driver set on his truck, and they both waited until this other feller come back and things could proceed. Now if that ain't the damndest way of doing things I ever heard of. If I'd been foreman on that job I'd fired both them fellers so fast they wouldn't of knowed what had happened.

But of course they wouldn't let my kind into a union or keep me on as foreman nowadays neither.

MR. JUDSON LOOKED me up and down awhile and seemed satisfied. "I'll give you a try," he says. "Seventy-five cents a day. We're on the job working at six and get off at six of the evening. Half an hour off for lunch."

That was long hours even for that time. But you took the hours the owner set. I said, "I understood it was a dollar and a half a day."

"You understood wrong," he says. "I pay my loggers and teamster a dollar and a quarter, and that's high. But for a journeyman carpenter, it's seventy-five cents."

"I was earning a dollar and a half at the mill where I quit."

"You better go back to the mill," he says, and turned away.

I went into the bunkhouse and tossed my belongings onto an empty bunk, and then went out to look over my job on the chute and talk to the woods foreman and also to look over what tools I could find at the commissary.

They was about sixteen, eighteen men in that company, a small one even for that day—teamsters, fallers, yarders, buckers, rafters. By the time they come back to the camp off the job the cookie was whanging away on the gut-hammer and they all trooped into the dining room. Every man of them was fagged out, and they looked mean when the slop was put on the table.

They didn't eat the way timber men generally eat, which is about three times as much as anybody else, three helpings of everything, and swallow it down without much chawing. The fried potatoes was burned, the meat smelled rancid—boiled beef—the cabbage wasn't cooked right, and in general it wasn't provender fit for any man to eat. The cookie was a tall lank Swede who couldn't hardly talk English, and I doubt he was a cook ever before in his life afore he struck this camp.

Now ordinarily it is against all rules of woods etiquette for a timber man to mention food because it spoils the meal for the others. They's like as not to pitch the complainer out the door. But this was different. You get a certain amount deducted from your pay for each meal at a logging camp, in this case fifteen cents. Usually the cookie works on a separate contract, collecting all the money, doing all the buying, and taking whatever profit is to hand. In most camps cooks was wives of loggers or foremen and didn't make a red cent except keep for theirselves and their families. They spent it all to serve the best table they could.

But in this camp I was pretty dirt sure that old man Judson was making quite a profit and putting it into his own jeans, as is sometimes done.

A square-built Welshman, not very tall, mostly body on him and short legs, speaks up, "Mister Judson, the food is getting pretty bad."

"What's that you say?"

Everybody stopped eating, some with forkfuls of food halfway up to their destinations.

"I say the food stinks."

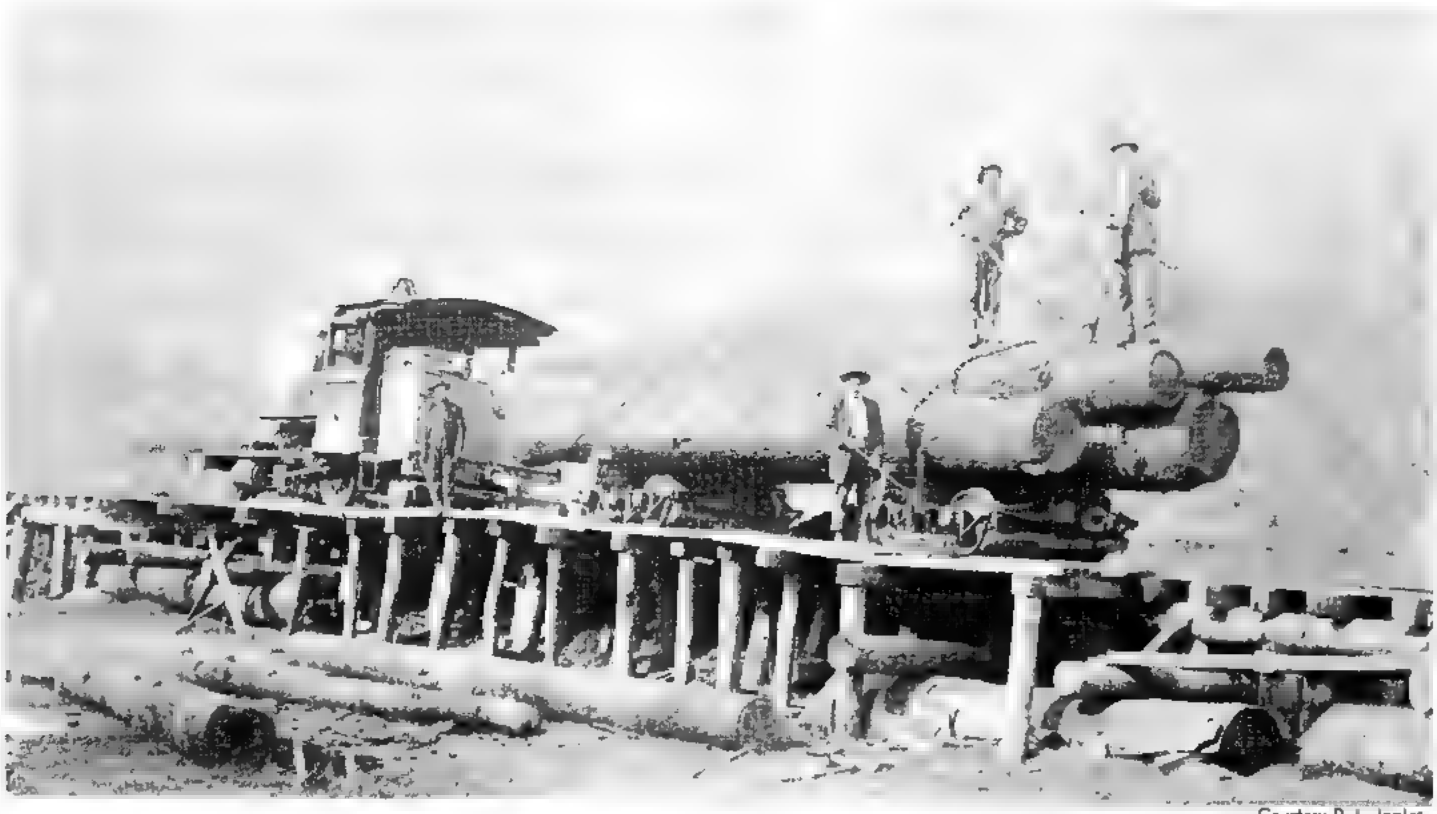
Mr. Judson set at the head of the table, the woods foreman, a dark s-o-b with heavy eyebrows, on his right.

"You're not satisfied, Mr. Durkin?"

Their eyes tangled. I knew already that Durkin had a family living in Portland he was trying to support off his wages. And right now jobs was kinda scarce.

Mr. Durkin says, "Sure I'm satisfied."

A big blond boy, a real giant, about my age or a little older, a bucker, speaks



Courtesy D. L. Ingles

Early-day logging train in Washington. The engine and car stand at the top of a rollaway which slants down to the river behind. Peaveys are used to roll logs off onto the incline.

up then: "Well, I ain't satisfied. Back home we feed this slop to the pigs. We don't eat such garbage."

"You feel that way?"

"I feel that way."

"You know what you can do?"

The big feller stands up. "I'm doin' it. Give me my time. When I go back to the slave market, I aim to tell them what a camp this is."

"I'll get you your wages, Mr. Pearson," says Mr. Judson.

Right in the middle of the meal Judson walks out of there, goes to his bedroom, which is also his office, and comes back with the money. He counts it off, about twenty-two dollars and some change.

"You took out for this meal," the blond boy says, "I ain't et a mouthful."

"You set down to the table, didn't you?" says Mr. Judson.

"But I ain't had a mouthful."

Judson shrugs. Then he says, "You roll out tonight, Mr. Pearson."

A boy setting next to me whispers, "He's a short staker anyhow." That means he don't stay long in one camp. A good worker—I'd seen him bucking that day and he handled a hand-jack and a peavey as good as any man I ever seen, but the restless type. He'd walk in to Rainier that night, stay the night, catch a boat to Portland, and be off on a two-week's binge of wine, women, and song, and then he'd turn up at some other camp for more of same. More and more of his type come into the camps later on after 1900, specially round the time of the Frisco earthquake, when they was a great boom on lumber being shipped to build a new town.

After Pearson was gone to roll up his belongings, which is what they done—roll everything into their blankets, tie it in a loop, hook it over their shoulder, and light out—Mr. Judson says, "I'm sorry, boys. Soon maybe there will be better cooking, for I have sent for my son and daughter-in-law. She is a very good cook. They have been married three, four months, and it is about time he come back to work, and she will work too."

FOR A WHILE they was peace in the Judson camp, until my accident and other accidents begun to happen, and we buried one boy, and the new cook had a baby. In many respects my first camp was my worst.

I was on the job next morning before six, while it was yet dark, too dark to see in order to work, and Mr. Durkin told me, "This is only the fall, Reno. Just wait till it's winter and you got to be on the job at six o'clock, shivering and froze, and just stand around till it's light enough to work, sometimes maybe two hours."

"It's that bad?"

"He keeps the same hours summer and winter, even when you can't see to work. We got lanterns along, but they don't help much."

"What's he do it for?"

"To get rich."

"He won't get rich that way," but I was wrong. Mr. Judson—and of course I ain't using his real name in this case—died a rich man in Portland, well respected by everybody except them that had worked for him. But I don't envy him. It was never in my nature to want money—something in the way I was brought up. Lot of older folks up in Oregon are that way. The land was good an' they just worked along, because a man's gotta work, but they figured you worked in order to live, you wasn't living in order to work, and if God didn't provide, your neighbor would, and when you was flush and your neighbor outa things, then you did the providin'. If you couldn't afford something, you did very nice without it, but if you could buy it, you bought, without worryin' too much about the future. The idea of being rich never much entered people's heads, except maybe a few like Mr. Judson.

I spent three weeks repairing that chute. It was made of heavy planks built at a forty-five degree angle, and them twenty-thirty foot logs come busting down it, it had to be kept repaired often because timbers on the sides or in the floor would get jarred loose. It was about a thousand feet long down that steep slope. Even though we hammered in big bolts to slow them logs down—leave about two inches of the bolt sticking up off the floor of the chute—they'd really go rolling down there—logs without bark take seventeen seconds, with bark twenty-three seconds.

The way the Judson camp operated was this. The trees was felled back in the woods about two miles, trimmed and bucked (sawed through into logs) where it laid, and then hand-logged over to the rollaway with peaveys and hand jacks. (A peavey is a tool with a long handle, a still prod and a hook on the end, which you can hook into the log and move it. A hand jack is set in the ground with a hook under the log. You work it with a crank.) Anyhow the timber was logged to the rollaway which has a skid in front so a wagon could be

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Courtesy Henrietta Ferry-Minter

Al H. Powers, head of the Smith Powers Logging Co. in Coos County, Oregon, stands in front of a mammoth spruce. Photo taken in the early 1900s.

driven underneath, the rest of the rollaway laying back up the hill. Logs was hand rolled to this rollaway, big-wheeled wagon drives underneath, and one or two logs, depends on size, rolled down and chained secure.

Logs ranged from two and three feet in diameter and twenty to forty feet long. Figure about five thousand board feet to the load. Four horses to a wagon.

The wagons hauled the logs all downhill on a winding road through brush and ferns and some fallen and some standing trees. Them big wheels on the wagons had felloes four, five, six inches wide so they wouldn't sink too deep in the mud under that weight.

The wagons would unload at an apron at the head of the chute, where the country sloped off very sheer down to the river. Two, three times a week we would yard those logs down the wooden chute and into the slough, which was a little harbor built out into the water with logs chained together so that the free logs wouldn't float away. That was the most bothersome and one of the most dangerous chores, running the logs down that chute. Either they'd be ripping the chute to pieces shaking out a plank, and I'd have to go down the rope and pry the log free to finish the trip if it had jammed up, and then repair the chute, which was difficult work on that slope. Sometimes I'd have to work with one hand on the sledge hammer and another on the rope, which had knots at regular spaces so your hand wouldn't slide down.

Sometimes a log was too crooked and would jump the slough and go over into the tide land or stick in the mud in front of the apron. Then we had to stop operations long enough to make a Spanish windlass and pull it out. The way a Spanish windlass works, you fasten one end of a chain or rope to the log and tie the other end to a standing tree. Then about the middle of the chain you hook in a vertical pole, which a man holds upright and another man fastens a horizontal pole to this vertical pole and walks around and around, so the rope or chain gradually winds onto the horizontal pole and moves the log. The principle is a little the same as that a man can lift a small house with a crowbar.

After we got enough logs down below we would make up rafts and anchor them downstream. Small outfits usually worked that way because the water was too low in summer and fall to ship them out. Then in the winter when the water was high, the tug boats would come up from the Columbia—we was only a few miles away from the big river—take the rafts in tow, and haul them to the mill where Mr. Judson and other owners had sold them, to Portland or Astoria or places between.

Not so much trouble but a sight well worth watching was once in a while when a log already in the slough would drift crosswise to the apron, and the next log would go screaming down the chute and wham into that crosswise log with the sort of crash you hear sometimes in a high speed head-on collision. That endwise log (and they were monstrous big) would crack that crosswise log in two just like you would break a match between thumb and fingers.

IN THE WINTER it was too wet to haul logs—them Oregon and Washington winters along the west slope of the Cascades is plenty wet. Something about the Cascades keeping all the fog and rain from the Pacific in a belt of about a hundred or so miles wide, maybe a hundred and fifty, running all along the coast from southern Oregon to Canada, which is what grows the big trees, all that wetness. The eastern half of Oregon and Washington is as much desert as Arizona or Utah or any of them other desert states. It's all bottled up on the western side, and in the winter it can rain for days at a stretch, just a steady soaking drizzle which sinks into the ground and makes trees two-hundred feet tall and an undergrowth of ferns, vines, and berry bushes that you have to cut your way through. Very pretty in good seasons, especially summer and fall, when the berries get ripe and the flowers are blooming.

Many of the best times of my life has been on berry picking outings. Up in Oregon the wild berries—blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, huckleberries, and all other types grow bigger wild than they do other places cultivated.

Judson kept us at work in winter on the steep slope where the chute was. We'd fall the trees slantwise down that slope, and then hand-log them to the river. Sometimes because it was so steep, we'd be lucky, the top would bust off, and the log would bump and roll clear into the river by itself. But that was seldom. Mostly we had to hand-log them down with log-jacks and peaveys, and it was tough, heart-breaking work through all that underbrush and the slope so steep you couldn't hardly keep standing and would often lose footing and go rolling down a ways, stopped by a tree or a brier patch.

About the time I was finishing with my repair of the chute, the new cook

Courtesy Marshall Cartright

Log chutes in California

come to camp—young Judson's wife. Young Judson was mostly a raftsman or kind of a raft foreman for his pa. And I found out he got paid wages for his work just like everybody else, not a penny more, out of which he had to pay for his meals just like everybody else, even though his wife done the cooking. He was a nice looking boy, about my own age, dark-haired, black in fact, and blue eyes, really handsome.

You could have knocked me over by throwing a dime at me when I saw the new cook. There she was, as big as life, Lydz Anderson. Now I can't say as I felt too bad about it, for I'd sort of lost track of her in the past year. She went off to visit some kinfolk, I heard, and hadn't come back—some folks in Portland. Now here she was, married, and popping in without any warning.

But I met the occasion in proper fashion. I jumped up with a whoop and kissed her several loud smackers while she pretended to try to push me off, and young Judson scowled like he could kill me. But Lydz explained to him we had known each other a long time, and I guess he had to be satisfied.

Lydz had kept her word and married a rich lumber man, only he wasn't so rich—just wages. And she went to work that first evening of her arrival, and I'm dead sure she never worked like that before in her life. The Swede was kept on to help her, but she had to do all the cooking, some of the dishwashing, put up preserves, milk the cows, churn the butter, do all the buying in Rainier, wash clothes, darn, knit, mend. If we had a twelve-hour day, she had a sixteen. And they wasn't no mercy just because she was the boss's daughter-in-law. She had to 'count for every penny she spent to the last mill. That Judson would rub the Injun head off every penny that come into his hand before he would let loose of it, he was that close. In addition to all of which, Lydz was pregnant.

I am happy to say that Lydz Anderson finally did die rich—rich in children, eight or nine of them, and rich in money. But she had to wait until old man Judson died to have more than bare enough to scrape along on. He never did treat his son much different. Always kept him on wages and salary, even after he got into Portland real estate and was rolling in money. Paid his son less'n he'd pay equal from the outside. He must of left about a half a million dollars. Whether Lydz was too old to enjoy it after she got her hands on it, I never did hear.

I will say this for Lydz. She was a good cook, one of the best, and they was times there at the Judsons when I wished I'd married her myself if she'd of had me, for she served A-1 meals considering the little that Judson allowed her to spend. He made more of a profit on her, she told me, than he was making on the Swede, but they wasn't any more complaints on the meals. She didn't see a red cent of what she made for him. But she wasn't bitter. "I'll get it some day," she said, "me and my kids." And she was right. But believe me she earned it.

IT WAS EARLY SPRING that I had my first accident and should have been killed, but was lucky.

After I finished my work on the chute I did about every job they was on the place one time or another, even to helping Lydz in the kitchen and talking of old times. I bucked trees, yarded them out, drove a team, rolled logs down the chute, helped raft, but mostly I falled trees because I was nimble and handy with a two-bitted axe and a timber saw and could figure out pretty well where to fall a tree with the least damage to it. I got so handy with falling that I could mark a spot on the ground a hundred and fifty feet away from a tree and topple her within a foot or two of where I'd put that mark.

The lumber business has made a lot of changes in the past sixty, seventy years, especially in falling trees and yarding them out. At this period we used about a ten-foot saw and two-edged axes; and we used springboards. Most of these big trees, the bottom ten, twenty, thirty, fifty feet even, had begun to rot and was full of pitch and regarded

(Continued on page 49)

John Jennings' DIAMOND

By ALBERT S. GILLES, SR.

Al's lawyer brother had some unusual contacts, and in this case he was paid off with an item he dared not sell, pawn or give away!

AROUND the beginning of this century, it was the custom of business and professional men, even on the southwest frontier, to wear diamonds. Not merely on dress-up occasions, but as part of their every-day attire. Ordinarily they preferred a large solitary diamond, in either a stud setting, or as a tie pin, with a matching stone in a ring.

Instead of a solitary stone in the tie pin, some chose to wear a group of smaller diamonds in a design. You saw a few crosses but more horseshoe designs than any other. I remember a restaurant owner bragging about the nine one-half karat diamonds in his design. He said they were chosen from over 200 one-half karat stones; they were flawless, and matched in color and weight.

The custom of wearing these large stones was taken up by the lesser citizens, especially the tin-horns. When a gambler wasn't prosperous enough to afford real diamonds, he wore imitation stones. Such imitations were termed paste (strass), but could pass the untrained eyes as genuine.

I was admitted to the bar in 1913, and started practicing in Oklahoma City. Few of us frontier lawyers could afford to tie up several hundred dollars in diamonds to keep up with the parade. John and Al Jennings had moved to Oklahoma City from Lawton, where I first knew them, and maintained separate offices. I don't remember the exact year, but before long, I was aware that John was wearing the largest diamond I ever saw worn. It was in a stud setting. I'm sure it was as far across as a penny. In color, it was a rich canary yellow.

MY FAMILY had moved from northeastern Kansas to the Comanche country, and I started to the Lawton high school in the fall of 1903. Until then I had never heard of the Jennings train robbery gang. There was a large boy in my class named John Jennings. He and I had both missed some school, so were older than our classmates. And we were both large for our age. When other classmates found I knew nothing of the Jennings robbery gang, a number of them were glad to furnish me their version.

There were four of the Jennings boys —John, Ed, Frank and Al. Each chose to follow their father into the law profession. After a courtroom altercation, Ed was shot to death and John was wounded in a saloon at Woodward, Oklahoma Territory. Temple Houston, county attorney of Woodward County and a son of General Sam Houston, was one of the two men accused by the Jennings brothers of doing the shooting. The other accused was a rancher, Jack Love.

Al said in his book, *Beating Back*, that the killing of Ed, and his and Frank's efforts to avenge his death personally, resulted in the two brothers being classed as outlaws. Finally they took the outlaw trail, specializing in robbing trains. Only the prompt action of the boy's father in resigning his county judgeship in Woodward County and moving with the wounded John to Tecumseh, Indian Territory, can account for the oldest brother never joining Frank and Al in the wild herd.

I learned from my classmates that the John Jennings in my class was the son of Ed Jennings, who had been killed at Woodward. His Uncle John had come to Lawton from Tecumseh, and was practicing law. Young John planned to be a lawyer, and slept in his uncle's law office.

Of course, my classmates told me a lot about Frank and Al. They had been captured and sent to the penitentiary. I don't remember how I learned they had been pardoned but before too long, a boy I was helping with his paper route pointed out a man who he said was Al Jennings. I was told he was a lawyer before he turned outlaw, and that he now had come to Lawton to practice.

I didn't know anything about it then, but when Al was convicted, he also lost his citizenship and wasn't eligible to practice. Our federal judge, however, Judge Frank Gillett, was a kindly soul. He had known Al before his outlaw days and wanted him to have every chance to make good on the outside. As judge, he was able to say who was eligible to practice in his court, and he told Al to start practicing. In a short time Theodore Roosevelt gave Al a restoration of citizenship pardon.

I had my plans made to become a lawyer as soon as I could, and was reading law after a fashion—wholly without supervision. I spent all the time I could scrounge from my father's store and my school work, in the courtroom. There was almost continuous litigation. It was a new country and "Old Comanche" County was a huge one.

I made the acquaintance of my classmate's uncles, John and Al, along with most of the other active lawyers. Another ten years found me with six years of schooling behind me and my own law office in Oklahoma City. My acquaintance with John and Al at Lawton soon developed into a friendship with both men. Al's and my friendship remained strictly social. But in the latter part of 1915 or the early part of '16, John asked me to try some cases for him.

MY MENTAL IMAGE of John Jennings is a composite—gained over a period of about fifteen years. I remember him as an eye-filling individual, whether you saw him on the street, or in the courtroom representing a client. A little over six feet, straight shoulders, deep of chest, and a head of sandy hair, always neatly trimmed and abundantly touched with grey.

Most lawyers were content with ready-to-wear suits and shirts, but obviously John's suits, made from excellent ma-

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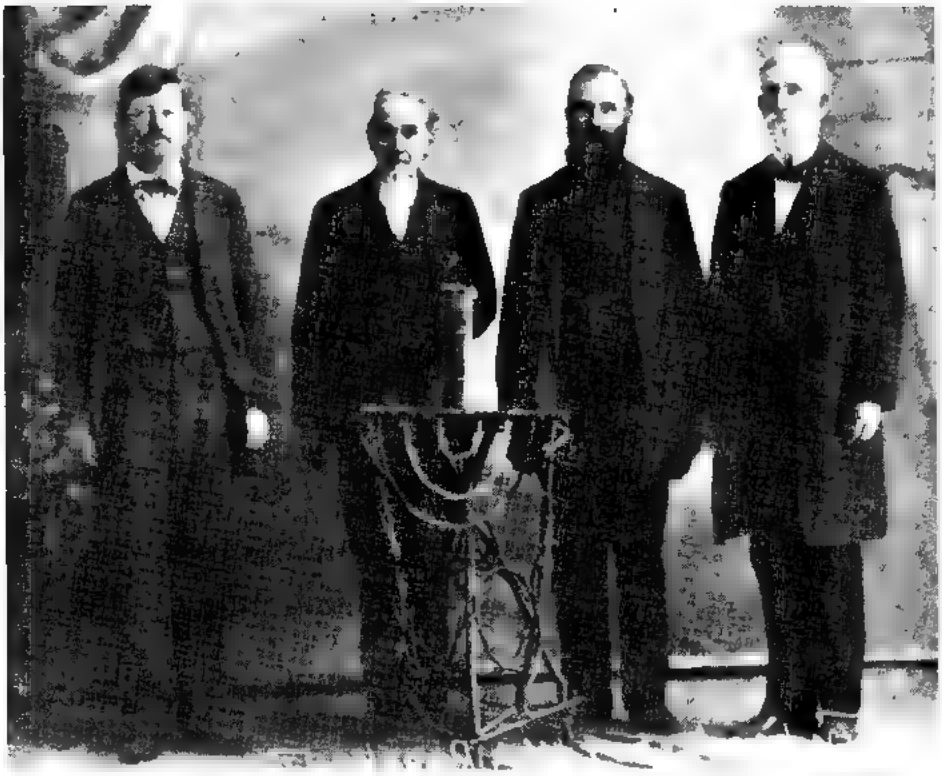


Courtesy Oklahoma Historica Society

Left to right: Judge Asher, Joseph Harrison Daugherty, W. A. Ruggles and Judge Jennings of Shawnee, father of John and Al.

terial, were tailored to his measure as were his shirts. In my book, he was an excellent advocate, whether he was arguing a client's case to a jury or presenting a point of law to the court.

For some years John and a Jewish lawyer named Levy officed together, and at times I noticed Mr. Levy trying a case for John. Levy was active in politics, and when an assistant judgeship was created by the legislature, he was given the position. This left John without anyone to try his cases.

He was drinking steadily, and on his way to become an alcoholic. He may have been fearful he would neglect some client's interest, I don't know. Both of us liked good conversation, but two subjects were never mentioned between us—why he no longer tried cases, and his reason for selecting me when he lost Mr. Levy.

The extra work was most welcome. My family seemed to grow faster than the income from my practice. John's reputation continued to bring him considerable business, and his cases helped me build a reputation as a trial lawyer. One day I was at John's office going over some things with him, and when we finished it was raining too hard to return to my office.

There was nothing to do but look out the window at the storm, which showed no sign of slacking. Maybe the rain put John in the mood for talking. I don't know. I had never nudged him for the story of the diamond, though I was sure there was one. Somehow the story came out. Maybe he sensed my curiosity.

Of course, I had known for some years that John represented the big diamond thieves. The word "syndicate" hadn't come into use, as applied to organized crime. Lawyers know things like that, just as we knew what law firm represented the organized pickpockets. If a diamond thief with a reputation got picked up in central Oklahoma, John became his lawyer. It was that simple. One law firm remained open on a twenty-four-hour basis when the State Fair was on, or there was a large crowd in town for any other reason. They put up cash bond for pickpockets as fast as the police brought them in. Naturally, the pickpocket forfeited the bond—he never showed up in court.

Diamond thieves are a breed apart. They steal one place and dispose of their loot states away. They have their home in yet a third place, and never steal or fence their loot near their place of residence. There they play the part of respectable businessmen—men of property. They are specialists. They seldom get involved in any other facet of crime.

John said that one day a city jailer called him—said a prisoner wanted to see him. He didn't recognize the name the jailer gave him, so first he went to the sergeant's office. He needed to know the state of his prospective client's finances, as well as any other information the prisoner's jacket might disclose.

He found his client had less than $5 when arrested. He was being held for investigation, having been picked up in a general roundup, or dragnet. An acknowledged stranger, he was without identification—no registration at any hotel or rooming house.

John's first impulse was not to see the prisoner, to send word back to him, by the jailer, to call a $5 lawyer. But since he wasn't busy, he changed his mind. As soon as he saw the prisoner he knew he was not a former client, and started the interview with a round of cursing, "Why call me to the jail? No money to pay a fee? Who the hell do you think you are, anyway?"

John ran out of breath, but the prisoner was unperturbed and asked, "You know Caleb X?" naming a diamond thief with a national reputation whom John had represented.

"I told him, 'You lack a hell of a lot being Caleb X. And what has Caleb X to do with you calling me to the jail, when you don't have money?' John said.

"The damn jailbird wasn't a bit disturbed. My cussing hadn't fazed him. Calm as you please he answered, 'Caleb X told me if I ever had trouble with the law around Oklahoma City, to call John Jennings. Been in town a couple of hours. Hadn't made connections for money. I was in this joint, waiting for my man to show, when two plain-clothes dicks came in and started shaking down everyone in the place. Stranger. No hotel. Less than $5. Nothing in the way of papers in my pockets or wallet to identify me. They are holding me for identification. My fingerprints are on their way to Leavenworth. I'm hot. Spring me before they get a return on my prints. Forget the fee. You get me loose and out of town. You'll be well paid!'

"Oh he was a plausible cuss! He started out calm enough, but by the time he had his story told, he wasn't as calm by half. I knew he was wanted somewhere, and he didn't want to go.

"Gilles, you know there isn't one in a hundred of the lying, thieving bastards will ever pay you a dime if you get them out of jail before you get your money. I had to take a chance, almost, of there being something to his Caleb X story. I cussed him some more for his unmitigated gall, and went to the office.

"I prepared a petition and writ of habeas corpus, and got old Judge Clark to sign it. He grumbled about me imposing on him. Said I should have taken it to one of the younger judges—but he set the hearing for 2 p.m. I took the writ down and served it on the chief, myself—didn't want any slip up by it not being served in time.

"You know police keep harping about their authority to hold a man for forty-eight hours for identification. There wasn't anything for old man Clark to do but turn my thief loose. He hadn't been charged with anything.

"I GOT a tip-off. The police were planning to rearrest my bird as soon as he left the courtroom. They'd charge him with vagrancy in the city court. No visible means of support. They could give him up to ninety days in their kangaroo set-up.

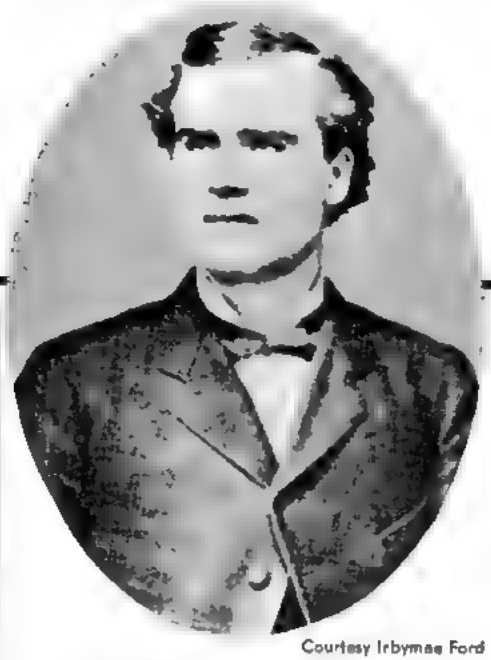
"Their maneuver made me all out for the crook. Up to then, I had done what I felt I had to do. Caleb X had paid me some real money. I told the thieving crook what was up. Once the judge dismissed him, he was to come to the door where I would be standing and when his feet hit the lobby floor, to light running.

"I knew Gordon and Jim Carter, the plain-clothes men who had brought him

(Continued on page 58)

LONG REMEMBER

The beautiful Anne Melton Graham shortly after marriage.



Courtesy Irbymae Ford

Thomas H. Graham. Anne's husband whom she never forgot.

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

DIM CANDLELIGHT in the next room faded into the kitchen where Anne Graham stood near the end wall. In the window square of the log side wall and outlined by moonlight, appeared the brutish dark face of a man.

Several times previously the tracks of prowlers had been found around the Graham ranch at Willow Springs in Pleasant Valley. Anne Graham knew they had been made by the Tewksburys and their bloodthirsty partisans who sought to kill her husband, Tom. It was these men who had murdered her brothers-in-law in the feud recently concluded. Or had it?

In fear and desperation Anne screamed a warning. The face of the intruder vanished instantly. At the same moment the candles were extinguished in the adjoining room. Tom Graham and his cousin Louis Parker and old Charley Duesha rushed to her side.

Holding to Tom she told in a stricken voice about the skulker at the window. Duesha, Parker and two cowboys in the house streaked into the night ready to shoot. They found no prowler, but the next sunlight revealed evidence that seven riders had waited in the far timber while two dismounted men slipped to the house. The tracks of one were seen directly below the small window.

Until that hour, the night of November 28, 1888, Anne had bolstered her courage in the belief that unarmed, Tom would not be shot down by his enemies. But from that night on she lived with the stark knowledge of inevitable disaster. Nor were her apprehensions wrong, for the situation culminated in his murder less than four years later.

The infamous Tonto Basin War began in 1885, rose to its height in 1886 and tapered off into the feud between the Graham and Tewksbury families in 1887. Most of the killings were by ambush, the dead never receiving any warning of the lurking enemy who would pull the fatal trigger.

Tom's kid brother, Billy, had been murdered from ambush by Jim Houck, a Tewksbury partisan, August 17, 1887. Then Anne's second brother-in-law, John Graham, fell before the guns of a forty-man posse led by Sheriff William Mulvenon of Yavapai County. This deed was committed while the posse hid behind the stone walls of the Perkins store then under construction. It happened within a stone's throw of the Graham ranch, September 21, 1887.

Duesha, an experienced gunman and ex-California stagecoach bandit, had joined the Graham brothers when the Tonto Basin War first broke out. Early in 1886 he sustained a rifle bullet through the right lung. By easy stages Tom had taken him south to Phoenix via Reno Pass to a doctor.

It was during this period that Tom met the beautiful and vivacious Anne Melton at a social affair given by mutual

Before the murder of Thomas H. Graham, Arizona territorial newspapers published only hearsay accounts of the Tonto Basin War. Consequently the facts have been heavily saturated with myths, untruths and legends. Nothing whatever was told of the extreme courage and suffering of the valiant young woman who married Graham. To the end of her days she remembered him above all else. This is her story up to the time her family persuaded her to leave Arizona.
—Maurice Kildare

friends. Her father was the Reverend W. J. Melton, a Baptist minister. She was then only seventeen and Tom was sixteen years her senior. However, it was a case of love at first sight. The courtship did not last long before the couple was united in marriage by her father in the family home at Tempe on October 8, 1886.

The cowardly murder of Billy, eighteen years old, stunned Tom. Following that foul deed Duesha, his constant protective shadow and a second father to Tom, was wounded again. While Tom was taking him to Phoenix for expert medical attention once more, Sheriff Mulvenon, his sympathy always with the Tewksburys, struck with his huge posse. Riding straight north from Phoenix, Tom buried John beside Billy in the valley cemetery.

A daughter was born to Anne and Tom on December 14, 1887, but died ten months later, October 3, 1888 and was buried in Phoenix. This was Anne's first great sorrow but as she was to do in times of greater tribulations, she bore the burden courageously.

When she was physically able, she went north with Tom to the ranch on upper Cherry Creek at Willow Springs. Duesha, gloomy and increasingly silent as he appraised the risks, went with them. He did not believe, as Tom did, that the bitter feud was ended. Certainly the Tewksbury brothers, Ed the leader and Jim the remarkable rifle shot, had had their revenge. If anyone came off victor it was they who won the war. John, one of their two brothers, had been killed during the bitter fighting, while Frank died a natural death.

DESPITE Tom's assurances to Anne that they were safe at the ranch, he could not have been more wrong. He would never be secure from ambush no matter where he went. Wise old Duesha alone appeared to realize this to the fullest extent.

Three times during late October and early November signs disclosed that skulkers had been around the barn and corrals during the preceding night. An attempt was made to keep this knowledge from Anne; however, the cowboys working for Graham and his cousin Louis Parker grew careless in their talk. It wasn't long before Anne realized that something bothered the men seriously. Then came the night when she saw the terrible face leering through the window glass.

Tom took Anne back to Tempe where she remained with her parents. As the months went by no more prowlers approached close enough to leave their tracks on the ranch. Ed Tewksbury was some distance away working for a cattleman. In bad health and near the end, Jim Tewksbury had gone to live with a married sister at Globe. Not even Tewksbury partisans were then making any war talk.

After several weeks Tom decided Anne would be safe on the ranch. He went to Tempe to bring her home to the beautiful valley he loved so much despite the tragedy it had caused him. On arrival at the Melton home he discovered from Anne that she was with child again. Their second daughter, Estelle, was born late in 1889.

Since he did not want to be away from her, Tom left three cowboys in charge of the ranch, one of whom was S. W. Young. Some weeks before, cousin Louis had returned home to Iowa.

After their marriage Anne tried constantly to persuade Tom to hang up his gun and cartridge belt. Her parents were solidly behind this move. Being Easterners, unused to the savagery and customs of the frontier, they were convinced that an unarmed man would not be shot down wantonly. As has often been shown in the Old West, this was a dangerous fallacy. Tom surely knew better. Yet acceding to Anne's wishes he took off his guns and remained that way, helpless to defend himself, to the day of his death.

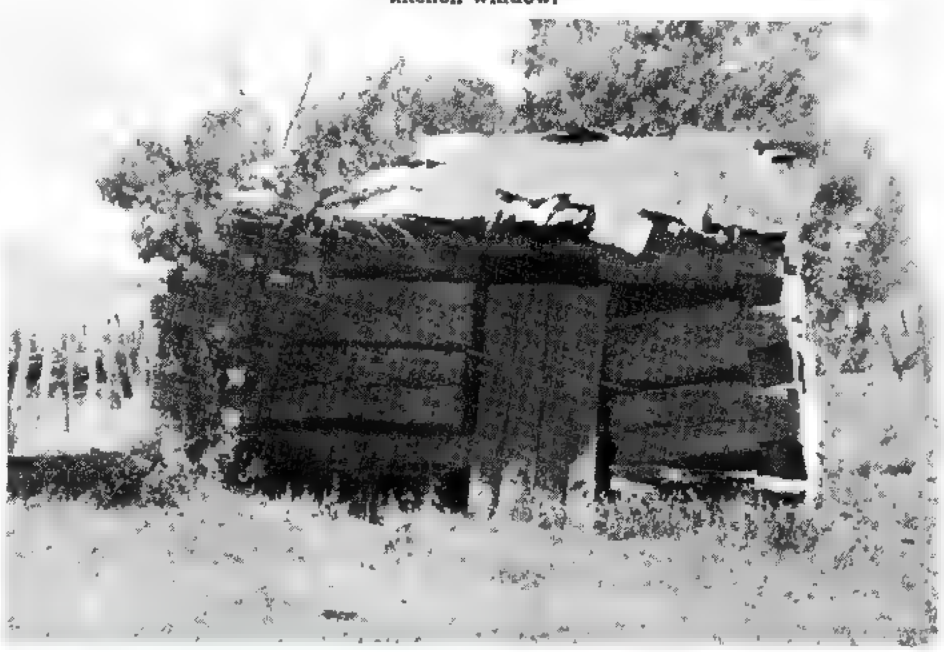
To Anne's relief, and their future happiness she thought, Tom began looking around for a place to buy. He decided to try stock raising and farming in the fertile Salt River Valley.

In the spring of 1889 he made two trips to Pleasant Valley. The second resulted in an arrangement with Young to run his 1,000 head of cows for a share of the increase. Finding a likely 100-acre irrigated farm near Tempe, he leased it. The land produced a bountiful crop that year, so he bought it for $2,800 in April, 1890.

By the fall of 1891 Tom had become very dissatisfied with the arrangement entered into with Young. The increase in the fall of 1889 had been nowhere near what it should have. The next year he got less than 100 head of yearling steers.

Riding the range with Duesha, the two men made spot counts. They were soon sadly cognizant of the fact that the breeding foundation had shrunk enormously. There no longer ran in the three Graham brands anywhere near 1,000 head of cows. Tom considered Young an honest man. He did not want to believe that his partner had been steadily crook-

All that was left of the Graham house in 1925, where Anne saw an enemy's face in the kitchen window.



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Charley Duesha, left, and his mining partner, Johnny Moore, at their Aguila mine. This snapshot, given the author by Duesha in 1921, is believed to be the only picture of him in existence.

ing him on the deal. As Duesha said, Pleasant Valley was filled with stock thieves and always had been.

During the period Tom and Anne settled into prosaic pursuits on the farm, tales reached him through Duesha. Ed Tewksbury and his brother-in-law, John Rhodes, who had married John Tewksbury's widow, repeatedly stated that Tom Graham wasn't going to be allowed to live much longer.

Neither was then in Pleasant Valley. However, their partisans and many aggressive newcomers chose to resent Tom's repeated visits to his ranch in the valley. For reasons of their own they wanted him to stay out, whether he rightfully owned property therein or not. They pretended, or at least exhibited an outrageous belief, that he planned starting the feud all over again. The fact was that some of these men were stealing Graham cattle and wanted his occupied range besides. Young was definitely a poor manager and no cowman.

UNDER these circumstances Tom and Duesha rode north into the valley in June, 1892. The partnership agreement with Young was dissolved. Five cowboys had been brought along and two more engaged at the Perkins store to round up all of Tom's cattle that could be found. Headquartering at the old ranch which was let go to Young, the gatherings were held close by.

Lower Cherry Creek and the eastern end of the valley was cleared of Tom's cattle before bystanders and newcomers were aware of it. Then suddenly one morning as the crew saddled up to conclude the roundup, thirty armed riders led by William (Bill) Colcord burst out of the timber.

The burly Colcord confronted Tom who, in keeping with his promise to Anne, was not armed even with a saddle gun. The late-comer to southeastern Tonto Basin angrily accused Tom of coming there to cause them all trouble. This, Tom truthfully denied. Colcord called him a liar. White-faced, Tom shook with anger. The ringy Colcord further announced they would cut his herd to see that none of their cattle had been collected. A lot of their stuff, he swore, was missing from the eastern end of the basin.

To individually cut a man's herd was a fighting insult. Angry threats continued from Colcord and several others. Finally Duesha, the tough old rooster who was double armed, walked out into the clear, facing the crowd of mounted men.

"So you came here to fight, did you, Colcord?" his squeaky voice accused. "All right, I'm your huckleberry. Open the ball so I can kill you and we can get on with Tommy's roundup. The way it is now you no-goods will steal his last cow critter!"

Duesha's challenge was punctured with his usual picturesque oaths. Now, oddly in the history of the war and the family feud, he had not been connected with the several fatal shootings he engaged in throughout Tonto Basin. But the Tewksburys and their cohorts were quite aware of what he had done. He was, in their opinion, the deadliest fighter on either side. Indeed, so far he had been unbeatable, bouncing back to fight anew each time after being gravely wounded.

The man who went for Duesha here would get a one-way ticket to hell. And probably others would be killed before they downed him. Colcord was the one who would get it first. That gentleman had no stomach to face the small, wiry old scrapper. Mumbling inane words and glaring, he reined out to lead the bunch away.

In later years Colcord (known to the author as was Duesha and other survivors of those bloody years) was to assert that after tearful pleading on Tom's part he agreed to allow him to finish the roundup. For this Tom allegedly promised to leave Pleasant Valley and never return. This was an outright lie, just as Colcord claimed to historians and short-story writers that he fought on the side of the Tewksburys from 1885 to the end. He did not reach the area until 1890, engaging in the cattle business with a small herd on Pinal Creek north of Globe. As peace settled over the Tonto Basin country (Pleasant Valley is in the basin) he moved into it as did other small cattlemen when the feuding was long over and peace had returned.

When he drove his herd south, Tom had less than 700 head altogether. Four hundred steers and cows were sold. The youngest cows were placed on semi-desert range south of Tempe. Tom and Anne had many substantial friends in Phoenix, Tempe and Mesa of the respectable, peaceful kind. None of them carried any rumored tales to the couple who were trying their best to create a happy life.

Duesha also had a host of friends, men scattered all over the territory. He thus had ears in the enemy camp and knew that revenge was still being plotted by Ed Tewksbury. That Tom was succeeding as a farmer and small stockman seemed to rankle Ed constantly. Each of his statements reached Duesha within a few days of the time it was made.

"Tommy," Duesha warned, "he ain't going to let you live in peace. Them fellers are going to kill you one of these days. Better buckle on your shooting iron again."

"I can't. I promised Anne," Tom always replied doggedly.

APPOINTING himself Tom's bodyguard, Duesha on at least three occasions routed men intent on bushwhacking. Once Tewksbury, Rhodes and an unrecognized man were discovered lurking in the street end of an alley on Washington in Phoenix. It happened that Duesha reached the dark opening first. His eagle eye snapped into the recess, discovering

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Ed Tewksbury who was tried for Graham's murder.

the three men there. Out from under his coat swept a sawed-off shotgun. By the time he turned it on them and let go a blast the three men were running far down the alley. No one ever knew whether his buckshot punctured any of them.

Breaking the weapon, Duesha was inserting another shell when Tom reached his side in a kind of panic. "No, Charley!" he cried, aghast.

Reluctantly Duesha did not aim again. The skulkers were already gone anyway. "If we don't get them now they'll get you some other time, Tommy!"

One night, just a week before Tom was finally dry-gulched, he and Duesha were riding back to the farm from Tempe in a wagon. As always the old fighter's eagle-quick eyes bored ahead and all around. His gaze fixed solidly on a stand of tall brush down the roadside. Then he laid his left hand warningly on the driving lines Tom held.

"Hold up slow like. There's some rascal in the brush waiting for us."

When Tom couldn't believe it Duesha insisted. Climbing off the spring seat to the ground he slid into cover on the edge of the road. Yet before he could reach the distant brush, moving as wheezingly best he could because of a collapsed lung, hoofbeats rose on the air. The man was bent forward in the saddle and could not be identified in the moonlight.

When the wagon came up and Duesha returned to the seat, Tom merely said quietly, "We won't worry Anne by telling her about this."

The night of August 1, 1892, Anne stood in the lighted kitchen about ten o'clock. The engrained fear of the years kept her in a constant nervous state. There were times when the courageous young woman feared that it would be impossible to go on. Hers was not a normal life but one filled with the uncertainty and gravity of impending tragedy.

A sudden feeling beset her that she was not alone, that someone stared intently. Her eyes lifted straight to the square window over the kitchen sink. The indistinct face of a man peered through the panes of glass. Her reaction was the same as on that distant night in Pleasant Valley. Overcome with apprehension for her beloved Tom, she screamed. As the prowler dashed from view Tom and Duesha reached her side from the living room.

Search was made of the premises that night. Since no evidence was found of anyone, the men concluded that Anne's terror was due to a bad case of nerves. The opinion promptly vanished the next morning at daylight when they found two sets of men's boot marks around the house. Anne watched them tracking to a tree in the edge of the grain field where horses had been tied.

At once Anne got Tom's six-gun and cartridge belt, trying to get him to arm himself. "I have changed my mind," she said. "Your life is in real danger."

He refused the proffered gun by replying, "I have become used to going without it." His refusal cost him his life that same morning. He was thirty-eight years old. In her inconsolable grief his wanton murder would drive his lovely widow insane.

THE PROWLERS' sign was concrete evidence that an attempt was going to be made to kill Tom. The threatening statements which had been passed on to Duesha were all too true.

The wagon had been loaded with wheat the night before. After breakfast Tom went to the barn, harnessed and hooked up two teams of horses. For some reason Duesha was slower getting around that morning. Tracking the culprits had taxed his strength.

Tom was driving out of the barnyard headed for Tempe when Duesha reached the house porch, buckling on his cartridge belt and carrying a sawed-off shotgun.

"Wait for me, Tommy!" he tried to yell him to a stop, and started for the yard gate.

Tom probably never heard him because Duesha wheezed so badly he could not speak louder than a painful, raspy squeak. Due to the collapsed lung he was always short of breath and could hardly more than trot at best. Unable to overtake the wagon he returned to the house fuming.

"He will be all right, Charley," Anne tried to console him, although she was extremely worried herself.

"Tommy shouldn't be going anywhere without me," Duesha declared. "Them rascals ain't never going to let him have no kind of peace."

Less than five minutes later the fatal crash of a rifle sounded sharp and clear from the road. In the living room Duesha leaped to his feet.

"They killed Tommy!" he cried to Anne who stood over the baby's crib. He then tore out of the house, falling off the porch as weakness struck him because of unusual physical exertion.

The identity of Tom's bushwhackers was never in doubt. On his way to the Double Butte school that morning was Ed, the twelve-year-old son of W. T. Cummings, a neighbor of the Grahams.

Anne's brother-in-law, John Graham, murdered by a sheriff's posse.

With him was his ten-year-old sister, Molly, and a neighbor girl, twelve-year-old Elizabeth Gregg.

The three had taken a short cut, returning to the road in order to cross directly over to the schoolhouse. As they approached the side of the road from behind the top of a blown-down cottonwood tree, they saw two saddled horses and two men behind a screen of mesquite trees. Their weapons were leveled; aimed at the wagon driver whom the youngsters recognized instantly.

Tom was then in the act of passing them. Startled, the children made some sort of sound whereupon one of the men looked around. He hesitated, lowering his gun. At that instant the other fired.

Struck in the back after passing the bushwhackers, Tom tried to turn the wagon. His right hand instinctively made an effort to draw a holstered gun that wasn't there. Then he fell over on the load of grain. Spooked, the teams shied and broke into a run, galloping to the Cummings farm.

Frozen where they stood, the three children watched the two men dash away in a hard run for the Salt River. They then ran back to the Cummings home.

Having been taken off the wagon by men at the neighbor's place, Tom was put to bed and a doctor summoned from Tempe. People in the community, aroused by the brutal murder of an unarmed friend, gathered quickly. Making it to the Cummings farm, Duesha sent someone for Anne who appeared running down the dusty road.

Leaning over Tom, Duesha asked between clenched teeth, "Who did it, Tommy?"

"Ed Tewksbury and John Rhodes. Ed had a red ribbon around his hat."

That was Tom's last statement. Dying that afternoon, he was buried the next day in Phoenix beside the infant daughter.

(Continued on page 70)

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By SETH HATHAWAY

From Vol. 9, No. 3, December 1931, old Frontier Times

THE ADVENTURES

Illustrated by Ben Carlton Mead

Because he was the youngest, the greenest, and the easiest to spare, Seth's hunting party sent him to Adobe Walls for supplies. He arrived in time to take part in one of the West's most dramatic Indian fights

ON THE PLAINS we had to travel but a few miles from the railroad to find buffalo in great numbers. It required some courage however to go out of sight of houses, as there was always danger from Indians and many a hunter lost his life by venturing too far from the road.

In the spring of 1874 I joined a party of hunters from Colorado and traveled south with them into the Panhandle of Texas. There were four men in the party, and they had a wagon, four pack mules, two saddle horses and a camp outfit. Jerry Gardner, an experienced plainsman, was the owner. He was a small, wiry, middle-aged man, an old-timer in the business. He used two men for skinners, one a German named Schmidt, a butcher by trade. The other man, Tom Cox, was a deserter from the 12th U. S. Infantry. I made the fourth man, though being only a young fellow, I was not considered much of a hunter but was taken along to watch camp. When I told them I was no tenderfoot they only laughed, so all I could do was keep still and show them what I could do when the time came, which I hoped wouldn't be long in coming.

Our food supplies consisted of flour, baking powder, beans, green coffee and bacon. A Dutch oven and some frying pans were carried in which to cook our food. A few tin cups, knives and forks were our tableware. There were no plates. Gardner said he could not be bothered with such luxuries.

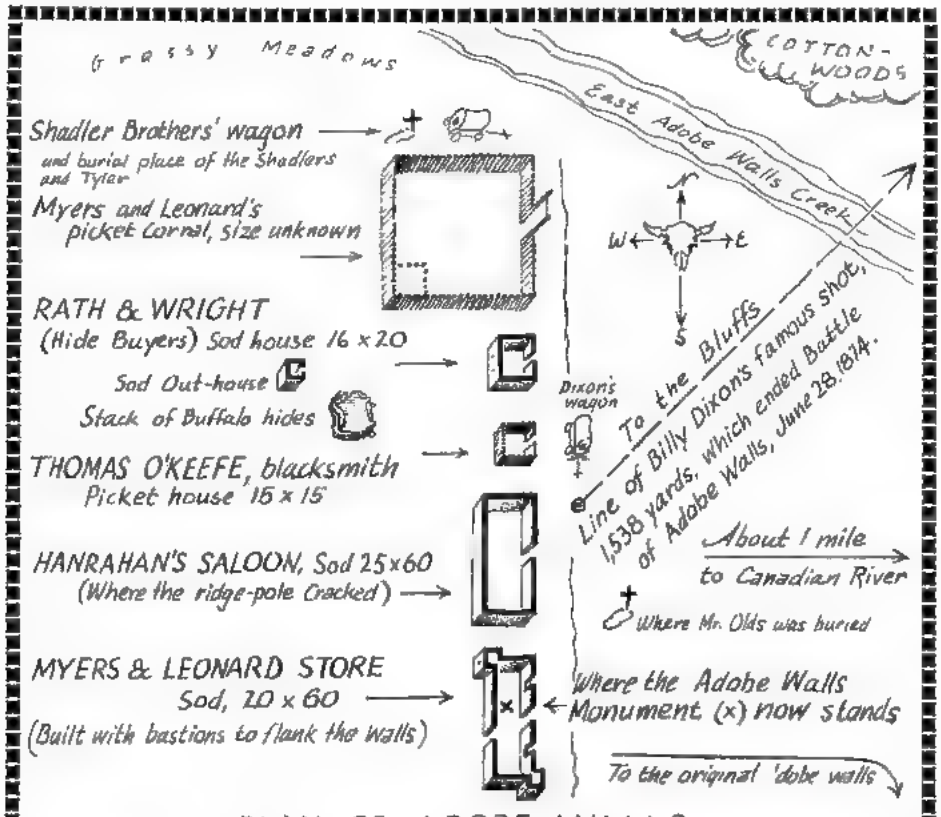
For our ammunition we carried six or seven hundred pounds of lead and two or three thousand shells with primers for same. The arms of the party consisted of two .50 calibre three-band needle guns for the wagon, and two .50 calibre 120 grain Sharps rifles, weighing sixteen and eighteen pounds, for hunting. A number of knives for skinning, one grindstone, and our blankets completed the equipment.

We started south from Granada, Colorado, well knowing that it would be a dangerous trip with so small a number, all of us taking chances of getting no buffalo and of having our scalps stripped off and hung up in some Indian tepee. The men were to receive as monthly pay a percent of the hides.

Our first camp was made at a waterhole on Willow Creek. I have made camp alone and with parties many times since, but I can see that first camp with the buffalo hunters plainer now than any of the others, the horses and mules picketed out and feeding in the creek bed, the men seated around a fire, dipping into the frying pan with their fingers, and cutting up the meat with their knives, with the blades shining as the firelight struck them.

The next day we pulled over to Bear Creek. In crossing the divide, Gardner killed an antelope for fresh meat. The next afternoon, on going down into the Cimarron River at the Point of Rocks, the first buffaloes were seen, and throughout the night we could hear them bellow on the hills around us.

OUR INTENTION was to go farther south where Gardner thought the hunting was better, but the next morning, before we got hitched up, we were


Grassy Meadows
COTTON-WOODS
East Adobe Walls Creek
Shadler Brothers' wagon
and burial place of the Shadlers and Tyler
Myers and Leonard's picket corral, size unknown
W
E
S
RATH & WRIGHT
(Hide Buyers) Sod house 16 x 20
Sod Out-house
Stack of Buffalo hides
Dixon's wagon
To the Bluffs
Line of Billy Dixon's famous shot, 1,538 yards, which ended Battle of Adobe Walls, June 28, 1874.
THOMAS O'KEEFE, blacksmith
Picket house 15 x 15'
About 1 mile to Canadian River
HANRAHAN'S SALOON, Sod 25 x 60
(Where the ridge-pole Cracked)
Where Mr. Olds was buried
MYERS & LEONARD STORE
Sod, 20 x 60
(Built with bastions to flank the walls)
Where the Adobe Walls Monument (x) now stands
To the original 'dobe walls

PLAN OF ADOBE WALLS

Illustrated on the site under Mrs. Billy Dixon's direction by Ben Mead in 1930. This plan was based on low mounds of earth, the apparently scanty ruins of the 'dobe buildings, and partly from memory, descriptions by Dixon, and by Andy Johnson.

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OF A BUFFALO HUNTER

Buffalo hunters at work. The hunter fires a Sharps .50 caliber buffalo gun into the milling herd. Because the gun barrels became hot from rapid shooting, the heavy octagonal-barreled "Big Fifty" was developed. It was so heavy that it was necessary to rest it on a forked stand. A gun would be cooled by the assistant hunter who poured water into and over the barrel.

Billy Dixon, buffalo hunter, army scout, hero of the Battle of Adobe Walls.

surprised by a troop of Fifth U. S. Cavalry and made prisoners. The reason for this was that the Indians had made a complaint about hunters killing buffalo in the Indian Territory, and to keep the Indians quiet the government had sent some cavalry up along the northern boundary of the territory to stop the hunters from crossing.

We were held all that day till late in the afternoon, and were told by the commanding officer that if we were caught in that neighborhood again he would send us to Fort Sill. With an escort of ten men we were started back north. After going about four miles the soldiers left us, and we continued going north till after dark. Then we held a council and decided as we had come that far we would not turn back. We would take our chances of being caught and shut up in Fort Sill. So we changed our course to the west, traveling till midnight, when we stopped to rest the stock. The country was unknown and rough, and we had no guide but the stars.

In the morning we ate a cold breakfast for we did not dare make a fire or shoot a gun. The Cimarron River was in sight, and to do either might bring the soldiers down on us again.

After putting in a day with no water and with little to eat we got moving again about nine o'clock at night, and made for the Cimarron, which we struck at the old Santa Fe crossing.

Crossing the river, we headed for the Sand Hills on the south side. Here the traveling was very slow, as the hills were high and bad to get around. By daylight the stock showed signs of giving out, so we rested for five or six hours. We saw a number of buffalo but were afraid to fire at them. Then we pulled over onto Tepee Creek and went into camp, where we got the first square meal in two days.

We discovered that we had neglected to buy salt. We had a little, so thought we would risk it for a while, and instead of hunting along San Francisco Creek as we had intended, would go farther south to the Palo Duro where we might meet some hunters and get a supply from them. That would save one of us from going over to a trading post that had just been started on Adobe Walls Creek.

The next morning Gardner killed a few buffalo which we skinned, taking the humps for meat. Gardner told us he would ride over to Beaver Creek and see if any hunters had located there, and for us to follow slowly. It was not long after this that we saw a small herd of buffalo approaching, and if they kept on in the same direction they would pass close to our wagon. Tom Cox said to me, "Kid, you have been talking about killing buffalo—here is your chance, show us what you can do."

Taking one of the needle guns, I ran ahead to a small gully that the buffalo were coming up. The boys stopped the team and looked on. The herd came along at an easy lope, and when they were close enough I turned loose, killing five before they got out of range.

Gardner heard the shooting and came back to see what was the matter; he thought the Indians had jumped us. When he rode up and found out what I had done he said, "You are a regular Seth Green on shooting," and from that day on I have been called Seth. I never found out who Seth Green was, but reckon he was a good shot, as Gardner named me after him.

FROM THERE WE WENT over to Beaver Creek and from there to San Francisco Creek where we found some hunters had located, though they were not in camp. It was the unwritten law

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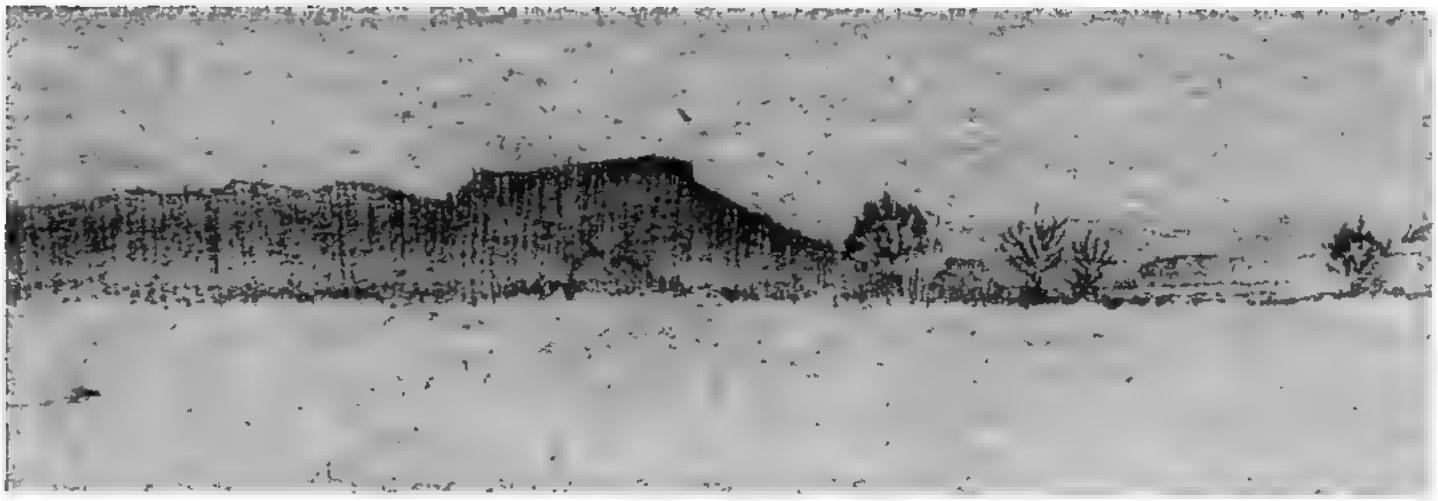


In 1930, Mrs. Billy Dixon and Ben Carlton Mead spent some time at the Turkey Track Ranch, exploring and sketching the site of Adobe Walls. In an attempt to visualize the first great charge of the Indians who thought they would catch the hunters asleep, Mrs. Dixon and Mead drove before daylight from the ranch house to the site of the battle. Walking around among the slight grass-covered mounds which were originally the sod buildings, they watched the dawn and tried to imagine the quarter-mile or so line of galloping warriors suddenly emerging from the sparse timber along the foot of the bluffs which border the river bottom. It was an exciting experience, even though fifty-six years separated them from the actual event. This sketch is the result of that morning's experience, made as soon as daylight permitted.

"Some later years," said Mr. Mead, "I had the pleasure of again going over the ground, again with Mrs. Dixon. This occasion was the visit of the few surviving, aged warriors who participated in the fight. They were brought over from Oklahoma. Anyone who thinks Indians are always stolid, unemotional people should have seen the expressions, the lively interest, the excited patter in the Indian languages, as these oldsters walked over the old battle site, recalling the exciting days of '74."

among hunters not to hunt on another's territory or molest any of his things.

The hunters did not get back, so in the morning we made over to Coldwater Creek. That night we camped close to one of Charlie Newell's outfits. We spent the evening with his boys, and told them the latest news from town. They told us in return that several small parties of Indians had been seen by one of their number, a sharp-eyed old fellow named Miller. This information did not worry us much at the time as the Indians had been pretty quiet, though it was known afterwards that they had been "making medicine" for months and that the small parties Miller saw were scouts looking over the country for a place where they could strike a heavy blow at the whites.

We put in the next day cutting willows about one inch thick and from six to eight inches long, which we sharpened on one end. These were to be used in stretching and pegging the green hides to the ground. This kept the hides flat, so when they were dry enough they could be easily handled and shipped.

At daylight the next morning we went up the creek about five miles, and then pulled out onto the divide for about twenty miles. Here we found a waterhole and pitched camp. The wagon was unloaded, the provisions covered with hides to protect them from the weather, and the camp put in shape for a long stay.

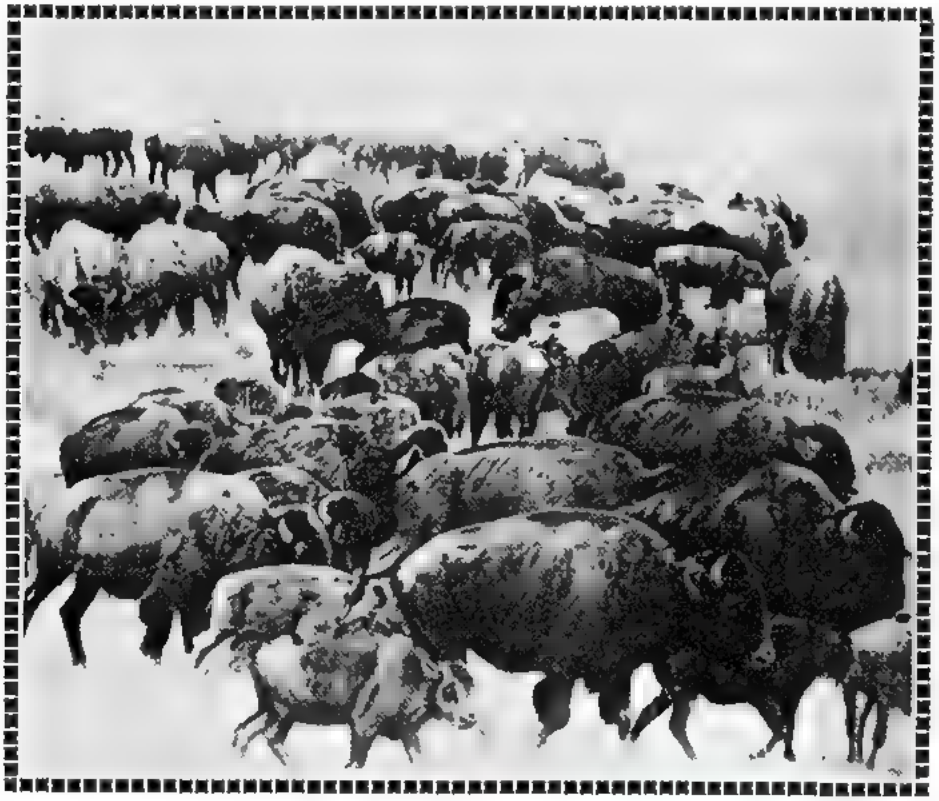
All hands then got busy gathering buffalo chips, which we covered up to keep dry. Buffalo chips make a hot fire to cook with, but are poor on a windy day as they make lots of ashes which blow over everything. However, a good hunter was not very particular and could eat most anything, so he did not care much what was in his food, thinking at times he was lucky if he got any.

The next morning Gardner ordered us to hitch up a team and follow him with the wagon. He rode a good horse and started out to look for the big game. After going about three miles we sighted buffalo, and the team was stopped. Gardner rode ahead for a short distance, and then dismounted. Leaving his horse out of sight of the herd, he approached them on foot. After getting as close as possible by walking, he dropped on his hands and knees and started to crawl toward them.

This is very particular work, and requires a great deal of experience to do it successfully, as every herd has a number of its members, more or less according to the size of the bunch, straggling out from the main herd from forty to sixty yards. These buffaloes act as sentinels. At the first sight of any danger they start to run. This action sets the whole herd in motion, and in a

Early photo of buffaloes.

Courtesy J. E. Tompkins



minute all you will see is rising and falling humps in a cloud of dust.

Also, the hunter has to take advantage of the wind, for the buffalo has a very acute smell, and at the first scent of man they are off. So in crawling up, the hunter works toward them against the wind if he possibly can. This is hard on a still day. To determine the direction of the wind a handful of grass was thrown in the air. After he had the direction of the wind he started crawling, at the same time watching the straggling buffalo. If the nearest animal raised his head, the hunter stayed flat on the ground and kept quiet, out of sight if possible. In a flat country it was very hard to approach a herd and not be discovered.

If a buffalo discovered a hunter, he would watch him for as long as five minutes sometimes. If he was satisfied that there was no danger, he would start feeding again. If, on the other hand, he was not satisfied, and a buffalo is a mighty suspicious animal, he would twist his tail over his back and go. Then it was up to the hunter to find a new herd and start all over again. Patience is a virtue in hunters as I have seen it take an hour and a half to work up close enough to shoot.

After the hunter had worked up to what he considered a good range, say from 150 to 225 yards, he would pick out the bull he thought was the leader of the bunch, take good aim at the center of the body just back of the fore shoulder, and blaze away. At the crack of the gun they would all start on the run, though if the shot was a good one, if the animal stopped and blood flowed from his mouth and nostrils, in a moment he would stagger and fall. Scenting the blood, the rest of the herd would stop. The hunter would then work up a little closer, place the rest sticks for his gun, and kill all the buffaloes he could before they recovered themselves. Rest sticks were used for the heavy guns. They were about two feet long, tied close together at one end, and the muzzle of the gun was placed in the crotch formed by the crossed sticks.

Sometimes the hunter would get five, ten, or perhaps fifteen buffalo before the herd moved too far away. I have seen Gardner kill at one stand forty-six. In one of my hunts with Gardner I killed thirty-three. This was two miles north of the Rifle Pits, at the mouth of Coldwater Creek.

After the buffalo moved, the hunter signaled for the wagon to come up, and all hands would go to work taking off the hides. Sometimes another bunch was sighted soon and often some were met with when going back to camp.

The hides were spread on the ground and small holes cut along the edges, the hides being stretched as tightly as possible and pegged to the ground. Later all the surplus meat was cut away, as the hunter did not skin very closely when he had a number of buffalo down. The hides had to be gone over again anyway after they were pegged to the ground.

They were this way till dry. After this work, our time was put in moulding bullets and filling the empty shells, as all the shells were saved and brought back to camp. At that time we did not have the modern loading tools; the primers had to be picked out with an awl and fresh primers driven in with a hammer.

Courtesy J. E. Tompkins

40,000 buffalo hides ready for shipment from Dodge City, 1877.

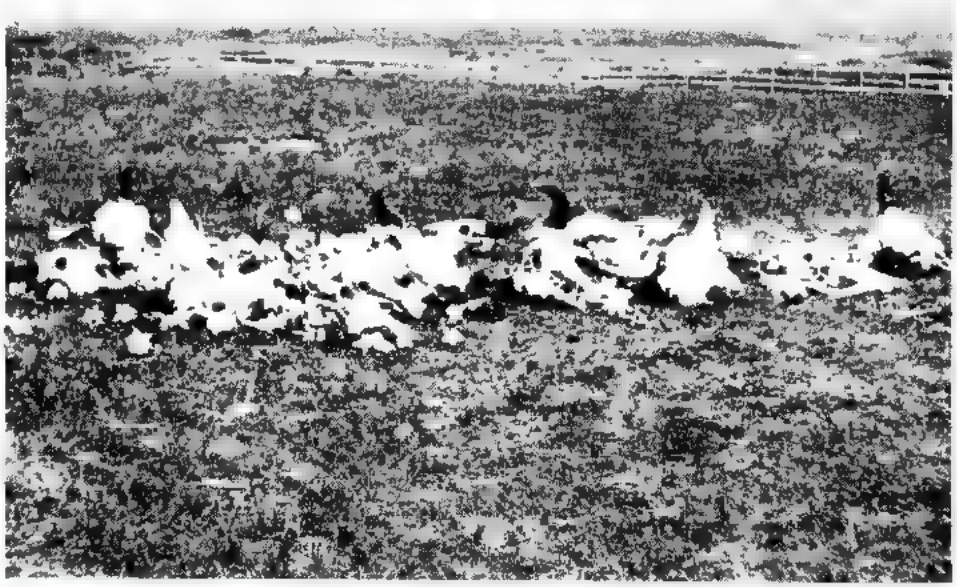
ONE AFTERNOON on coming back to camp, we drove up on the top of a hill and as far as the eye could see there was a great moving mass of buffalo. Thousands upon thousands of head were in sight, feeding along slowly. It being late in the day we concluded to go to camp, load all of our empty shells, and be out bright and early in the morning.

At daybreak we were on our way to where we had seen the great herd, but we only found a bunch of about two hundred. Gardner got twenty-seven out of it. A number of animals were

(Continued on page 53)

Bones of the buffalo.

Photo by William H. Jackson, Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



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The Mighty

By WILLARD H. PORTER

Photos Courtesy Author

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Jake McClure

McClure was known as the man with the hungry loop —and he revolutionized calf roping

ABOUT A QUARTER of a century ago, in a rodeo field on the Triangle 2 Ranch east of Kirkland, Arizona, a cluster of frisky cowboys whooped, hollered, and hoorahed at what was about to happen. One of them had made a wager, betting another fellow that he could not build a loop the size of a calf's head and rope the same calf from a *running* horse.

"Giggle talk," chuckled the rodeo cowboys as the news spread. "Nobody'd try nothin' crazy like that."

But the big joke, the thing that really started them laughing, was when this fellow accepted the wager with a face as straight and true as the fence on a section line.

Only when he shook the loop out and fitted it over the head of the calf that had been dragged to him, did he smile, showing even, white teeth against strong, weather-tanned features. His blue eyes twinkled with amusement as he inspected the tiny circle of tightly-laid Manila hemp that he held loosely in the palm of his right hand.

"I reckon," he said slowly, with the unexaggerated drawl of the born Westerner, "that *is* a mighty small loop."

"Let's go, Jake!" somebody yelled. "C'mon, your calf's ready!"

They had put his calf in a chute, contest style, and now Jake McClure, the sensational fast-loop artist from Lovington, New Mexico, fastened the rope to his saddle horn, cinched his horse snug and mounted up. As he rode into the box besides the chute every pair of eyes on the field was watching him. All hands knew that here was the greatest living professional roper in the sport of rodeo. They knew his Sunday lick was a small speed loop. But could he do the impossible? Could he, the grinning cowboys wondered, catch a calf with a loop no rounder than a chuckwagon skillet?

They turned the calf loose and McClure's horse raced after it. The horse overtook the calf and rated its ducking, dodging movements. Then McClure threw. The rope flicked out like a striking snake—the head of it the loop, the body of it the length—and found the mark. Fast, sure and perfect, the loop sizzled over the calf's head, nearly setting both ears on fire as it drew up tight around the little critter's neck. The roper dismounted on the run.

A spontaneous cry of amazement rippled across the field. McClure had done it! And now as he released the calf, the onlookers rushed out to congratulate him. They wrung his hand and they pounded his back. The loser of the bet was glad to pay off. Never had he, never

McClure

Photos by Paul Coze

Roping on the HF Bar Ranch, Saddlestring, Wyoming.

had any of them, seen such a demonstration of sheer roping know-how!

FOR OVER A generation it has been characteristic of the American cowboy to exploit his most proficient skills. The early cowboy tournaments, later called rodeos, started because some cowpokes thought they could outrope other cowpokes, thus creating a plaything from a working tool of the range land. Since then, many thousands of men have used ropes on ranches and in rodeos. A handful of these men have become famous because of what they could do with ropes. Such a man was the late Jake McClure.

In his prime—the decade from 1928 to 1938—he was called "the cowboy who is revolutionizing calf roping." Like Tod Sloan, who developed the monkey-crouch style of race riding; Bill Tilden, who streamlined tennis with the first big game; and Jim Corbett, whose skill and science in the ring influenced following generations of prize fighters—like all athletes who have introduced lasting changes to their individual sports—Jake McClure made a lasting contribution to his sport.

He was the first man to throw a small speed loop and to throw it like a rock. He tossed it straight and hard and he tossed it fast. He hustled with cat-like quickness every inch of the way, from the instant he left the chute box until he had a calf's three legs secured with a piggin' string. McClure put the "hurry-hurry" into professional roping. For ten years he was the roper to beat, to imitate if possible, at any rodeo he entered.

And through it all—through glory, glamor, and gold—until his accidental death in 1940, he remained the same—a modest, unassuming cowboy from southeastern New Mexico.

Once while competing at Madison Square Garden, a reporter from one of New York City's big newspapers interviewed him for a feature story on rodeo.

"I understand, Mr. McClure," the reporter said, "that you're the world's champion roper. Is that right?"

"Well, I don't claim to be the champion," McClure replied thoughtfully, "but I'm willing to take on the roper who does claim to be."

McClure was always neat and attractively dressed in black boots, clean Levi's or gabardine frontier pants, conservative shirts and fine quality felt hats. He never wore gaudy boots or fancy shirts and he never left his house without a tie. He wore a tie for the toughest of ranch work and for the hardest of rodeo play. His tie, always tight and spruce beneath the collar of his shirt, became a Jake McClure trademark. It also evoked numerous stories.

Breezy Cox, old-time rodeo hand from Clifton, Arizona, used to say that McClure wore a tie so that he could hang himself if he missed a calf.

McClure and his wife, Katheryn, as stunning to look at as her husband was handsome, made friends everywhere they traveled—New York, Boston, San Francisco, London, Calgary. The couple from the cow country was honored at lavish social functions in the East and hobnobbed with celebrities from the horsy set in the West.

A CLOSE FRIEND was Will Rogers, who called McClure's little loop "the wedding ring loop of rodeo."

One time Rogers flew from Hollywood to the Frontier Days shindig at Prescott, Arizona, arriving just after McClure had won the calf roping in fifteen seconds flat.

"Look here," said Rogers, grabbing the microphone in the judges' stand, "I didn't come all this way to miss Jake rope. If it's okay with you folks, I'll give him a hundred dollar bill every time he can tie a calf down in under fifteen."

The crowd clapped and cheered at the prospect of an exclusive show by the great Jake McClure. So McClure got ready and Rogers told jokes over the loudspeaker.

"I want to say, Will," said McClure, before he started, "that I'd like to do this for nothing."

"I know you would, Jake," said Rogers, "but you wouldn't do it as well."

McClure jogged to the roping chute on his big bay gelding, Legs. He took a deep breath, checked his gear and loped into the box. One after the other he roped and tied seven skittish Hereford calves—all under fifteen seconds—and Rogers owed him a respectable $700.

"Maybe we ought to quit now, Will!" shouted McClure from the middle of the arena.

"Listen to him," Rogers spoke into the microphone. "He wants to quit. Folks, he's just plumb lazy. I know Jake's lazy. That's why he's been tying those calves so fast—so he can climb back in the saddle and set down. Go ahead, Jake, rope some more of 'em."

The crowd responded in appreciation of both the world's most beloved humorist and the world's most spectacular roper, and after a short rest McClure went to work again. But this time his profitable fun with Will Rogers was halted almost before it began.

As he roped his eighth calf and vaulted from the saddle, his right hand was mashed between the taut rope and the silver plating covering the saddle horn. A nearly-severed finger was saved by the standby ambulance crew. McClure was through for the day and for several weeks until the hand healed. But he was the hero of the Prescott rodeo.

"Speech, speech!" cried the crowd.

"Speech, speech!" echoed Rogers.

When McClure climbed into the judges' stand, Will Rogers handed him $700 and the mike. For agonized moments Jake faced the packed grandstand on the opposite side of the arena. He shifted from one foot to the other. A shy smile creased his brown face. At last he spoke: "I guess you know I didn't win this money making speeches." And that was all he said.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, when the trustees of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center selected the first five names to be honored by the Oklahoma City institution, Will Rogers was included. So was Teddy Roosevelt, rough-riding United States president; Charlie Russell, celebrated Montana artist; and Charles Goodnight, Texas trail driver and cattle empire builder. Also included was the name of Jake McClure.

McClure was born in Amarillo, Texas, on November 2, 1900. His father, Pat McClure, ranched in the Panhandle country but moved to New Mexico when his son was just a little button. The boy was

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Jake McClure is shown mounted on Honey Boy in the basement of Madison Square Garden. He wore the tie whether rodeo roping or working on his ranch.

of a serious bent and, even while growing up, thought twice before speaking once. He never finished grade school, and left home before he was sixteen. He figured there was a place in the world for Jake McClure if he hustled a little and found it. He dreamed of becoming a successful rodeo roper.

Constant roping practice and superb horsemanship combined to make this youthful dream come true. He started toting a little rope when he was two; at four he was riding burros; at five he was the ropin'est, ridin'est kid in the neighborhood, tossing swift and accurate loops at cats, dogs, goats, chickens, milk-pen calves, and other kids. When he was thirteen he was breaking broncos. As he matured, he kept on improving in roping skill and horsemanship until he was soon in a class by himself. His ropes became his vocation; they also got him into trouble.

In the spring of 1919 he rode into the headquarters of Spring Lake ranch, a 350-section spread east of Muleshoe, Texas, looking for work. It was roundup time and the ranch was short of hands. So Ewing Hassell, ranch manager, gave him a job.

After the roundup, because of his way with horses, McClure was asked to stay on to break and gentle a string of colts. In the bunch was a two-year-old chestnut gelding that Hassell was particularly fond of and he cautioned McClure to go easy on.

"What a sweet little son of a buck!" Hassell said lovingly. "You ever seen anything like him, Jake?"

"Nope," agreed McClure. "He's sure a good one."

A week later the colt was dead and Hassell was cursing out McClure for being the dumbest kind of a skimmilk cowboy that ever drew a dudolo's breath.

"You're fired, damn you, McClure!" screamed Hassell. "You're fired!"

Riding the colt in a pasture, McClure had spotted a fat cow standing at the edge of an open tank. He had built a loop and had tossed it around both horns. Then, as he explained to the outraged manager, the cow had run around the tank, dragging the colt into the water. The taut rope had held the colt down, forcing its head under the surface. In a moment it had drowned.

"I barely got out of the tank myself," McClure admitted foolishly.

"You should've stayed in!" raved Hassell. "You're fired, d'ya hear?"

But McClure was too good a hand to let go. Hassell knew it and in a few days he simmered down. The "killer of the chestnut colt," as the Spring Lake cowboys dubbed him, stayed on. That fall he again sparked Hassell's anger.

A bucking horse reared over on Jake and broke his leg. While recovering with his leg in a cast, he amused himself by stealing cornbread from the table at noon and luring the cook's turkeys within rope-throwing distance of the bunkhouse porch. Then he would dab a quick loop around their scrawny necks. The turkeys got wilder and wilder and the cook got madder and madder, finally asking Hassell to get rid of McClure permanently.

Again the manager was of a mind to drop the turkey roper from the payroll, but again his common sense persuaded him not to. Bronc peelers of McClure's stature were as scarce as waterholes in a droughty land. There were still lots of humpy-backed bangtails to iron out and that broken leg would soon mend. Hassell told the cook to shut up or pen his turkeys.

TOM STANDEFER of Bledsoe, Texas, became one of McClure's closest friends during their years on the Spring Lake outfit. They rode and worked and roped together and, later, after they had both left that big ranch, they broke and trained top horses for other professional ropers.

The late Bob (Wild Horse) Crosby, another famous rodeoer from New Mexico, used to say that "a Jake-Tom-broke rope horse" was the best a man could be mounted on.

They once had trouble with an owl-headed three-year-old called Apache Kid. The horse was spooky and stubborn, but his solid conformation caused them to take extra care with his schooling. They were certain, if he ever settled down, he would make a fine animal. One day, mounted on Apache Kid, McClure decided to rope a calf.

"Patchy'll pitch with you, Jake," warned Standefer.

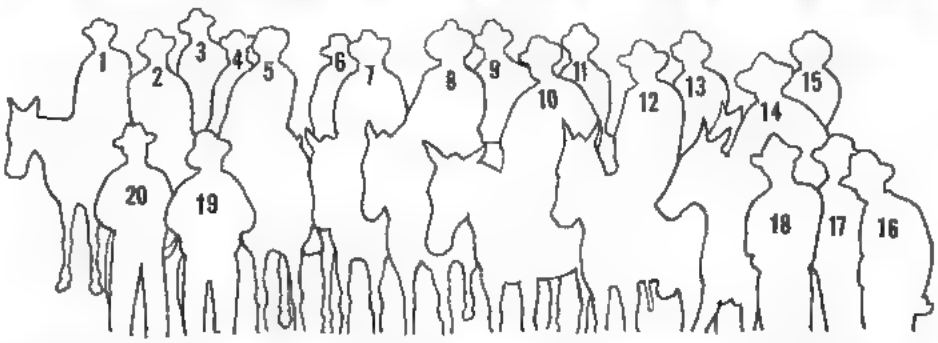
"I reckon he will," reasoned the colt's rider, "but it's about time he learned something."

McClure spurred into a lope and, sure enough, the gelding came apart at the joints. He rooted his head between his forelegs, snorting and pawing the ground at each jump. When McClure got his head up, he was riding so easily that he roped the calf as the horse bucked past. After a few such lessons, Apache Kid became a model pupil.

"I've seen him do so many things with crazy horses," Standefer recalls, "that I know as long as Jake lived he never had any fear of any kind of horse."

In the early 1920s McClure began to rodeo. Purses were skimpy then and

Jake McClure tying a Hereford calf at Ft. Stockton, Texas in the 1920s.



A group of the first Cowboy Turtles at Pueblo, Colorado in 1935. Picture key: 1. Frank Sharp. 2. Jack Skipworth. 3. Rufus Ingersoll. 4. Asbury Schell. 5. Cecil Owsley. 6. Dee Burk. 7. Jake McClure. 8. Hugh Bennett. 9. Carl Sheppard. 10. Dick Truitt. 11. Everett Shaw. 12. Andy Curtis. 13. Blackie Russell. 14. Buff Brady, Sr. 15. Eddie Curtis. 16. Glen Soward. 17. Tom Hogan. 18. Tom Breeden. 19. Ike Rude. 20. Huston Burnes.

occasionally crooked promoters wouldn't pay off at all. Therefore he didn't follow the pro circuit. After each show he would return to whatever ranch job he had at that time. It was not until 1928 that he decided to rodeo for a living. In May of that year he won his first big money—$700 at San Antonio—and from then on McClure's life was dedicated to roping and tying baby bovines as fast as he possibly could.

Roping became very important to him. He was never, like many cowboys, a carefree sort of person, rodeoing for romance and laughs. He was in the game to make money and at his peak his ropes snared about $10,000 a year. Roping was his business. Like a good businessman he paid attention to what he was doing.

He stayed in excellent physical condition. He was a strong, healthy man with a thick crop of black, curly hair. He looked not unlike Jack Dempsey and, in his own way, was just as fine an athlete—smooth, graceful, coordinated. His arms were long and powerful. He never smoked, seldom drank and during a rodeo he'd be in bed and asleep by nine o'clock every night.

THE PRESCOTT SHOW in the early 1930s was noted for salty cowboy shenanigans, and the Palace Bar, on Whiskey Row, was the foremost generating source of more hangovers than spots on an Appaloosa mustang. One Fourth of July rodeo, McClure ate dinner at the Palace. Leaving, he was tagged by a mob of fellow contestants already half way loop-legged.

"Howdy, Jake," they said, "We're gonna have us a real time. C'mon!"

The drinks flowed wet and strong and before long the tipplers noticed a grouping of untouched shots of whiskey on the mahogany bar. They belonged to McClure. Quietly, he had slipped away to his room at the Hassayampa Hotel.

In the rodeo's grand entry parade the next afternoon, a roper lifted a shaking cigarette to his cracked lips. Bloodshot eyes peered grimly at a horsebacker at his side. He motioned toward McClure, who was riding by in the opposite direction.

"How the hell," he asked. "are you gonna beat a guy that eats steak twice a day, bunks in at sundown and talks to The Boss?"

"You ain't," came a hoarse answer. "Not today, anyhow."

JAKE McCLURE married Katheryn Mathews in the spring of 1933, and with his rodeo earnings he bought her a sixteen-section mother cow ranch west of Lovington for a wedding present. A year later, as a thoughtful husband should, he gave her an anniversary present—a cruise on a Cunard liner to London, where he was to appear in the Tex Austin-produced rodeo at White City stadium.

A third member of the family went along, also. Legs, the rope horse, sailed on the livestock boat that was transporting the rodeo cattle and the bucking horses. His owner loaded him with some trepidation, for he well knew how Legs liked to eat. When he unloaded him at Liverpool, three weeks later, his misgivings had proven true. The horse was huge, lugging the biggest hay-belly McClure had ever seen. He was too fat to rope on.

So Katheryn, entering into the spirit of the trip, began exercising Legs each morning. The rodeo started, however, before he was back in shape, and McClure had to rope on a friend's horse.

The show was scheduled to last an entire month, with each roper getting thirteen calves. But after the first few performances the Royal Humane Society kicked up such a hullabaloo that, in the interest of international good will, the roping was eliminated. McClure never won a single dime. An added blow was when word came that the banks in New Mexico had suddenly closed, wiping them out. All they had left were a few dollars in the pockets of McClure's whipcord frontier pants. They had to borrow money to get back to the States.

"You've had your vacation, Legs, and Katheryn's had her cruise," declared McClure, leading his horse, who was again huge from the return trip, off the dock at New York. "From now on it's short rations and hard work."

They packed up and headed for the

(Continued on page 72)

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A strong man cried when he learned that for twenty-five years he'd been walking over and around thousands of dollars in hard cash and hadn't suspected it was there!

ELUSIVE LOOT OF SHELL

ON JUNE 11, 1964 I was trying to get an honest day's work done when a man about sixty-five years old walked in and wanted "to see Ike Osteen." I saw he wasn't wearing a gun or carrying a club so I told him he had his man and asked what I could do for him.

He told me the sheriff's office had sent him to see me and that so far as they knew I was about the only fellow in town who could help him. He right off asked me if I knew where Shell Canyon was and if I could take him into it. I asked him how urgent it was and how long he was prepared to stay. When he said he had from "now on," I told him to come to my house about 7:30 p.m. and we would put on the feed bags and talk it over. Shell Canyon is approximately eighteen miles northeast of Kim, Colorado in Las Animas County and fifty miles (as the crow flies) from Springfield, Baca County, where I live.

That night he showed up in an old Plymouth station wagon loaded with his worldly possessions. I saw at a glance that he had at least one metal locator in his "stuff." He introduced himself as Clifford Benson from Fredericktown, Missouri and said he had been in Colorado before and was in Shell Canyon in 1924. At that time he and his wife had come to see her uncle who was living in the canyon. They were driving "an old Maxwell car with wheels about as high as buggy wheels," he said.

They had turned off the road at Las Animas and had followed wagon roads and trails into Shell Canyon. He had tried getting there this time the same way but, of course, his late model station wagon with fourteen-inch wheels didn't get far until he was "high centered." The country is all fenced and cross-fenced so he wound up lost and almost ran out of gas before he got back to civilization.

He had come to Springfield to get some information about Shell Canyon but our courthouse burned in 1913 and no records before that date are available. When he told them at the courthouse he was interested in a gang of outlaws captured in Shell Canyon about 1900 by the sheriff of Baca County they immediately sent him to me. He said they told him, "It sounds like you want to see Ike Osteen, our local treasure hunter and a real 'nut' on the early history of Baca County."

So while my wife was clearing the supper table (we still have breakfast, dinner and supper in that order at our house) Benson told me the rest of his story.

Clifford Benson and his metal detector checking out a lead.

When he and his wife arrived at her uncle's place in Shell Canyon in 1924 about the first thing her uncle said was, "Do you remember that child's grave I have kept fenced off all these years? Well, there are two seedy-looking old men hanging around this canyon and about the first day they were here they dug into that grave and left it open. When I rode by there and saw it I got off my horse and could see where they had removed a box or at least a square object from about two feet down. I filled the hole up and have seen the old fellows poking around a time or two since.

"They have picked and shoveled a little down the canyon where the sheriff dynamited that old cave shut when he caught that outlaw bunch about twenty-five years ago. There were too many rocks dynamited over the front to go in that way and the two old men hit solid rock in their digging behind the slide, so they haven't been in the old cave yet."

Benson told me he had been a mining engineer and had his transit level or some such instrument with him at that time. He suggested that his wife's uncle get his shotgun and they would act like they were rabbit hunting and go down to the old cave. Benson said they shot a cottontail rabbit on the way and took a round-about course, but they knew the two old men had seen them. They sort of played a game of hide and seek with each other for a couple of hours in the rocks and trees of Shell Canyon. When they did get to the old cave Benson could see where the old fellows had tried to dig into it and failed. He told his wife's uncle to show him about where the center of the mouth of the cave had been, but the uncle didn't know so they just guessed it was in the center of the pile of dynamited rocks.

IT WAS ALL pretty high up on a point of rimrock on the edge of the canyon. About four other canyons emptied into Shell at this point, so the cave was a natural lookout point. Benson took his transit and ran a line out to an old tree, but the ground was too rocky to dig in. He ran a line out the other way to a big rock, but again the ground was too rocky for digging. He then ran a line between the rock and the tree and almost all of it was in dirt that would yield to a shovel.

Benson went back to the front of the cave and ran a line out to where it crossed the line in the dirt between the rock and the tree. He told the uncle to lay a little stick there and they would

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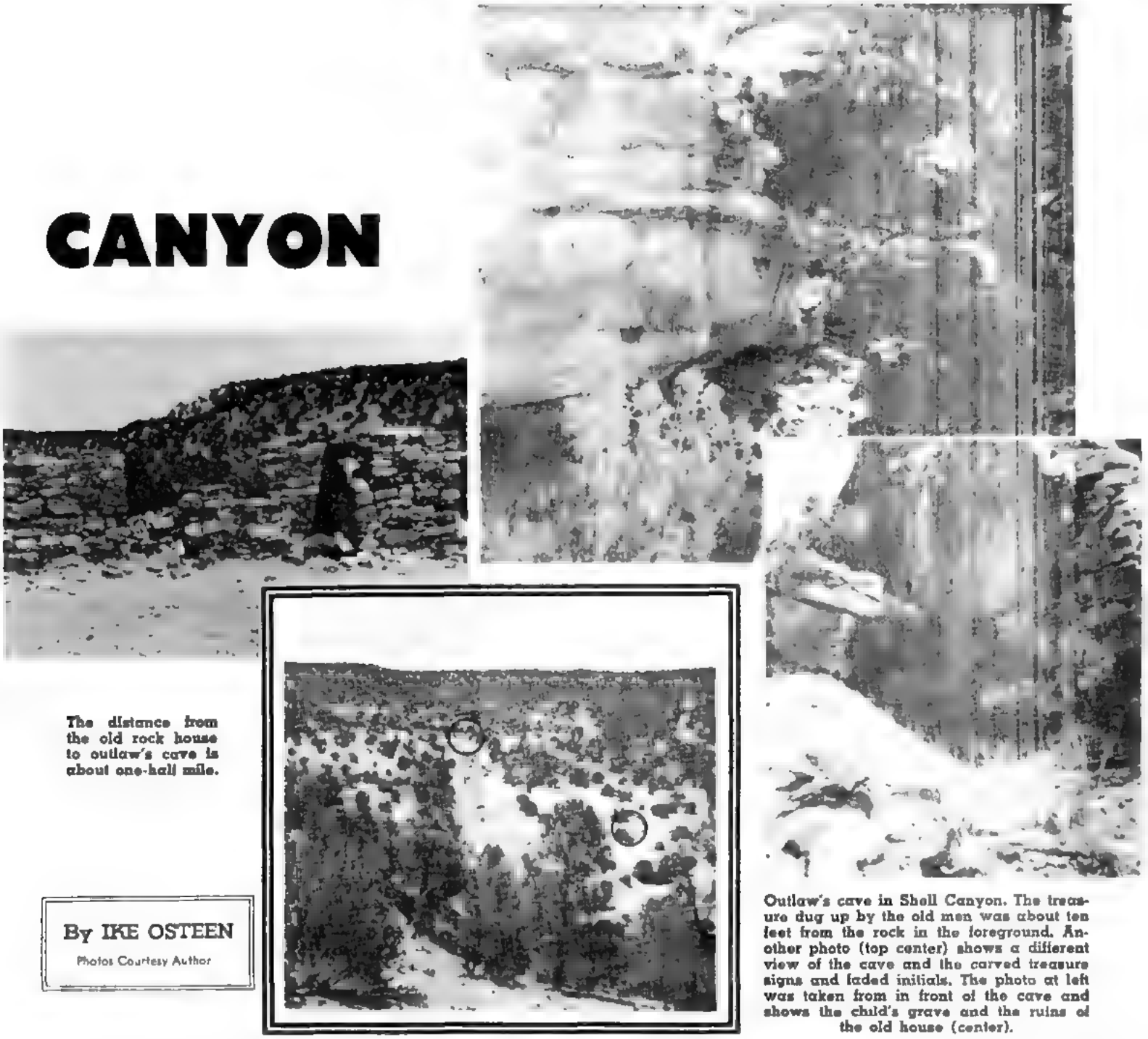
CANYON



The distance from the old rock house to outlaw's cave is about one-half mile.

Outlaw's cave in Shell Canyon. The treasure dug up by the old men was about ten feet from the rock in the foreground. Another photo (top center) shows a different view of the cave and the carved treasure signs and faded initials. The photo at left was taken from in front of the cave and shows the child's grave and the ruins of the old house (center).

By IKE OSTEEN

Photos Courtesy Author

come back at daylight the next morning and dig.

Well, they went back to the house, cleaned the rabbit, did the chores, ate supper and went to bed. The next morning they were back at the cave and ready to start digging. However, they didn't get to do any, as it already had been done for them. Benson said those old men were real considerate—they left the old rusty metal box which had fallen apart when it was lifted from the hole!

He and the uncle put the old box back together as best they could and counted the rusty rings inside it. Benson said the old men had taken 2,600 coins from that old box. He said the rings were about the size of a silver dollar, but a twenty-dollar gold piece is also about the size of a silver dollar. Anyway they could not find any trace of the two old fellows and the uncle wrote him later he never saw them again nor had anyone else seen them anywhere around Shell Canyon.

Benson said his wife's uncle broke down and cried when he thought of all that money being there all those years and as poor as he and his family were, how they could have used it! Benson admitted it had bothered him all these years, and finally in 1964, forty years later, he had decided to come back to Colorado and see if there might be some more inside the cave. He drew a sketch of the canyon for me as he remembered it from 1924. His wife's uncle no longer lived there.

Well, I contacted Darrel Mort, a fellow I know who lives on the rim of Shell Canyon, and made a date with him to guide us around. Early one morning as soon as I had all arrangements made, Benson and I piled into his old station wagon and headed for gold and glory. We met our guide at the appointed place and before the sun was too high we were in the bottom of Shell Canyon. We didn't get to the bottom in the wagon, of course, and I wished later we hadn't gone as far as we did in it. When we tried to come back out, the old wagon wouldn't pull it. Benson would "clutch" it and go as far as he could and Mort and I had to walk along with a rock and small log to chock the rear wheels when it stopped. Finally Mort and I took an axe and cleared a road up a more gentle slope.

No, sir, treasure just doesn't come easy. Once we were down in the canyon we had no trouble finding the place where the uncle had lived, and the cave was where Benson had drawn it on the map he made from memory. The big rock is still out in front of the cave but forty years does things to trees and I couldn't find even the stump. In fact, the cave itself and all the loose rock the

(Continued on page 51)

Wild Old Days!

This concrete structure at Cedar Mountain was probably a pumping station for the mine.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN, A FORGOTTEN TOWN

By Loretta Rehder

IT WAS a hot summer day. We had paddled our canoe down Washington's swift Cedar River dodging rocks and fallen branches of trees. Then we saw an inviting sandy spot along the shore up ahead. It would be a good place to rest our tiring muscles from the hard paddle. We pulled the canoe up onto the sand and stretched out in a cool shady spot.

After a few moments of complete relaxation we walked around on that side of the river, exploring the beach, then paddled across to the other side. The brush and woods were very thick but we managed to break a trail.

Suddenly we came upon a strange looking structure. It appeared to be fairly old as the door was loose and swinging on its rusty hinges. Weeds were grown up all around so that it made entrance practically impossible. The door was about eight or nine inches thick and was made of a heavy metal, lined with wooden boards. We guessed this metal to be iron. The structure itself was built against the side of the mountain, and its walls were of cement eight or nine inches thick. We did not relish the idea of crawling through the heavy brush and burning nettles to gain entrance, but we decided to search further and see if there were any other buildings nearby. This one was eight feet square.

Up the hill we came upon a very old house, with three of the outside walls still standing and about half the floor caved in. We noticed that it had had electricity at one time but it must have been a long time ago as its fixtures weren't in use any more. What could this place be? Then we saw a glimpse of another roof about twenty-five yards down the hill to the right. We made our way through the heavy undergrowth to a huge building. Cautiously we opened the door and walked in. It had two rooms, one of them very large. The smaller room had a cement floor and what appeared to be the remains of old-time, rough bunks. There was an attic, but it seemed too dangerous to climb up to it. In one corner of the larger room was an iron tub three feet high and two and one-half feet in diameter. Two-thirds of this room was in concrete flooring and the rest was gravel except for one path of concrete about two feet wide which led from the front door. In the center of this strip and for the full length of this larger room was a metal track of some sort overhead. There were a few wooden benches along one side and a couple of very rough old tables. On one wall were pigeon-hole shelves.

We managed to find several other old buildings and sheds, some still standing and others, collapsed. By this time our curiosity was killing us so we decided to pay a visit to the historical files of the local library that evening at the end of our canoe trip.

In the library we found a very old map of that particular area, and the spot where we had docked our canoe was labeled Cedar Mountain. We had apparently found a forgotten town!

The author stands with her daughter in the doorway of the largest building found.

BACK in the 1880s coal was discovered in this area. A mine was opened on each side of the river and a small mining town soon appeared. The town was built right at the spot where we had been, where Cedar River curves around a hill seven miles south of Renton, Washington.

The settlement consisted of a store, two saloons, bunkhouse, boardinghouse, a cluster of individual homes, and a post office which operated until 1907. The mines were in operation for twenty years and the post office closed its doors about three years after the mines closed.

Before the end of its first year of operation, the Cedar Mountain Mine had produced 1,732 tons of coal. There is a

Bryant Rupert with the hermit.

depression on the left-hand side as the motorist turns off Washington State Highway 5, known as the Maple Valley road, to go uphill to Spring and Shadow Lakes. This depression is the only sign today that coal cars once ran straight west into the hill.

Frank Johnson, who died recently in the Shadow Lake area, went to work at Cedar Mountain at the age of twelve. He turned a home-made fan to force air into the mine, earning seventy-five cents for twelve hours of work. After eleven months at this job, he was promoted. His new task was driving a mule, pulling ten loaded coal cars. Each of these small cars held from one to one and one-half tons of coal. The mules would haul forty-five to sixty cars in their six trips a day. For ten hours' work with the mule, Johnson was paid $1.35. However, all unmarried men who worked for the mine were obliged to eat in the company cookhouse and pay $16.00 a month board.

Although coal was first discovered on this hillside in 1862, the mines were not started until 1884, twenty-two years later. In 1884 the railroad, which is still in operation, was completed to Black Diamond, Washington. It was at this time that the mine was started. After twenty years of operation the mine was closed because of a fault.

When we left the Renton area in December 1966 plans were already being made to clear the side of this historical mountain to make homesites available for the nearby Boeing aircraft workers and other residents. I wonder how many relics and reminders of yesteryear will be discovered by unsuspecting owners while clearing the heavy undergrowth from their lots in order to build a house or lay out a flower bed!

The hermit's lean-to.

A HERMIT WITH NO REASON

By B. J. Rupert
as told to R. S. Chambers

DAWN was just breaking in the mountains southwest of Raton, New Mexico as Ching Turner and I came upon what seemed to be a pile of assorted rubbish; as though someone had begun his own sanitary department apart from a civilization to gather it in. That was the puzzling factor—it was in the middle of nowhere; at least eight miles from Raton. We had traveled it on foot in the dark hours of that October morning fifty-seven years ago so that we might arrive in the mountains at daybreak for a day of rabbit hunting. Rabbits were the last things in our minds at that moment.

Then we noticed a man sleeping on the ground, unaware of our arrival. We woke him and began to inquire about his identity and his reason for being here of all places, since the novelty of discovering a hermit intrigued us no end. We were answered only by a stare of distrust and fear as we spoke to him in English and Spanish. I did learn, however, that our hermit understood some Spanish, for when I asked for water in that language, he went to a crevice in a rock where a bucket was placed to collect rainwater and any moisture from the rocks. It was stagnant but comprised his entire water supply.

A terrible odor was coming from his lean-to of rags and skins, and we looked and found a pile of bones. I guessed them to be the bones of dogs. They were probably from the garbage dump outside of Raton and I presumed that he had gone

(Continued on page 76)

The pile of bones, evidence of the hermit's dinners of dogs and other animals.

If four walls do not a prison make — maybe a cell door does!

George B. Eilerts and a team of his mules.

JAIL

IT WAS STILL DARK outside when George was aroused from sleep by the sounds of his wife building a fire in the kitchen range. He wasn't a man to leap out of bed, eager to meet the day, and he lay awhile longer enjoying the soft feather bed beneath him. George listened for the clanking of the tin coffee pot and tried to time his rising accordingly.

When he heard Liza set the coffee pot on the stove he stirred to movement and sat up on the edge of the bed. It was an easy matter to dress. Overalls and boots were all he had to put on in the morning because summer and winter he wore longjohns and, ever since he was a boy, he'd put on a clean shirt and socks before going to bed. The habit had occasioned a few heated arguments with Liza when they were first married, but he could prove to be a stubborn man and after a few weeks she had given up.

George moved a little faster after he came awake. It was Saturday and, right after the morning chores, they'd be heading into Whitewater for their weekly shopping and visiting. It was also a *special* Saturday. His brother Tom had just returned from Texas and had sent word earlier in the week to meet him in town on Saturday to talk about the land in Oklahoma. The goverment was opening a large section of it for homesteading next year and, if Tom said it was worth it, George planned to try to get a piece.

George entered the kitchen just as the sun spread its first soft rays of light over the parched fields. The night had been filled with flashes of lightning, but there had been no rain to ease the blanket of heat which had covered Kansas for many weeks. Today would be another scorcher.

Liza was never what you'd call a talkative woman, but this morning she was downright silent. She nodded at his greeting and continued slicing the sidepork from the slab.

On a normal Saturday morning Liza was almost chatty about the trip to town. It was the one day that farm folk could relax and enjoy themselves. Weekdays were filled with the never-ending struggle to force a living from the Kansas plains and Sunday was a day filled with church going, Bible reading and resting up for the week ahead.

But this wasn't just any Saturday, and George grinned as he watched her stiff back as she measured out the mixings for pancakes. He sure liked this woman. Angry silence was a heck of a lot easier to live with than angry words and she never stayed mad long. Seemed like reason told her what she could or couldn't do and, once that was settled in her mind, the storm was over.

He picked up the milk buckets and headed for the barnyard. His four cows were already standing by the barn door waiting for him and, as he fastened them in their stalls, he wondered which Liza was the most upset about—his wanting some Oklahoma homestead land or because Tom was back in town and three of the Eilerts brothers were going to be together today.

THERE WERE FIVE brothers in all. Tom, the oldest, was a big man with a love of roving and fancy clothes. He'd lived in Texas for several years and was starting a small ranch just south of the Oklahoma line.

Henry came next and he had early decided that farming was not for him. He worked in a store in Newton, Kansas. The closest he came to adventuring was playing a fiddle at the dances around the county.

Jonce also had left the land and was town barber in Whitewater. He could twiddle a mean bow, too, and having both him and Henry at a dance insured its being a rousing success. Henry was already state champion, having taken first place two years in a row with Jonce coming in second. Then the third year Jonce took first place and Henry second, and for the next five years the honor alternated between the two of them.

Next came Garrett. He'd worked as a lead and coal miner for a few years before deciding he liked the sunshine better. Garrett had purchased a building in Marceline, Missouri; in the back he opened a funeral parlor and in the front a furniture store. The two trades just naturally went together on the frontier.

At the tail end of the bunch came George. He'd stayed on the land as a dirt farmer like his dad, working from dawn until dark with little to show for his efforts except stooped shoulders from leaning over a plow.

Henry and Garrett were peaceful men, whether by nature or because their wives insisted on it was a matter of question. Tom, Jonce and George did enough fighting for themselves and the other brothers, too.

Jonce never used his fists except as a last resort, after he knew there was no chance of talking the matter over peaceably. Tom had taken to packing a gun in Texas and lately had taken the notion that if it was worth fighting over, it was worth a shooting. Of the three, it was George who loved the rip-roaring saloon battle the best. Just give him a wide open free-for-all, no holds barred, and he was in his glory. He'd start slugging at the drop of a careless word.

George had finished his milking, set the buckets to one side and turned the cows out of their stalls. He slapped them on their rumps to herd them out of the barn and headed them down the lane

to pasture.

As he carried the milk to the small, stone milkhouse George wondered if Liza was still put out over Tom's being in town. He remembered the last time he and Jonce and Tom had spent a day together—some two years ago—and he knew his wife had good reason to be upset.

George's mustache had caused all the trouble. His two brothers decided it had to go and Jonce had shaved it off while Tom held George down. There had been no use in being angry after it was done and the three of them had proceeded to properly celebrate the event.

When George tried to get into the house in the early hours of the next morning, Liza had stopped him cold on the porch holding the shotgun on him, and the dog had torn his pants leg before he was recognized. The fool stunt had almost got him bit and shot at the same time.

A BREAKFAST of eggs, pancakes and sidepork was ready when he reached the house. He dipped the hot water for washing from the boiler built into the range and listened to Liza and the boy, Glen, talking while he washed up.

Liza's voice was soft and George noticed the stiffness had left her back, relaxing her shoulders. He knew she had accepted the day and whatever events it was to bring. Liza didn't waste her energy fighting what she couldn't change.

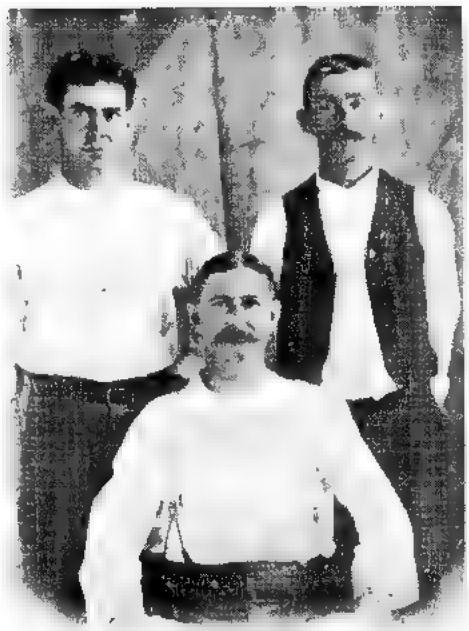
"Will you be ready to leave right after morning chores?" he asked her.

"Yes, Glen is all ready now. I'll do the dishes while you feed the chickens and slop the pigs. You'd better put the egg crates in the wagon before you change clothes for town. The crates are dusty."

George hitched the team of mules to the wagon and used the broom to sweep off the wagon seat. "Don't forget to bring a blanket to sit on, Liza," he hollered.

He placed the Indian blanket on the seat, then helped her up. George climbed up beside her, glanced behind him to make sure Glen was sitting down in the wagon box, then touched the tip of the

(Continued on page 74)



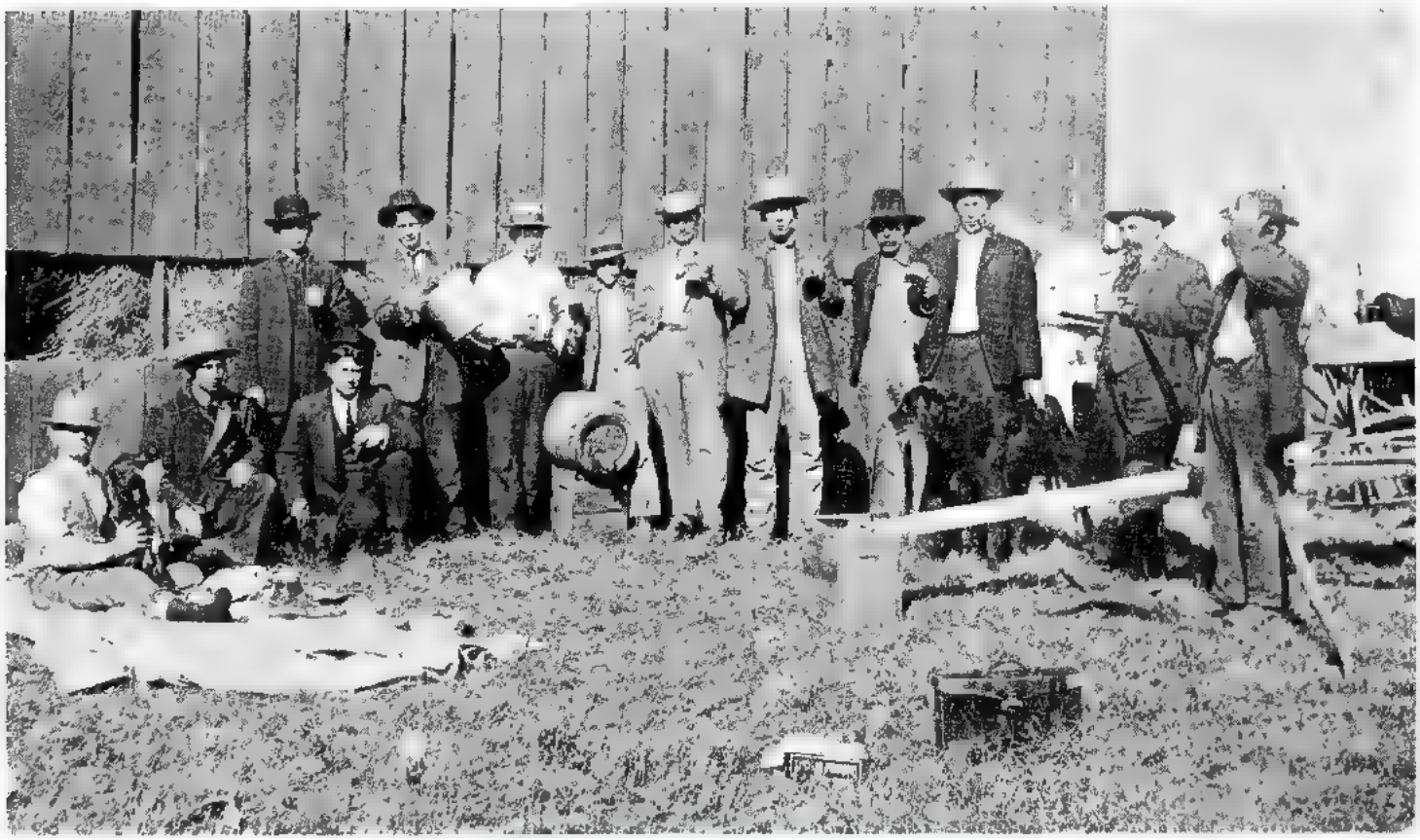
The Eilerts brothers. Left to right, standing: Jonce and George. Seated is Tom.

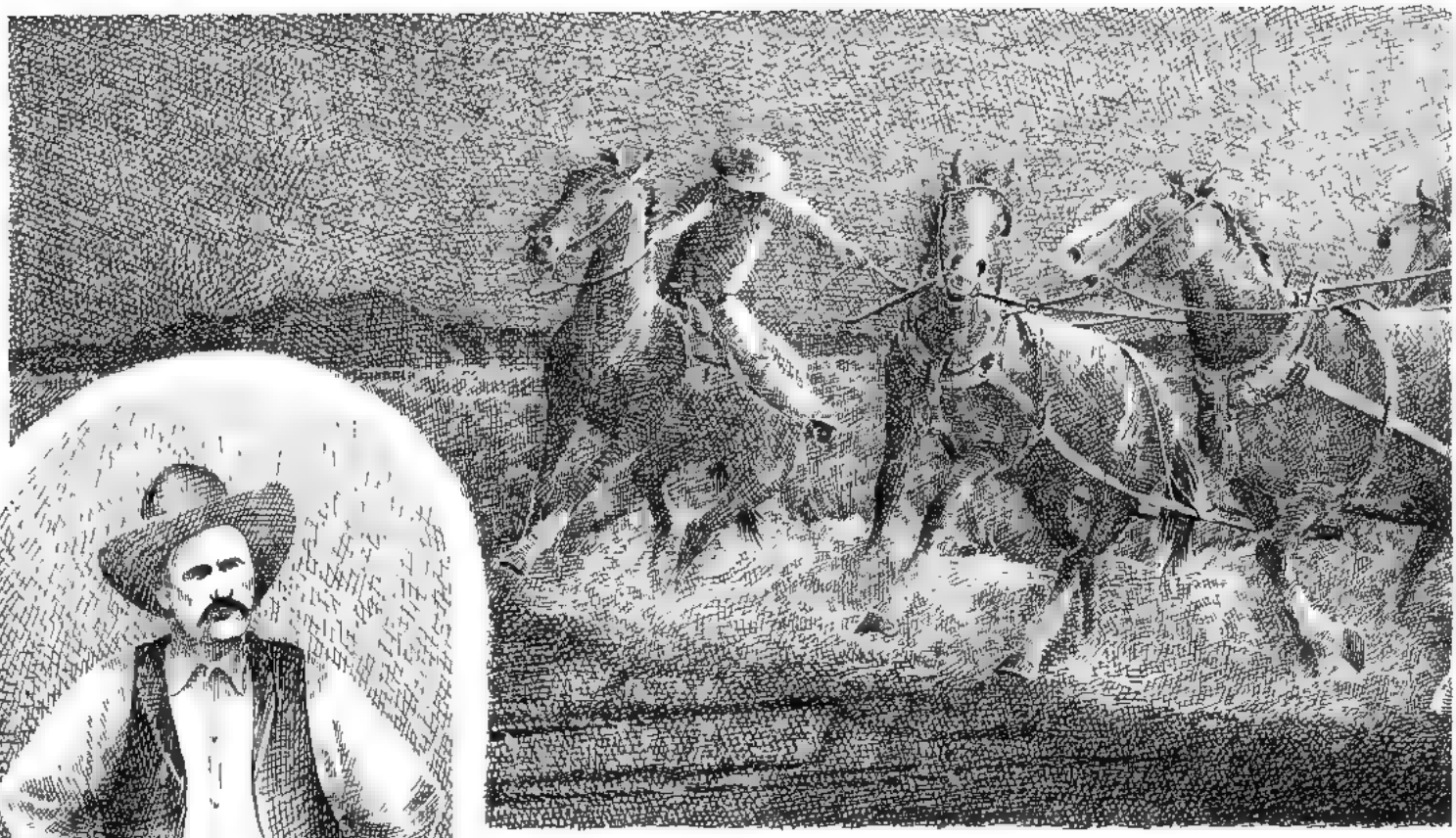
BREAK— Farmer Style

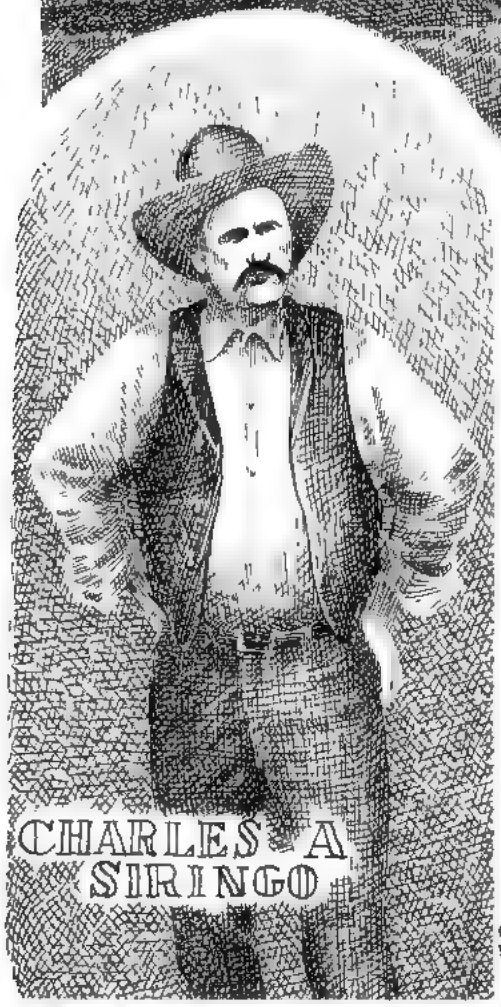
By B. J. FITZGERALD

Photos Courtesy Author

A group of friends and neighbors around the keg behind the livery stable, circa 1890. George B. Eilerts stands fourth from the right.





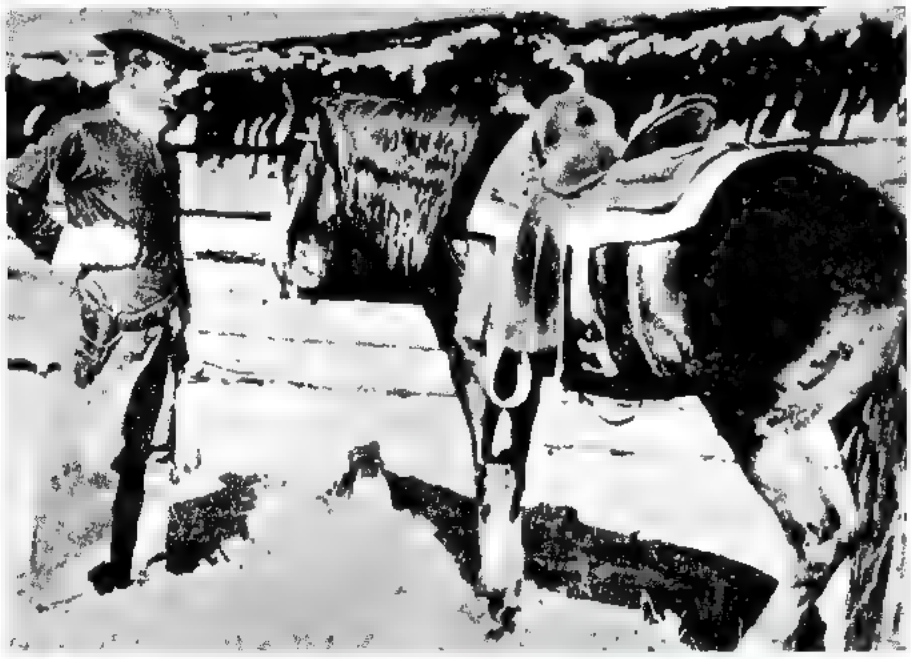


The Trap Didn't

By CHARLIE RILE

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

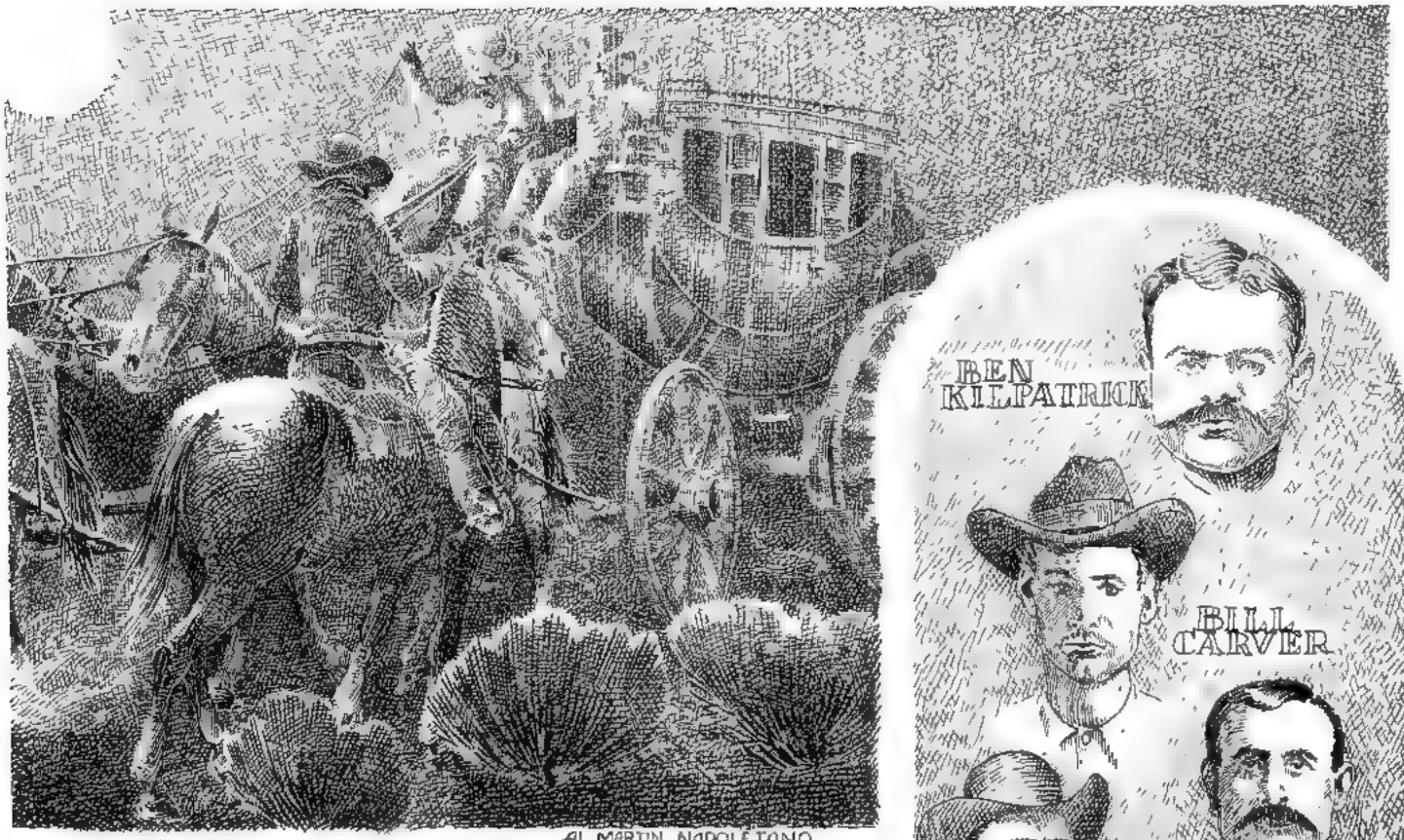
George LeRoy Parker near Hanksville, Utah, where he worked for Charley Gibbons.
Courtesy Charles Kel y



AROUND 1897—probably before the fall roundup and the annual winter layoff of hands—a young cowboy on a ranch which was located south of Wyoming's Owl Mountains near what is now Boysen Lake, turned into his bunk in the ranch bunkhouse. The time was around 9 p.m. Daylight, 6 a.m., came early and was the start of the normal workday.

Soon everyone was asleep except this cowboy. He stole silently from his bunk, dressed and carefully made his way to the corral. Saddling his best horse he led it slowly away from the ranch. When he was out of ear shot, he mounted and broke the horse into a trot. He rode about a mile before bringing his horse to a full gallop.

The time of the month must have been near the full moon, as this country is full of dry washes and gullies. Most of Wyoming was still open range so fences presented no problem. The area was so



AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

Spring On Butch Cassidy?

Many people have doubted that a South American bullet could have carried the name of George LeRoy Parker on its silver tip. Our author goes farther—he contends that the leader of the Wild Bunch lived to be eighty-seven and died in his own bed in 1953 . . .

sparsely settled that ranches were often twenty to forty miles apart. Riding east and slightly north he maintained his fast pace. Nine or ten miles from the ranch he came upon another good horse tied to some sagebrush. Changing his saddle and bridle to the new horse and tying the first one to the sage he proceeded in the same direction. The cowboy changed mounts four or five times and three hours later met another cowboy who was leading a horse, to which he again changed.

A few more miles from where they met, they proceeded to hold up a stage after forcing it to stop. They removed the strongbox and waved the stage on its way to Casper. The stage had left Thermopolis the afternoon before, and after coming over the Owl Mountains, was just starting its 120-mile run over the prairie to its destination.

Leaving his partner to hide the $10,000 in gold they had taken from the stage the cowboy started back to the ranch. Again he changed horses along the way. Walking his horse into the corral he rubbed him down, then stole back to his bunk. He arose with the other help, had breakfast, caught a fresh horse from the remuda and went about the ranch work. In the meantime, his partner, after hiding the gold, picked up the horses strung across the country and moved them out of the area.

A few days later the Fremont County sheriff from Lander, Wyoming, seventy miles southwest, visited the ranch. The holdup had occurred near Lysite which was in his county. He came especially to this ranch because he knew one cowboy there had served a couple of years at

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the Wyoming State Penitentiary for another offense and was thus a prime suspect. The man was Butch Cassidy.

The sheriff assembled the ranch crew and questioned them. He asked Cassidy where he had been on the night of the robbery. The other hands quickly volunteered that Butch was at the ranch that night and that he had not been off the place for a couple of months. This was a perfect alibi, since the holdup site was over forty miles away, considered a good day's ride. For anyone to travel eighty miles round trip was out of the question. The robbery was never solved until proof was established almost sixty years later, after Cassidy was dead.

THE WILD BUNCH was composed of five riders. When others were needed different members of the Hole in the Wall gang were used. Butch Cassidy was the natural leader of this group. He was very intelligent, well liked and efficient—a top hand. Also a crack shot, but not a killer. His word was respected by everyone including some of his lawmen pursuers and legal authorities. In fact, he was known to have prevented unnecessary killings several times during various holdups.

Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry, was the vicious killer of the Bunch. Other members were Bill Carver; Ben Kilpatrick, "The Tall Texan"; Harry Longbaugh, "The Sundance Kid". Some who also rode at various times were "Deaf Charlie" Hanks and Elza Lay.

Many famous Pinkerton detectives, including Charlie Siringo, tried to put the Wild Bunch out of action, but failed until they obtained the famous photo taken in Fort Worth, Texas, and distributed it all over the country. This accomplished the breakup of the West's most accomplished gang.

I traveled as a salesman and division manager for a cigarette company throughout Wyoming and adjacent states for over twenty years. This periodically took me into every town and hamlet and into every cigarette outlet of each. I got to know these dealers well, from the smallest to the largest, the lowest to the highest.

Sample cigarettes were given to individuals and to such diverse groups as men who ran ranch livestock sales, people on Indian reservations, construction projects etc.—literally everyone encountered. In the process I created a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

My interest in western history was increased by staying in old hotels, many of which dated back to the '80s and '90s. I visited with old cowmen, gamblers, businessmen and other cronies. These contacts brought forth many unwritten stories of the West—including Cassidy's story.

LATER in the fall Cassidy met his holdup partner, who told him where the gold was cached. They agreed to go get it a year later, when everything had cooled off. His partner, however, Curly Harris, was killed in a saloon brawl during the winter. Other things delayed Cassidy until several years later. He returned, but could not find the gold. Winter snows cause earth and rock movement in the Wyoming mountains. The hidden gold apparently was moved by this action and remains unfound to this day. Cassidy hunted for the gold off and on for over fifty years. It's somewhere along the edge of the Owl Mountains, near old Lysite, on the abandoned stage road between Casper and Thermopolis, Wyoming.

Cassidy later formed the Wild Bunch. They pulled holdups of all types throughout Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Arizona. They principally worked out of Hole in the Wall, Brown's Hole, and Robber's Roost, now Bryce Canyon National Park.

Hole in the Wall is located between Thermopolis and Buffalo, Wyoming, about forty miles from each, on the southern end of the Big Horn Mountains. Brown's Hole is in the northeast corner of Utah, where it joins the northwest corner of Colorado, just below the Wyoming line. Bryce Canyon is in southeast Utah very close to Arizona. These hideouts were about 250 miles apart by horseback. From them the Wild Bunch could cover everything from Canada to Mexico, but principally operated in the seven Rocky Mountain States. Many other hideouts were used also. They paid their way so generously with work or cash when they stopped with small ranchers that they could travel quite freely in the area stretching from Glasgow, Montana, southwest to Phoenix, Arizona.

From time to time the gang would split up when things got too hot. During these times they usually worked as cowboys, as all were experts. They always chose some ranch off the beaten track. Butch received his nickname from working for a while in a butchershop in Rock Springs, Wyoming.

IN 1954 Wyoming Highway 20 was being replaced. This highway was first established in 1925, replacing the old stage road which ran from Lysite to Thermopolis, Wyoming. The 1925 road ran twenty-five miles west at Shoshoni, north through Wind River Canyon to Thermopolis, and the reason for replacement was that the old roadway was only eighteen feet wide and had four tunnels through solid rock. The railroad, which also had several tunnels, was on the left side of Wind River; the highway was on the right side as you go north. Extensive blasting was required to lower the old road, and for this purpose the road was closed from 8 a.m. to 12 noon, from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m., and 6:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

I had come from Riverton, thirty miles southwest, and not knowing this limited traveling schedule arrived at the blasting area around 9 a.m. This was in March when there was no tourist traffic. At the entrance of the canyon there had been a small concrete dam for local irrigation. An old-timer many years before had established a small cafe, bar and gas pump. With tongue in cheek he named them the Dam Store, The Dam Bar and the Dam Cafe. He even had two Dam Privies.

I had called on him many times previously and knew him fairly well. Before we went in I alerted the salesman with me to the fact that Barney Smith was a real character who had been a muleskinner, gambler, bartender, bar owner and old-time cowboy, and was tougher than the proverbial boot. Barney however, had mellowed, as he was then in his seventies.

Barney had freighted when he was fifteen or sixteen from Rawlins, north from the nearest railroad, the Union Pacific, to Lander and Fort Washakie, Wyoming. He told me he started this in 1906 about eight years before the Northwestern Railroad reached Lander on its way to the Pacific Coast. Those plans fell through, though, and Lander became the end of track. Smith told that he had freighted to the Indian Reservation at Fort Washakie, the home of the Shoshone and Arapaho Indians. I knew that he had hung around the saloons at Lander and had had contact with everyone. Saloons in those days were the workingman's club, information center, and the hiring place for all rough labor. Since there were less than 3,000 persons within a 100-mile radius, everyone knew or had heard of everyone else in the area. Barney and I had many mutual acquaintances. We started talking about old Stage Hill, south of Lander, and he told my salesman and me how hard it had been to go up or down with freight teams. Our conversation got around to the famous Hole in the Wall, which was about sixty miles east and slightly north of the Dam Bar where we were. I naturally mentioned the gang and Butch Cassidy. Barney's reply just about knocked me off the chair.

"Did you know Butch Cassidy just died last year?"

I couldn't believe him, as for years my research of him indicated he had been killed in Bolivia in 1909, at age forty-four.

Barney said, "No, he made his way alone, quietly, out of that country and returned to the States. He rejoined his family, lived a lawful life and died in his own bed, with his boots off, at the age of eighty-seven."

Barney also told me the name he went under and the state he died in. But, out of respect to a man who had gone straight and to his family who are well regarded, this should never be divulged.

I asked Barney if he had seen Cassidy and he said no, he had not as he didn't get to Lander, sixty miles away, since he no longer had a car. He explained that his wife, who died a few years earlier, had done most of the driving. Also he seldom had anyone to run his place. He lived over his place of business which stood alone several miles from any other establishment. Barney said he had wanted to visit with him, but they always missed. However, a close friend and an old gambling crony who had told him about the stage holdup had made several pack trips with Cassidy looking for the cached gold. This crony had accompanied Cassidy along the old stage road north of Lysite up in the Owl Mountains. Lysite has today only a couple of buildings

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Courtesy Charles Kelly

Cassidy's old cabin near Little Hole.

left, and its post office serves only seventy people (which means about eighteen ranch families).

BARNEY THEN revealed the story of the stage holdup, the hidden gold, and Cassidy's many trips trying to find it. No wonder he wasn't successful. In winter it snows heavily, melts fast in the spring, and during the run-off rocks tumble down and change the appearance of the surface. Winter snowslides add to the confusion. The only time everything is dry is during June through September; thus, only the Wyoming summer months permit searches of anything underground.

Barney said Cassidy never gave up. He started looking in 1930 and told the man who packed in with him that the depression had bent him and he could use the money. Barney told me Cassidy came back every three to five years; that he made probably eight or ten trips in all. He always stayed with an old friend with whom he had ridden the range. His dress, Barney said, was that of an average retired rancher or farmer and blended in with any group of small-town, older men. He was very discreet. He always stayed on one particular ranch (which is still owned by the same family) and borrowed their horses for his searches. Cassidy of course, used an assumed name which was not the same alias he used at his real home.

CASSIDY DID VISIT a few of his old haunts such as the Lander Bar and Union Bar, both old-time landmarks in Lander. I have been in both many times and they, like many others in Wyoming, have their original fixtures which were freighted into the country by covered wagon in the '70s and '80s. Other places in Wyoming right through Prohibition were a couple of bars in Buffalo, South Pass Bar in Rock Springs, College Inn in Douglas, Skinners in Thermopolis, and a couple of real old ones in Basin plus Front Streets in Laramie, Rawlins and Green River. These bars operated in Wyoming right through prohibition and any cowboy could always get a drink. In the back room all of them had the "Tiger," as gambling was known, and they catered mostly to local people. Cassidy could have moved around quite freely but still he reportedly was very careful.

Butch Cassidy had never been fingerprinted, as fingerprinting was not widely used until the 1920s. His many cowboy friends, who at various times in the past had been in on shady deals with him and others, were also unidentifiable. Wyoming remained an easy place to "get lost" until after World War I.

One old cowboy, Ben Morton from around Basin, Wyoming, told me that after working some years in the '90s he had gone to Kansas to visit relatives. When he returned to Basin a couple of months later, all of his friends were in jail for rustling. I asked him why he came to Wyoming in the first place and he said to earn more money. It seems in Kansas they paid cowboys only $20.00 per month while in Wyoming they paid $40.00, which in those days was very good, as room and board were furnished. Still, for hard-drinking and gambling cowboys this didn't last long. Many turned to rustling. The next step was riding the outlaw trail.

BARNEY WENT ON to tell me how Cassidy had escaped from South America. It seems that the last place they used as a base and hangout between holdups was in the back country —an adobe building. The house, on one side, with an adobe fence connected to it, enclosed an area about the size of a city block. There was a lean-to for horses within this enclosure. The setup was similar to many *haciendas* still seen in Mexico. In outlying areas of Argentina and Bolivia all ranches followed this arrangement. A window in the back of the house overlooking the country made that side defensible. A couple of other windows faced into the square. The square had only one gate and if the walls of the compound were manned the place could be defended exactly as a western frontier fort.

After what was to be their last robbery they headed for this hideout, with troops several miles behind them. As Cassidy always insisted on having the best horses they quickly lengthened the distance, but not enough to give the troops the slip. Arriving at the compound, they prepared to make a stand. However, Cassidy explained to his friends that he had grabbed some of the money they had on hand and had gone right out this back window and into a gully before the troops surrounded the place.

The hideout was soon sealed off, and after a furious gun battle the men in the house were killed. They were quickly buried after tentative identification since bodies don't keep long in that climate.

The soldiers were little more than Indians themselves, as far as education went. Usually one who could read or write was the officer. Some effects were taken from the body of the Sundance Kid and from the body believed to be Cassidy's. The troops and everyone else, it seems, believed that this was the end of the famous outlaw. On the contrary, what this dramatic "finish" accomplished was that it removed the heat from Cassidy and allowed him to return to the normal life and respectability he had longed for so many times. Pinkerton agents later checked and closed the case.

The week before his supposed death, Cassidy explained, he and the Sundance Kid (Harry Longbaugh), had become very tired of their own cooking and company. They had hired a white drifter who rode in, probably on the dodge as they were. He and Cassidy were about the same size. Cassidy had supplied him with some clothes, gear and a gun. So the drifter, who remains unknown, was buried as Cassidy, and Cassidy's new life began.

Exactly how Cassidy returned to the States Barney did not know. I believe it was probably like this: He lay low waiting for a search for him to resume and when it didn't, or when he heard the report of his death, he made his way to a port in Chile or Argentina. By paying some ship captain well, Cassidy probably was in the States within a year and was beginning a new life far from Wyoming. His chances were very good, for people did not travel as they do today. Tourists, if any, were wealthy people and none of them ever knew Cassidy. The people who did know him usually stayed close to home. As the years passed, age changed his appearance to the extent that only someone who was actually looking for him could have made positive identification. Respectability was his. He first started his search for the hidden loot sometime in the '20s and continued it every few years afterward. He finally died in his own bed with his boots off.

AFTER UNCOVERING this information, my problem was to prove the story. I tried everytime I was in Lander, Riverton, Hudson or Thermopolis to find

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additional clues. I did not have the time to stay in one town for extensive research but hoped I might luck onto something someday. Several times I was told by people that they, too, had heard the rumor that Cassidy had escaped but no one had seen him personally, and I was stumped.

In 1959 I set up a business of my own and quit traveling. I still planned to get back to Lander for a week or two when I could, however. I had some old business friends in these towns, and I could at least visit with them. Unfortunately, a heart attack and the press of business did not permit me to ever do this, but still I wondered.

In the fall of 1966 I was confined to the Veterans' Hospital in Cheyenne for a period of three and one-half months. While there, I continued to pore over western history, but none of the books I read helped me unravel the mystery of Butch Cassidy.

One day in the men's smoking room I was visiting with an old cowboy, a World War I veteran, seventy-seven years old. The men in the hospital were from the same territory I had traveled for so many years—Wyoming, western Nebraska and northeast Colorado—so I knew people in every town or area they did. This made for mutual interest and it helped their loneliness as well as mine. It enabled us to while away the long hospital hours.

I had visited with the old cowboy almost every day. His name is Joe DeShaw. He had worked on ranches and as an oilfield hand and powdermonkey all over this area and in most of Wyoming. Although he did not know the entire state as well as I did, he knew central Wyoming extremely well. One day we started talking and Barney Smith's name came up. Sure, Joe knew him and had for many years. So I told him the story Barney had told me. Even before I had finished he laughed and said, "Well, Charlie, it's true. I saw him several times and heard about his searches."

I couldn't believe my ears. "Joe," I said, "don't kid me. I have been sitting on this story for over fifteen years. How did you know him?"

So Joe told me the following story, and later gave me a notarized statement. Joe DeShaw was born in 1890 at Fort Washakie, headquarters of the Shoshone and Arapaho tribes. Their reservation is a large one. Joe's father was a French-Canadian who had been adopted by the famous Shoshone, Chief Washakie. His mother was a Shoshone from a good family. Joe first visited Lander, which is sixteen miles from Fort Washakie, when he was seven years old.

His father, John DeShaw, traveled extensively, trading horses with small ranchers and farmers in Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon and Montana. However, his headquarters was always around Lander where he usually wintered. When Joe was nine or ten, he started accompanying his father during the summer helping to herd the horses. They used pack horses to carry their bedrolls and grub for use between ranches. Although ranches represent the best in western hospitality, even today they are sometimes a long way apart. And a band of horses travels pretty slow.

Joe's father was respected by the outlaws, who often bought horses from him. Joe even visited the Hole in the Wall with his father and the men there bought some horses. This famous hideout is now a part of the Bar C Ranch. To get to the Hole today, so Joe told me, you start at Kaycee, Wyoming, go west to Barnum, then up and across the river at the Bar C Ranch to Buffalo Creek to the narrow pass into the Hole. The Hole is a valley with a creek running through it. It is possible also to leave it going northwest over the mountains to Nowood Creek.

A couple of men with rifles could hold it from any attack. There's still, to this day, no road into it except a horse trail. This was verified by Jim Saul from Buffalo, Wyoming, who was in the hospital at the same time. He had ranched just twenty-five miles north of the Hole for over thirty years and had been in the Hole many times.

JOE FIRST SAW Cassidy when he was twelve years old. He and his father's party were going over an old seldom used sagebrush trail toward the mountains. Cassidy was alone with a pack horse headed for Lander. They stopped and visited for awhile. That night Joe's father told him they had visited with Butch Cassidy and Joe was really thrilled. His father cautioned him never to mention it to anyone because loose talk might endanger their lives.

Cassidy met them again, had supper with them, but slept by himself back in the brush.

Joe next saw Cassidy at Matt Warner's famous outlaw saloon in Jackson Hole the same year. Warner's saloon stood near the river just outside the present town of Jackson, Wyoming. It was a log building just one log long, with a dirt floor. The bar was a split log. The stock was a barrel of whiskey. To drink you used a tin cup or an empty tin can. Drinks were two for a quarter or eight for a dollar—anything the house had in stock. Joe's father was talking with a prospective customer, and Joe was waiting for him. In those days, in this kind of a saloon, no one was barred, so nothing was thought of the boy's presence.

Joe said there were several men in the saloon, visiting back and forth, when two fellows came in the door. Joe had seen them both before. One was Teton Jackson, the other was Cassidy. They stayed to themselves. Soon Joe and his father went back to their picketed horses. Joe heard that Teton Jackson had been killed a short time later in this same saloon. Joe saw Cassidy once more when his father and Cassidy were talking about horses at the George Liguness ranch. This was the last time Joe saw him before Cassidy went to South America.

In 1934, Joe was working as a powdermonkey for the CCC camp on Meadow Creek northwest of Lander. He had a camp away from the main one, several miles in the edge of the timber. He was in his own camp one day preparing powder charges for some Forest Service trails the CCC was building. Cassidy appeared and asked for some groceries. They talked awhile before Joe figured out who he was. No names were mentioned. Cassidy told Joe he was on a little pack trip into the hills—just relaxing and fishing. Joe fixed him up with some food.

Cassidy was now a man sixty-nine years of age and that's why Joe didn't recognize him at once. Joe's old drinking buddy, Bill Boyd, later told Joe confidentially that Cassidy had come to hunt some money hidden many years before when he had stuck up the Lysite stage. It had been hidden by his partner, Curly Harris. Boyd told Joe the same story of the staked-out horses, the holdup, Harris hiding the $10,000 in gold and the perfect alibi.

Then I told Joe the story Barney Smith had told me. We were both amazed as we both were suddenly convinced that it was true.

Joe said he saw Cassidy again a few years later but not to talk with him. He had learned that Cassidy always stayed at the LeClaire Ranch when he came back to conduct a search for his hidden loot. He usually went on these trips alone, but a couple of times he took a friend with him.

Bill Boyd told Joe he had visited many times with Cassidy at his own place and also at the LeClaire Ranch, including the last trip Cassidy made there in 1953. This was easy for Boyd, as his place was near the LeClaire Ranch which lies along Wind River. This same river changes its name to the Big Horn River where it exits from the Wind River Canyon a few miles from Thermopolis. Joe described Butch Cassidy as a quiet, easy going man at their 1934 meeting, very soft spoken and courteous. Later he asked Boyd about this, and Boyd confirmed his opinion, adding that Cassidy was a perfect gentleman.

Everything I have been able to learn indicates this was true, he seems to have been a discreet, likeable and intelligent man who slipped into crime and finally got his wish to return to respectability. He apparently was not a vicious type like some other members of his gang. He never killed anyone here in the States and didn't believe in it when leading the Wild Bunch, as his record shows. Cassidy was the last of the Old Wild West, our horse-mounted era which has now slipped into history.

I KNOW THE STATE he lived and died in, also the name he made and honored, a name respected by everyone. I feel that these facts should not be divulged at this time for the sake of his son, daughters, and grandchildren. Sometime in the future they may give this information of their own accord.

There was one more fascinating thing Barney Smith told me. A few years ago a hunter from Shoshoni, Wyoming, sat down to rest near a badger hole. He picked up a gold piece from the dirt pile the badger had made. When he tore the

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pile apart, he found another one. A systematic search over the immediate area was fruitless. This gold could have been a part of Cassidy's loot brought down the mountain by winter storms or it could have come from another buried treasure.

Cassidy's gold is still there in the edge of the Owl Mountains. It can't be too far off the old stage road as it has to be where a horseman could hide it somewhat hurriedly at night. I firmly believe that someone with a top grade metal detector, willing to spend a month or two searching the logical places a horseman could go, would have a good chance of recovering the gold. Of course, Cassidy could have used a World War II mine detector and probably wished he'd dared. But his poking around the hills like an old prospector was designed to prevent anyone from being curious. Someone may find Cassidy's gold. I believe that the whole area is government land leased only for grazing. It is open range. You can drive a jeep for miles in any direction, or ride horseback with only natural barriers to stop you. If some lucky stiff does find Butch's gold, his search will make an interesting story, and I for one would like to hear it. But I hope I needn't wait for almost twenty years, as I had to wait for this one.

The Injuns Called Him Medicine Man

(Continued from page 9)

with an Indian head in a war bonnet stamped on the canvas. In winter time they lived in log cabins. In the medicine pouches of Iron Horn, Black Dog, Eyes in the Water, Watch his Walking, Blue Horse, Long Knife, Old Thunder, Fish Gut, Takes the Shield, Has the Whip, and others too numerous to mention here, were Russell's small wax replicas carefully wrapped in buckskin, or crayon sketches of their likenesses. These were highly treasured.

Often in later years when I visited the lodges of the Old Ones to sit and smoke, they would fetch out the wax figures and crayon sketches and relate the story of the white men who looked and talked like Indians. They would ask where the white medicine man with the colored sash around his belly was, this friend of Wallace Coburn whom they called Hemus (Iron Tooth) on account of Wallace had a gold tooth.

I doubt very much if a Russell wax replica of an animal or a crayon sketch could be found today on the Fort Belknap Reservation in Montana, for when the Old Men died their prized possessions in their medicine pouches were wrapped in their blanket shrouds and buried with them, and that I am sure is how Russell would want it.

When Charlie would ride down Fourth Avenue with a rolled up canvas wrapped in buckskin, it meant that he had just finished another painting and was headed for the Como Company on Central Avenue to have it framed, and the framed painting would be on display in the front bay window.

Every youngster in the neighborhood, including myself, would gather and stand on the sidewalk in front of the Como Company window and stare at the painting, discussing the details with the rare insight of youth.

Like all cowhands, Charlie Russell habitually wore the finest beaver hat made by the John B. Stetson Company, and a pair of high-heeled cowboy boots made on his individual last by a boot company. In addition to the traditional cowboy gear Charlie always wore a sash tied around his waist.

For the most part, in numerous newspaper and magazine articles and books, the sash has been described as simply a red sash, or a half-breed sash. It was far more than just a red sash or a half-breed sash.

THE SASH WORN by Russell was called an "Assomption" sash, finger-braided on a crude handmade loom by the French-Canadians at the village of L'Assomption and its vicinity, thirty miles northeast of Montreal. These sashes were sold to the North-West Company and to the Hudson's Bay Company for *voyageur* sashes before the year 1800. They were then used in trade for pelts.

Albeit red was the predominant color, green, dark blue, and white were also woven into the *ceinture flăshée* (arrow) pattern. The sashes were of the standard *ceinture a flammes* (flame) design, consisting of a wide red band, or core, down the middle the entire seven-foot length of the sash which ended in a twenty-four inch fringe at each end. This made the entire length, including the fringes, eleven feet.

This is the actual measurement of the Russell sash now in my possession, which was given to me by the artist at the Circle C ranch in Montana when I was a youth. As near as I can recollect it was about 1903 when Charlie spent a few days at the ranch when two New York artists, Will Crawford and John Marchand, were guests of my brother Wallace.

Wallace and the three artists had ridden their horses to the Indian camps on the Fort Belknap Reservation that day. On the way back they had been caught in one of those sudden thunderstorms and cloudbusters. Wallace and Charlie had given their yellow saddle slickers to the two New Yorkers to keep them dry.

At the ranch a large room was attached to the rear of the log office, with four double brass beds equipped with horsehair mattresses. In the center of the room was a pot-bellied wood stove set in a sand box for winter use. A couple of chests of drawers. A shaving mirror on the wall above the wash bench, with a bucket of water and a roller towel. This room was used as a guest room. It was also called the "boar's nest" with its litter of discarded clothing, cigarette butts that filled the sandbox and several brass cuspidors, the unswept floor, empty bottles, the odor of tobacco smoke, the half dozen beat-up captain's chairs all adding an atmosphere of slovenly bachelor quarters.

It was in this room that Wallace and Charlie shed their sodden Levi's and flannel shirts and long underwear. Stripped to the hide they toweled off, enjoying the warmth of the fire I had thoughtfully kindled in the stove. I was sent over to the commissary to fetch new Levi's, underwear and sox, and as the two men got dressed Russell dug a new sash out of his warsack and wrapped it around his waist.

To take the chill off, the four of them lowered the contents of a quart of whiskey with Russell remarking that whiskey made an excellent inside overcoat. And while they were horsing around, passing the bottle and joshing back and forth, I sort of eased over toward the wood box where Russell had carelessly tossed his wet sash with the muddy fringes. I picked it up and commenced scraping the mud off with a kindling stick. When Charlie noticed what I was doing he said not to bother trying to clean the sash, that it had seen better days and could be discarded.

When I asked him if I could keep it as a souvenir Russell said, "Sure thing." And that's how come I have one of the artist's famous sashes.

In spite of hard usage while worn by Russell the sash still retains the bright vegetable dye colors as clearly defined as the day it was woven. A true Assomption sash in pattern, length and width. The traditional *voyageur* sash, both ornamental and practical for warmth around a man's mid-section of a winter.

I have no way of knowing whether or not the Charlie Russell sash now in my possession was finger-woven in the village of L'Assomption, or if it was an exact duplicate from the looms of the British Isles. It matters not, anyway. It is the fact that it was once worn by the famous western artist and given to me by him in 1903, that counts.

Charlie Russell himself called the sash he always wore as a part of his dress a "breed sash" or a "Red River" sash. But that he was familiar with the true name and history of the Assomption sash he wore around his middle was more than probable.

In his own particular way Charles M. Russell was something of an historian of Montana and the border provinces of Canada. He had a first-hand knowledge of the Metis, the French-Canadian half-breeds who married Chippewa or Cree women.

IN 1899 WALLACE COBURN had the first edition of his book of poems *Rhymes from a Roundup Camp* published by the W. T. Ridgely Press at Great Falls. The book was profusely illustrated by Charlie Russell with fourteen full-page pen sketches and numerous smaller sketches for headings and tail pieces.

Wallace Coburn's book of poems illustrated by Charlie Russell, the painting of my three brothers roping the cow, and the fact that Horace Brewster, ramrod for my father's Circle C outfit, gave Russell his first job on the roundup, all added up in the reflected glory of my kid friendship with the artist. Lots of

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times when he would ride down Fourth Avenue on his way to town, he would holler, "Hello, Walt," and would rein up and talk, asking me if I'd heard from Horace Brewster and how he was getting along.

Or if our hired man, Tom Austin, who took care of our bay trotting horse Big Ned and drove the carriage, happened to be mowing the lawn, Charlie would stop a while and talk to the grizzled Tom.

Old Tom, as near as anyone could ever figure, was part Negro and part Mexican. He'd been a trooper with the 10th Cavalry stationed at Fort Assiniboine near Havre during the Indian wars. Shot in one leg during some battle, he walked with a limp. After an honorable discharge he worked for Huntley and Clark at their ranch, driving sulky races for Senator Clark. He also worked for Marcus Daly for a while and for John Paul who ran a livery and feed barn. John Paul owned and trained thoroughbred race horses and sulky horses, and when my father bought Big Ned from John Paul, the horse already had made a record as a trotter at the different tracks. With the purchase of Big Ned my father hired Old Tom to take care of him.

What Old Tom didn't know about horseflesh had been torn out of the book. When it came to veterinary work Old Tom had the local vet, called a horse doctor in those days, skinned to death. Old Tom could neither read nor write but when he was with the 10th Cavalry he had learned plenty from the officer in charge of the cavalry horses. So whenever Russell's paint Monte, or his sorrel Red Bird, pulled up lame or went off his feed Charlie would always consult Old Tom.

Old Tom had fixed up one of the stalls in the stable with a layer of top soil mixed with cow manure, about two feet deep, wetting it down with a garden hose to the consistency of soft mud. Whenever Big Ned needed shoeing Old Tom would remove the old shoes and let the horse stand barefooted in the mud stall for a day or two to soften his feet before taking him to the farrier.

On one or two occasions I recall Old Tom talking Charlie Russell into leaving Monte in the mud stall, muttering and complaining in his deep toned voice to Charlie that the paint horse was getting too old for exercise like trotting or loping, with nothing but hard-packed streets to travel on, then standing hipshot in the street tied to the hitchrack in front of the saloons for hours at a time while Charlie was inside drinking up good whiskey and telling stories. He would give the artist a 'dressing down for abusing a good horse thataway, and Charlie would agree, taking the scolding with a poker face.

Tom Austin's past was something he never spoke of to anyone and there was something in his black eyes that forbade questioning. But inside his small Saratoga trunk was the brass-buttoned old blue uniform of the 10th Cavalry and his honorable discharge in a worn-edged envelope.

A strong bond of friendship existed between Russell and Old Tom, based primarily on their mutual love for horses. But no mention was ever made of Tom Austin once being a trooper in the 10th Cavalry, because Charlie Russell's heartfelt and oft-spoken sympathy strongly favored the lost cause of the Indian, and deplored their shameful treatment by Uncle Sam's United States government. Like most pioneer cattlemen and cowhands, Charlie Russell was wont to be bitter about the brutal actions of the army in its treatment of such Indians as Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph, and other great chiefs and medicine men who had put their mark to treaties that were broken before the ink dried.

I RECALL other times when Russell would stop in for a visit with Wiley who trained and handled the Kentucky saddle-bred horses for Mr. H. E. Randall, who lived across the street from our home in Great Falls. The two high-stepping, gaited horses which Randall and Wiley rode a summer evening along Park Drive on a Saturday band concert night were put through their fancy high-stepping bag of tricks. Riding flat saddles and carrying long rawhide whips they used to tap the front legs as a signal to change gait and cakewalk to the cadence of the brass band.

I wish I could recall Russell's exact words as he joshed Wiley about those well-groomed, fancy show horses. It was something about how a drunk cowpuncher, stepping out of the Park Hotel bar, would react if he saw horses cakewalking to band music. The cowhand would think he had a bad case of the D. T.s and swear off drinking.

"If you and Randall was to show up in an Injun camp, Wiley," Russell once remarked, "forkin' them dancin' Kentucky bred horses, they'd mebby make you chiefs, but most mebby the warriors would set you afoot and steal those two cake-walkin', chin-the-moon horses to count coup."

Russell accused Wiley of mixing a little loco weed in their oats to make the horses step high, and when Wiley took it with a grin and offered to mount Russell on one of them, on a flat saddle, and ride with him to the band concert, it caught Russell off balance but only for a moment.

"I've rode a few broncs in my time, Wiley," he said. "It was no disgrace to get throwed. But they'd laugh me outa the country if I was to fall off that dehorned pancake rig you call a saddle, when that gentle, high-chinned horse started prancing on his hind legs. I'd rather take a gamble on ridin' Midnight, the bucking horse that's never been rode to a finish, than step aboard that can-can dancin' chestnut sorrel, even with enough of Sid Willis' brave-maker under my belt to make me loose and careless."

Russell liked to get Old Tom and the sandy haired Wiley into arguing about horses. Because to Old Tom's way of thinking those pedigreed fancy Kentucky-bred horses were ornamental and useless. Show horses, and nothing but show horses. Plumb worthless. He wouldn't trade Big Ned for a corral full of such horses, Old Tom would growl. But in spite of his muttered disdain, when one of Mr. Randall's horses came down with cramps Old Tom would sit all night in the box stall with the big chestnut, doctoring him with tablespoons of medicine he'd mixed up. He'd stay there with Wiley on the long night vigil until the horse was on his feet and could be walked around.

Other times when Wiley went back to Kentucky to visit relatives Old Tom was the only man in town Wiley would trust to look after the two gaited saddle horses and the family carriage horse.

As a kid I was allowed to sit back and listen when Charlie Russell and Old Tom and Wiley talked horses in Old Tom's room at the stable. Cow horses, race horses, harness horses, Injun horses. All were agreed that Dan Patch was the greatest stallion ever foaled, and the talk always wound up with Russell telling his inimitable stories.

THERE WERE OTHER times when Horace Brewster and Wallace Coburn happened to be in Great Falls at the same time. Wallace would invite Russell to our house and the three of them would gather in the smoking room, with the cutglass decanter of whiskey and four ounce cutglass shot glasses on a silver tray. Wallace would invite me in and behind closed doors they would tell stories and drink whiskey and smoke. I'd sit back in a corner and listen to the yarns Russell told, many of them off-color and ribald. That's when I was in high school, with a ranch-raised kid's savvy on how to keep my mouth shut and listen to older men talk, staying in the background where I belonged.

Often as not the three men would go to town on the streetcar in the shank of the evening, and take me along. As long as I was with my brother Wallace I was allowed in the saloons, where Bill Rance of the Silver Dollar or Sid Willis of the Mint would tell the bartender to serve me a short beer. The same held true at the Maverick, owned by Highnote and Cut Bank Brown.

Ever since I had started earning my forty-a month cowboy wages at the age of twelve, the cowpunchers had been taking me into the saloons at the mining camps of Landusky and Zortman and the cowtown of Malta, the shipping point for beef steers shipped to the Chicago market. As Horace Brewster once told a reluctant bartender at some saloon in Malta, "Any kid able to hold down a cowhand's job is old enough to handle a glass of beer." But I knew better than to try to go into a saloon on my own.

In 1903 Charlie Russell and his wife Nancy went to New York for the first time to sell his paintings at a higher price than they fetched in Montana, and to contact book publishers for Russell's illustrations. Wallace Coburn and his wife Florence decided to go along to have Wallace's book of poems republished by a New York book firm, Putnam & Company.

While in New York and through Char-

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lie Russell, Wallace met Will Crawford and J. N. Marchand, both established artists and illustrators. Unlike Russell, whose only source of income was his art work, Wallace had a sizeable herd of cattle in his own iron. He was well heeled and able to go the route in convivial company. Wallace and Charlie were cowboys in the city of the tall tipis, and they painted the town.

When Wallace got back to the Circle C outfit he brought Will Crawford and John Marchand with him as his guests. There was plenty of big game hunting in the badlands of the Missouri where the black-tail deer roamed. The white-tail were plentiful along the brushy bottomlands along the river. Big herds of antelope ranged on the open prairie at the head of the brakes. Around the home ranch there was an abundance of prairie chicken and young sagehens, and ducks of all kinds, including Canadian honkers, on the lakes.

WHEN THE TWO artists had their fill of hunting, Wallace took them to the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation to sit and smoke with the Old Men in their lodges. He took them to the roundup camps and to Landusky and Zortman and Malta, both tough mining camps and cowtowns. When the famous New York artists left they had a dozen sketch books filled to show for their month's stay on a cattle ranch.

A few times when Wallace was busy I took John Marchand hunting ducks and prairie chicken. One time we jumped out a big bunch of sagehens. March shot a rooster, big as a turkey, and fetched it in for Al Taylor, the ranch cook, to roast. And Al did.

March declared a big feast as he was due to leave the following day. Al baked dried apple and raisin pies and rice pudding with currants. Wallace dug up a few bottles of claret from his cellar. All the trimmings were on the long oil-cloth-covered table in the mess hall, with every cowpuncher at the ranch there, when Al Taylor brought the brown-roasted sagehen rooster in on a large platter and set it in front of Marchand at the head of the table. March proceeded to carve with a butcher knife, honed to razor-edge sharpness, and served large helpings of the meat and dressing to everyone present.

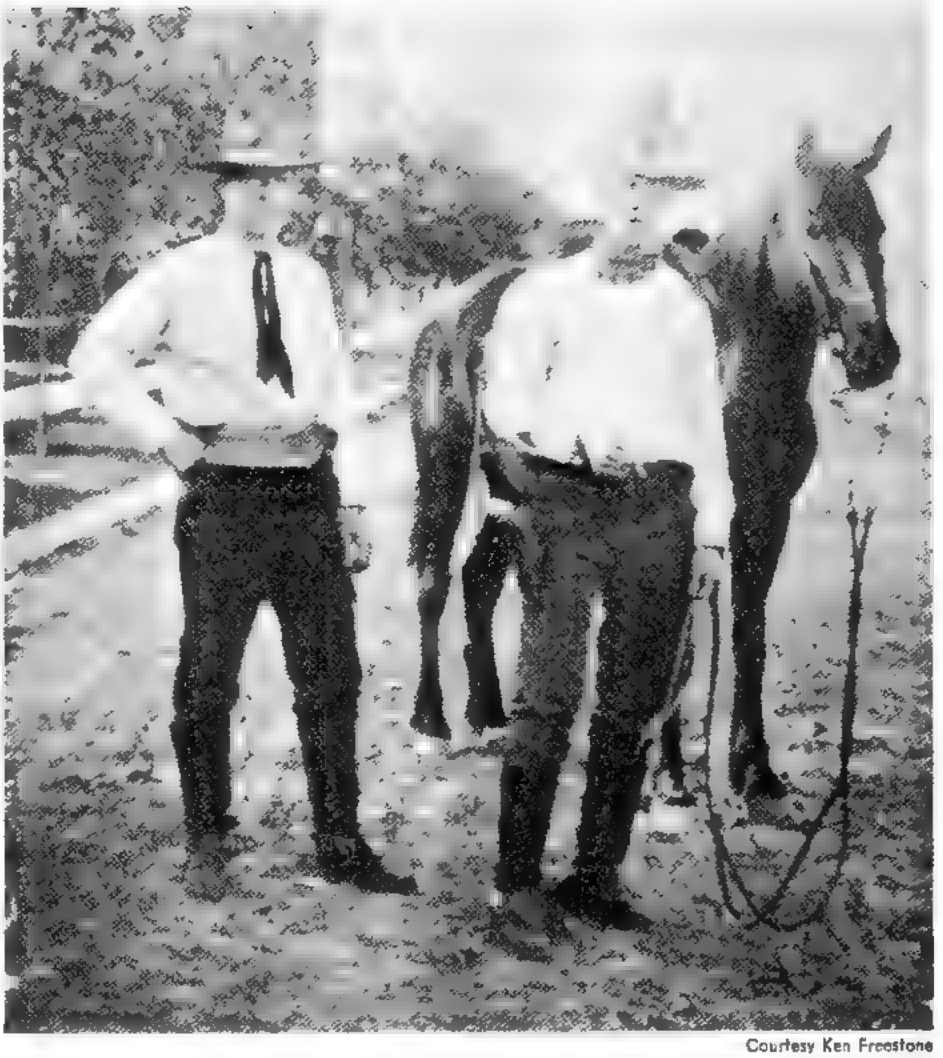
There was a lot of loose and careless talk going back and forth across the long table, and to all outward appearances nobody was paying no never mind to March as he lifted a large brown drumstick by hand and bit off a chunk of the meat that was as tough as an old boot and rank with the taste and odor of sage. The longer March chewed, the more the tough rancid meat commenced to swell up as the sinewy fibers tangled with the strong sage juice. His sunburnt cheeks kept getting redder and more bulging until it was a case of spitting out the swollen chunk or choking down.

Nobody cracked a smile. The careless conversation never ceased. Save for covert quick looks no one paid any attention to the red-faced strangling tenderfoot until he leaned sideways and spewed out on the floor the big gob of tough rooster meat. Then everybody busted out in a big belly laugh.

It took a few seconds before Marchand realized it was a put up job on a New York tenderfoot. Then he took a swallow of wine to rinse the sage taste out and commenced laughing till the tears came. Because that was the kind of man J. N. Marchand, celebrated artist and illustrator, was.

Then Al Taylor pranced in from the kitchen with a large platter of rare T-bone steaks, and Marchand made an impromptu speech that was both ribald and classic and left every man in stitches. It was a noon dinner and after it was over, Wallace and March saddled up and rode to Landusky for a final farewell all-night celebration, during which the artist rode his gentle horse into a saloon in traditional Wild West style. Will Crawford had left the ranch the week before.

It was during this time when Charlie Russell had spent a few days at the ranch as a guest along with the two New York artists, that I acquired his discarded sash.



Courtesy Ken Freestone

Charles Russell, wearing his sash, and Wallace D. Coburn, the "Cowboy Poet," were lifelong friends. Charles Russell said: "Wallace D. Coburn is a blue-eyed, stalwart, laughter-loving lad with a face like a Galway Blazer and a smile that is worth going miles to see. Horseman of the plains, mighty hunter, ranchman, cowpuncher, scholar, wit and poet, he rounds out his career as a Westerner by being the only White Chief of the Assinaboine-Sioux, his tribal name being Peta-kooa-honga, which means Cowboy Chief."

Wallace D. Coburn said: "Charlie Russell stands alone as a reproducer of Western scenes as they really existed some years ago when the cowpuncher, in all his picturesque glory, rode the ranges where nothing but cattle, buffalo and antelope grazed, and sheep had not made their devastating raids on the buffalo and bunch grass. The superiority of Russell over other painters of the life described is due to the fact that he, from experience, is intimately acquainted with his subjects and brings forth each detail of dress, style, and landscape, and the action in his pictures is incomparable. A born painter, he loves his work and lives the life he depicts."

ABOUT 1909, when I graduated from Great Falls High School, my father sold our home in Great Falls and moved to San Diego, California, where he could enjoy the warmer climate and where quite a few pioneer Montana friends had moved, returning to the ranch each summer. From 1909 until the Circle C ranch was sold to the Matador Land &

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Cattle Company in 1916, I made my home at the ranch, and my visits to Great Falls were few and far between, so I don't recall ever seeing Charlie Russell during those last years in Montana.

It was not until 1924 when I had quit punching cows and was well launched on my somewhat checkered career as a writer of western fiction that our trails crossed in Santa Barbara, California, where I was living at the time.

I had met Ed Borein in Santa Barbara, another well known western artist, famous for his etchings, and almost every afternoon I would stop in at his El Paseo studio. Years before when Ed was younger and unknown and was punching cows for a living, he had drifted up to Montana and had hired out to the Circle C. At our first meeting, at a polo game at Max Fleishman's Polo Field, we got to talking and he asked me if I was by any chance related to the Montana Coburn family, and from that first meeting we became close friends.

On that memorable day in 1924 when I wandered into Borein's studio about noon, there sat Charlie Russell, straddle of a kitchen chair, a Bull Durham cigarette in a corner of his wide-mouthed grin of welcome.

"Long time no see you, Walt," he said.

It had been about fifteen years, and Charlie was now crippled up with sciatica. There was a lot of gray in his hair and the pain of those periodic bouts with sciatica had etched deep lines of suffering in his face, but he gave no outward sign that he felt pain. He was the same old Charlie Russell as always.

He had one of Borein's sketch tablets on his lap and a box of colored crayons, and he was telling comical anecdotes about cowhands, jerkline freighters, trappers, wolfers, Indians, bronc riders, gamblers, lawmen, outlaws and other characters he had known. He was poker faced as he sketched each character he was talking about, removing each sketch and tossing it aside.

It was that day that I met for the first time the western artist, Joe DeYong, who was studying painting under Russell. Another well known western artist, who lived in Santa Barbara, Carl Oscar Borg, was also there that memorable day.

Ed Borein's studio was in an adobe house that was, I believe, the old De La Guerra home. It had a large fireplace, and its handmade red-tiled floor had not been swept in weeks. An adjoining room held Borein's priceless collection of huge Mexican sombreros, leather charro costumes, rawhide reatas and horsehair ropes—old Mexican saddles, Indian war bonnets and beaded buckskin clothes and moccasins—old Spanish spurs and spade bits, and other relics of the Old West. An adjoining kitchen was where Ed processed his copper-plated etchings.

Borein had a partly completed large canvas painting on the easel in the studio. As the afternoon wore on he invited Russell, Borg, DeYong, and a few other artists who happened to come by, to add something to the painting. By the end of the afternoon the painting was completed, representing the art work of half a dozen or more well known artists who signed their names.

MEANWHILE Charlie Russell kept spilling his stories and illustrating each yarn with a crayon sketch, carelessly tossing each sketch on the dusty floor in a nearby corner, where they lay undisturbed.

"You recollect that old Assiniboine Chief called Likes the Wimmin?" Russell asked me looking sideways from under his slanted hat brim. I nodded my head without speaking, for fear of breaking the spell of his reminiscing.

Likes the Wimmin, Russ began talking and sketching, was shore prideful about his looks. Proud and haughty, rubbin' red clay powder across his high cheek bones and forehead, up into the roots of his shiny black hair that hung down in two heavy braids below his belt. Always dressed in ceremonial buckskin shirt and leggin's, with bead and quill work and long fringes on his buckskins and moccasins. Six foot tall and straight as a ramrod, old Likes the Wimmin for all his sixty-odd winters shore cut a handsome figure. During his young warrior days he counted plenty coup and was always ridin' through the squaw camps, showin' off in front of the young girls. What the white man calls a "womanizer." He'd make eyes at the most likely looking young squaw, givin' her strings of beads and calico he'd bought at the sub-agency store at Lodge Pole, coaxin' her away from her father's lodge of a moonlit night.

Likes the Wimmin had the natural gift of gab of a born orator, and he worked his medicine talk on them young innocent squaws for all it was worth in spite of the warnings of their mothers and toothless old grandmothers who were wise to him a long time ago.

Likes the Wimmin liked to brag about his female conquests to the other men, as if he'd counted coup and whittled another fresh notch on his coup stick. The Old Men would laugh and josh Likes the Wimmin and call him an old stud war horse who never wore out. The young bucks would make fun of him behind his back and point a mocking finger at the feathered plume he wore on a willow stick tied to his hair.

The mothers and grandmothers of the young squaws he coaxed from their lodges at night didn't like Likes the Wimmin worth a damn, and they got together for a powpow and medicine talk, and their medicine was bad medicine. When the sign was right they would get even with him.

So one day when they were butcherin' an ID (Indian Department) beef, skinnin' the hide and dividin' the meat, heart, liver and guts, and the older squaws were talkin' and laughin' among themselves, Likes the Wimmin showed up, dressed to the nines, the fancy colored feathered plume wavin' as he strutted around eyeing the young girls.

The sign was right. Alongside the big grass-filled paunch was a pile of guts, and before Likes the Wimmin knew what all the giggling was about he was surrounded on all sides by a swarm of old squaws armed with skinnin' knives and pot hooks. They piled on him and before he knew it he was flat on his back and the screechin' old squaws had cut his buckskin shirt and leggin's to ribbons. Then they stripped him plumb naked except for his breech clout. Each old squaw held a three-foot length of filled gut and in nothin' flat Likes the Wimmin's bare hide was smeared with slime. Whenever he opened his mouth to protest he got a mouthful that choked him down. From head to foot he was a sorry plastered mess.

Every man in camp gathered to watch the fun, laughin' fit to kill and screamin' their heads off, as were the old squaws who were working on the blinded and helpless Likes the Wimmin with long green willow whips. Every mongrel dog in camp was barkin'. Kids were screamin' and hollerin' and shoutin' bad word insults.

Finally the squaws got weary of their fun and backed off a-ways, but still kept screechin' insults. When Likes the Wimmin got up on his legs he traveled around like a horse with the blind staggers until he fell into the creek and wallowed around in the water to wash off most of the muck. Once he could see, he hit a lope for his lodge farther down the creek and crawled inside, closing the tipi flap. His heart was on the ground, his pride gone for good. He'd be the laughin' stock of the Assiniboines.

Sometime during the night Likes the Wimmin, no longer a proud chief, mounted his horse and rode off into the dark, never to be seen again around the Injun camp.

Russell ended the story and signed the crayon sketch "Likes the Wimmin," and drew his buffalo skull trademark, adding his initials "C.M.R. 1924." He removed the sheet of heavy drawing paper and tossed the sketch in my lap because I had known the old Indian personally.

That was destined to be the last time our trails met. Our last time together. Two years later Charles Marion Russell followed the ghost rider on the pale horse on his final circle, at his home in Great Falls, Montana.

It was fitting that his old cowpuncher friend Ed Vance drove the team of black horses hauling the old hearse that had gathered the dust of years in the livery barn at Cascade. Charlie Beil, the western artist from Banff, Canada, was one of the mounted pallbearers. He led a horse with Charlie's empty saddle behind the hearse on the way to Highland Cemetery. Following the horse with the empty saddle rode old Horace Brewster, who had given Kid Russell, as Charlie was first known in Montana, his first job as nighthawk on the Judith Basin pool roundup.

The entire city of Great Falls and all of Montana mourned the passing of Charlie Russell, renowned cowboy artist and a man they called friend. The hearts of his Indian comrades were sad. People from all walks of life, from east to west, were deeply grieved.

Charles Marion Russell had lived up to the old-fashioned code of the cowhand.

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More than that, he gave his friendship to all mankind. Regardless. His friends were legion, and he called no man his enemy.

Historical data concerning the Assomption sash is through the courtesy of THE BEAVER, published by the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, Canada.

Roll Up and Roll Out

(Continued from page 19)

as no good. So we worked from springboards way up the trunk above the pitch and rot.

A springboard was a flat thick board about eight, ten inches wide and two feet long, with an iron lip fastened to the thick end. You chopped a notch into the trunk of the tree and fastened the lip into the notch and stood on the springboard as you worked twenty-thirty feet above the ground. You went up by using two springboards, cutting notches above you each time until you reached the place where you figured to make out.

We worked in pairs. First step was to saw in where you was going to make your undercut, on the side you wanted to fall the tree. Depending on size of trunk, you'd saw in maybe two feet, maybe only a foot and a half—never push on the saw, just pull your side when it's your turn. Easy does it, and rhythm. There's a sort of rhythm to sawing that won't tire you out. You rest on your partner's pull, just keeping the saw straight and in position. When you've made this first cut, you chop it out from above until you have a wedge-shaped hole on the fall side.

Next you move around the other side and start sawing above this cut, changing position of your springboards of course. When she's ready to go, the weight of the tree carries it in the direction of the undercut. Some folks can't see how if a tree is leaning one way you can fall it the other direction. It's how you make the undercut and the weight of the tree that does the trick. Of course you got to use wedges sometimes when you're sawing, especially with the uppercut to keep the saw from being pinched. Your cuts don't go all the way through the trunk. You about feel when she's ready to go, very slow at first—maybe a little clunk on the wedge, then faster she goes, and you've yelled *timber* if any of the buckers and trimmers are around, and then down she smacks with a great crash as her branches crackle and break and maybe the trunk itself busts in two, and you can feel the earth shake through the stump of the tree that's left standing.

These stumps, all varying heights, was left all over Oregon and Washington a number years ago, making an odd sight on the cleaned off land, because then we used to clean up all the trees whatever that was worth hauling away. Then somebody discovered that these stumps wasn't rotten clear through but had a lot of good wood left in them, and the pitch was worth something too because it's used to make turpentine. So companies went in and cleaned out the stumps, used mostly to make wooden lathes and box lumber to make crates out of.

HOW THE ACCIDENT happened, Steve Peterson and me was tackling a tree that had been partly burned on one side by lightning. It growed on the side of a little ravine, across which a windfall laid with its trunk fifteen, sixteen feet off the ground, leaning against the tree. We walked up this windfall and put in our chopping blocks.

We made the undercut all right and worked away at the uppercut. But the core was rotten wood and you can't saw rotten wood. I says to Steve, "You take the saw and get down onto the road, and I'll finish her with my axe."

So Steve moved around to the windfall and walks down it to the road, and I go ahead with a few licks and see it's beginning to go. So I steps back onto the windfall off the springboard.

That's when it happened. The bark of that windfall was rotten, it had been raining, and it was so dark we couldn't hardly see anything. But we hadn't lighted our lanterns, figuring to fall this one and then stand around slapping ourselves and cutting off a few of the branches till it was time to quit. I couldn't see how rotten that tree was nor the bark I stepped on with my calk boots, and the bark busted off and I went blooping down into the bottom of that ravine, into a mess of salmon berries which is worse than blackberries for holding onto you with their thorns.

All the time that tree was falling and coming down right across me and I couldn't move an eyelash, all tangled up in them salmon berries.

Steve yells, "Get out of there, Reno! For God's sakes, get out of there!"

The tree had fallen on the side of the gully and was rolling down it across me. I put my arms across my eyes and let her roll. When it came to this burned place, it gave a kind of flip, a quarter roll, and went on past down into the gully. I knowed I was hurt. I thought I was dead. I wasn't scared. Just thought I was dead. I got up and walked to the road, and then I couldn't stand up any more and just fell down. I was scared then. I was so scared I shook all over.

Steve come up and put his arm around me. "You all right, Reno?"

I didn't know because my bruises had begun to hurt mighty bad. My right arm and leg was mighty cut up and bruised where the bark had slashed me as that tree went over. But nothing busted, nothing fatal. We rubbed some balsam over my hurts and went back to work trimming and bucking till it was too dark to see. We used balsam a lot as a kind of disinfectant—balsam and cotton, and it worked like turpentine would. We also used to chew it, the way folks use chewing gum now; it was s'posed to be good for the kidneys. You'd think we'd a used whiskey to disinfect, with the alcohol in it. But hell no, whenever we had any whiskey, we had sense enough to know it was not made for external use.

LATE THAT SPRING Judson raised our wages a quarter a day to one fifty (I'd long been in regular wage category). Most camps was paying two-fifty at the time.

The old man had a nasty temper, but most of the time he took it out on his son, and some on Lydz. We worked the same long hours, and when it was too dark to work we kept right on working anyhow by lantern light.

It was two days after Lydz's first baby was born, a husky boy. Hank Dobson was a-saying at the supper table, "That baby looks the living image of Reno Ingles."

"Sure," I says, "why shouldn't it?"

Everybody laughed. It was all in fun, of course. Everybody knowed that Lydz had been that way before she ever arrived at the camp. Everybody laughed except young Judson. He was a mighty serious boy. Anybody take all that ragging all the time from the old man

"Must have been Injuns!"

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Courtesy Henrietta Ferry-Minter

Old photo of loggers and oxen in Coos County, Oregon.

bound to be serious-minded. I don't know how he took it. Some of the things the old man says to him he wouldn't dare say to nobody else, or he'd get his bald block knocked off. We was all kind of sorry for young Judson. "You're just damned slow and inefficient," was one of the milder kind of things his pa would say. "You ain't no son of mine," he'd add. "You must be off your ma's side of the bed."

I says, winking so's young Judson wouldn't see me, "Wouldn't surprise me none everybody practically in Washington County be calling me Dad Ingles before long."

"Shut up," says young Judson to me.

"Sure," I says. "Meaning no harm. We was just spoofing, Ed. The kid's the spitting image of you."

"Shut up," he says again. He was looking at his old man, who was looking at his plate.

Hank Dobson tried to change the subject. "Sure be glad when Lydz is up cooking again," he says. "Lydz is a mighty fine cook, mighty fine."

The old man stood up and left the table. He opened the door of Lydz's bedroom off from the hall, and we could hear him. He says to her, "Lydz, we don't want any loafing around here. You better get up tomorrow. Two days is enough for any woman."

We couldn't hear what Lydz said, but we heard the old man say, "That's fine. Ain't good for a woman to lie around getting fat and lazy like so many of them do, after a baby."

He come back to the table. There was silence all around. He looked at the men, at his woods foreman, Jim Higgins, and at the rest of us. He stuck out his chin. "No loafing in this camp," he says, and he says direct to Ed Judson, "and no favoritism neither. Your mother was up day after you was born. She had to be. Nobody else to do the work."

All this didn't set so well with the boys. This night we wasn't in no cheerful mood and wasn't any stud game going. "Any white woman oughta have a week," Stud Parks says. "Ain't human."

"Ain't human to work us afore sunup and after sundown," says Jed Merkle.

"Maybe it'll kill her," I says. "If it does, I'll kill him."

"You mean that, Reno?"

"Sure I mean it. I never wanted to kill no man yet. He's the first one."

"His son oughta do something."

"He's yeller."

"Lydz could say she won't get up."

I says, "Trouble is, they want his money when he dies. He's got two other sons, only he ain't on speakin' terms with them."

It ended about there, douse-the-lights time. Lydz was up next morning, breakfast waiting that she had cooked, and she looked pale and kinda washed up and run through a wringer, but outside of that she seemed to be managing. And she kept right at it and got along fine, each day stronger. Didn't seem to hurt her none.

THE NEXT winter went from bad to worse at the Judson camp. It was a real mean winter, rained a sight more than usual, wet all the time and very difficult to log. Rained so heavy the whole north end of Portland was flooded once under a couple feet of water.

Our favorite indoor pastime got to be more and more what we would like to do to old man Judson. You say, why didn't we go out and get another job? Well, ain't easy to get a job when times is slack, 'specially for the family men, and half the men there had families, mostly living at Rainier, and one or two at Portland.

It was cold outdoors, a little snow on the ground, melty snow that made everything wet. We had the pot-bellied iron stove going good so it was near red hot in the bunkhouse, and our clothes was steaming on the wire lines and our boots on the floor was steaming, and mostly we was setting around playing cards or writing a letter or two or just jawing. That's the way the short evenings passed, roll in at nine o'clock, roll out at four-thirty. So they was about two hours to the evening, spent mostly in jawing and poker playing afore we crawled in to them muzzle-loading bunks, like crawling head first into a shotgun barrel. Poker, blackjack—mostly stud poker, penny a chip and five-cent limit. A few of the boys read some but the light was so powerful bad, wasn't no inducement to reading.

But no need to feel sorry for us. We didn't feel sorry for ourselves, not about our quarters anyhow. Don't forget we wasn't used to much different, even in the homes we had left. Hotels in Portland was different, but they was a luxury looked forward to. We was comfortable and warm, not much used to washing anyhow, and most everybody in them days used outhouses, so it wasn't considered a hardship to go out and down the snow-covered path and take your seat with your teeth a-chattering and slapping yourself to keep warm.

Sure the bunks was plank boards, with a little straw sprinkled on top and a tick mattress atop of that, and a wadded up blanket or a mackinaw for a piller. But it's a funny thing about sleeping. You get used to whatever you have to sleep on in three, four days—even sleeping on the ground. You take the most spoiled, city-bred, Simmons box spring and double coiled mattress lady today—if she was to go out and work the way we did and be so awful tired at night you couldn't hardly pull your boots off—she would be sleeping like a babe in one of them cartridge bunks inside three days and it would feel just about as good to her as eiderdown.

Plumbing? Water tasted just as good out of the bucket in the corner—tin bucket with dipper hanging beside it—maybe a mite better—as water out of a spigot. And slapping that ice water on your face of a morning out of the tin washbasin wasn't no picnic, but it shore woke you up in a hurry. First splash and you was ready to run the hundred yard dash in ten flat.

WE WAS SENDING the last bunch of logs from the rollaway down the chute to the slough. Wagons had been put away, teams farmed out, and next we would be logging along the slope next to the river.

It was after dark and raining, so that the yellow of the lantern looked like yellow smoke. Down at the apron keeping it clear was Ed Judson and the Welshman Durkin. They was ten, twelve logs yet to go on the rollaway.

I looked at them and says to the woods foreman, Jim Higgins, "Don't you reckon, Jim, we best just stall along, finish tomorrow?"

Jim says, "The old man wanted these finished tonight so's we could go upriver a couple miles tomorrow where he's got some fine timber lined up."

I says, "To hell with him."

Jim looks at his watch. "Half hour yet, Reno. It's only five-thirty. We can near finish by six. Go to it, boys."

Ed Judson and Durkin had been working away down below out of sight to clear a log that had drifted in front of the apron. They was out in the darkness, beyond their lantern, working in the dark. We was waiting on them.

Jim hollered down to them, "Everything clear?"

We heard Ed's voice very faint through the rain and wind, "All clear. Roll away."

We unloosed the chains, jockeyed the log out with our peaveys. It was a big feller, two and a half feet across, maybe. "Here she comes!" Jim sings out.

We heard Ed Judson yell, "Hold up."

It was a funny accident, I don't mean comical, neither. The log they was working away from the apron had drifted back in with the current and had pinned Durkin between it and another log. Nothing much to that, he wasn't hurt special, but just couldn't get out in a

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hurry. And that log racing down there, seventeen seconds for the run. He managed to pull himself out and was scrambling out of the way and might have been all right, only when the downcoming log rammed the other log and whacked it almost in two, it telescoped out of the water, jerked sideways, and come down on Durkin's head.

We tried not to look at him when we was carrying him back to the bunkhouse covered with a blanket. They just wasn't much head left, not that you could recognize as head or face. We laid him in his bunk, kept him covered with the blanket. And nobody had no appetite for dinner that night, and not much mood for talk afterward. We knowed whose fault it was.

Judson seemed to have plenty of appetite, but he was the only one. He hadn't seen what was left of Durkin. Tomorrow someone would drive him in the buggy to Rainer, where they'd buy a pine box for him and ship him on to Portland for burial, since his family lived in Portland. They wouldn't be much sleep for us boys tonight. Not that anybody said anything about a wake, but when your comrade who was alive a couple of hours ago is dead in a bunk right near you, it don't make for good sound sleep.

Judson said, "It was his own fault. He oughtn't been so careless."

Nobody said nothing. But from the ugly looks of the boys, Judson was sticking out his neck a mile long.

Finally I says, "Mr. Judson, don't you figure maybe it was because it was dark and raining and nobody could see nothing, and it was the kind of weather when nobody, not even the worst African slaves, should of been working."

"Reno," says Mr. Judson, "maybe you don't like it here?"

I says, "Mr. Judson, I don't like your attitude, and the rest don't either. Some things we like all right, such as the cooking. But we don't like your attitude or the long hours."

The boys up and down the table nodded.

"Furthermore," I says, "what's to become of Mrs. Durkin and the kids? I understand he's got three kids—the oldest being six and a cripple."

"Are his kids my responsibility?"

"Well, no," I admitted.

"Why, damnit, Reno—if I took responsibility for every logger's widow and kids that got killed on my place, I'd go bust in a month. I'd be runnin' a regular orphan asylum. A logging man's got to learn to look after hisself. Maybe he oughtn't to marry."

Wasn't no use to argue with him.

I AM GLAD to say that Mr. Judson was the exception. I worked for maybe ten, eleven companies, big and little, before I left the logging business, and none was as bad as Judson about pinching the pennies. Some was mighty generous helping to pay hospital and doctors for when a man was hurt, and maybe paying for the burial, though they didn't take on any widows and children. Widow women generally went to cooking somewhere they could feed their kids till the boy got growed enough to go to work, just like my mother had.

It didn't take much talk. We was all mighty much fed up with Judson, now that this had happened. I won't go into details of that long night in the bunkhouse, except that none of us slept much, if at all.

When the gut-hammer ding-donged next morning in the dark at five o'clock, no man of us showed up for breakfast. We just set there on our bunks with our bedding rolled up, all dressed. We just set waiting. For a long while nothing happened.

Then about six or a little before, down the path through the light snow come Mr. Judson in the lead with a sawed-off shotgun under his arm, and along come Jim Higgins with a revolver strapped to his waist. They kicked open the bunkhouse door, which was never locked, and walked in.

"What's the meaning of this?" Mr. Judson says, looking around.

Somehow I'd become the spokesman for the rest, maybe because of my red hair, or maybe because I could talk harder and faster. I says, "We got some demands."

Jim Higgins says, "Roll up and roll out."

I says, "You're behind the times, Jim. We already rolled up, and we're set to roll out."

Judson says, "All of you?"

I says, "Every last man. This is a strike."

"What are your demands?" Judson says.

"We got several," I says. "Mainly hours of work. This accident was caused by long hours of work and working in the dark." I said in the winter time we'd work from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon, with half hour off for lunch, and the same wages. And in the summer we'd work from six till five-thirty with half hour off for lunch at the wages that was being paid in most other camps at that time—two dollars and a half per day. In addition, I says, Mr. Judson must contribute fifty dollars to the funeral with anything left over to go to the widow.

Mr. Judson says, "Here is my answer." And he gets out his fat money bag and begins to pay us off, deducting ten cents for lodging last night because, he says, we quit as of last night with the accident.

Most of the boys drew fifty, seventy-five, even a hundred dollars. They been working there a long while without any break. When he was all through and stood off, I says, "Now Mr. Judson, I wish to demonstrate something to you." So I took my hat off my bedroll and I went around to every man in that room, and I says, "Five dollars for poor Durkin." And every last man in that room give up five dollars of his wages to help pay the funeral and give the balance to Mrs. Durkin and those three kids. Nary a man turned me down.

All the time Judson sneered, and when I was through, he says, "None of you boys will ever have much more than the shirt on your backs and maybe not that."

By and large, he was right of course. But we'd sleep nights. We'd sleep good nights. And I was morally certain he didn't. Couple of times on journeys to the back-house, two, three o'clock in the morning, I'd seen his light burning.

Of course he'd have no difficulty hiring other men from one of the slave markets, for this was slack season. But even knowing that, we cleared out, every last man of us, and most of us attended Durkin's funeral in Portland.

Elusive Loot of Shell Canyon

(Continued from page 35)

sheriff dynamited into it are gone. All that is left is a short overhang back under the rock bluff.

Benson showed me the bench where in 1924 he could still see the poles used by the outlaws to keep their horses close to the cave. Many initials were visible then, carved into the soft sandstone. Very few are there today. Later when I talked with the rancher who now owns the canyon, he told me uranium hunters came in with bulldozers and hauled out all the loose rock. He said if any of them found anything they certainly didn't give him any of it.

BENSON AND I worked the area well with our metal locators but we didn't find any money. If the two old men in the canyon in 1924 had been members of the gang caught around 1900 and if they had received a twenty or twenty-five year stretch in the pen, they would have been in a position to know what they were looking for.

They knew about the box in the grave and the cache outside the cave. Was the loot in three parts, as Benson hoped, with another part still in the cave? My theory is no; it was only in two parts. One in the grave and one at the cave but not in it. Most caves are too rocky to dig a hole deep enough to bury anything of any size.

Then why did the old men try to dig into the cave? Maybe to count so many steps from the back of the cave out to the spot in front. Maybe to get a sighting from the mouth to a marker across the canyon. Who knows? Markings for buried treasure mean something only to the fellow making the marks.

We couldn't find any part of the old metal box. Benson said the box looked like a tool box off a threshing machine, or about like the old fender tool boxes on the early Rio or Buick cars or even the Model Ts. Perhaps the uranium hunters did find something besides a little uranium. Anyway, the treasure was not for us. It is not the first buried treasure I have failed to come up with, nor will it be the last, because I have tried for one or two since that time.

If the snakes don't get me I may yet come dragging in with some dirty, tarnished money instead of just old horseshoes, square nails, butter molds, coffee grinders, horse collars, branding irons and all the other "junk" which the generation before us threw away or just walked off and left.

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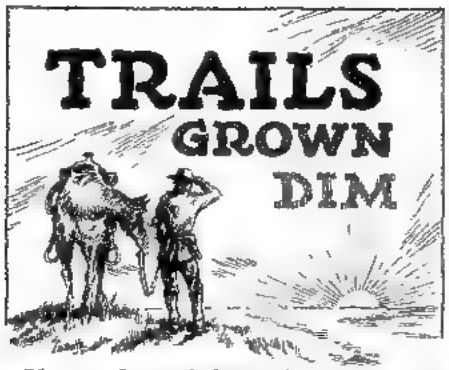

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Vaughan or Vaughn

I am a descendant of William Elgin and James Vaughan (or Vaughn) who died for Texas independence on March 19, 1836, in the Fannin massacre at Goliad. They had come from Lowndes County, Mississippi, with Colonel Shackleford's Company, but had been born in Bledsoe County, Tennessee.

Their grandfather, James, served in the Revolutionary War and had moved to Tennessee, where George Vaughan was born in 1789. He married Catherine Roberts in 1808 and they had fourteen children. George died soon after coming to Texas in 1853 or 1854 and possibly is buried in the Prairie Lea Masonic Cemetery. Can anyone give me any information about this family?—Zelma F. (Vaughan) Hodlik, 6710 Driftwood, Houston, Texas 77021

James Joseph Lalor

My father was left at a foundling home in New York City, with only the information that he had been born July 24, 1884, and had been baptized James Joseph Lalor. I have not been able to locate any certificate of birth, however.

My mother died when I was a baby and we were put into various homes. I was never actually able to meet my father until the fall of 1966. I am very much interested in trying to find out who his parents were.—Ann Palmer, 1110 Lincoln Street, Albany, Oregon 97321

McMasters, Vermilion and Johnson

Sherman McMasters, "Texas Jack" Vermilion and "Turkey Creek" Jack Johnson rode as possemen under Wyatt Earp in 1882. McMasters and Vermilion supposedly went to Tombstone from Dodge City by way of Las Vegas, New Mexico. Johnson was supposed to have been a peace officer in Newton, Kansas, in 1871, and was later supposed to have been in Deadwood and Dodge City. Does anyone know anything about them before, during, or after their stay in Tombstone? I am also interested in physical descriptions of these three men.—William Chadwick, 109 East 8th Road, Broad Channel, New York 11693

Boster Family

I would like information on the Boster family, members of which settled in Missouri, Ohio, Oklahoma, and Texas. Some were in the Civil War.—Mrs. Albert L. White Sr., 1459 West Mission Boulevard, Ontario, California 91762

J. Joe Caven

My father and grandfather were both named J. Joe Caven. Dad was nicknamed Greasy Joe during his days as a marshal. Grandfather married Nancy Holland Syphert and they had three children: J. Joe, Earl, and Edna. Grandfather ran a horse ranch near Garber, Oklahoma and was buried at Fargo, Oklahoma.

My father was rather short, very heavy, bull-necked, brown eyed and was a deputy marshal on the Strip. At his death he still carried several bullets in his body. He married Winifred B. Sawyer and they had eleven children. He ran a barber shop in Fargo and also was a blacksmith, farmer, and—at his death in Missouri in 1933—a veterinarian.

Does anyone remember them? Or have a snapshot? I would take care of any photo and promptly return it.—Archie A. Caven, 815 Binkley, Dumas, Texas 79029

David Shopneegaunse

I would like to hear from anyone who can give me information concerning a Chippewa chief named David Shopneegaunse. His son Thomas, his two daughters or other descendants may still live in Michigan.—Mrs. Edward Patchak, Box 806B, Route 1, Rosecommon, Michigan 48653

John Henry Williams

I will gladly reward anyone who can give me any information about my father, John Henry Williams, born April 14, 1871. He was seen alive only three years ago in Oklahoma, but this is not surprising, since both his parents lived to be nearly 100. He went to Oklahoma around 1905, owned various property in Creek County until he abruptly left the area in 1927. Since then we heard that he went to Benton County, Arkansas, and later to California. He is said to have bought property in San Antonio, Texas also, and was supposedly remarried to a lady named Eva A. Williams. I want so very much to see my father before he dies, yet no one knows where he is living and he doesn't know where I am. Maybe some reader knows or remembers him. He went west with the Gypsy Oil Company, left them in 1910, and worked for some other oil company after that as a driller.—Mrs. J. Donley, 5971 Yale Street, College Estates, Chula Vista, California 92010

Andrew Jackson Robertson

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who can give me information about Andrew Jackson Robertson of Hearne, Texas. He was murdered there in November, 1887. He owned several store buildings and a hotel as well as a plantation two-and-one-half miles west of town on the Brazos River. The son of James R. Robertson, he married Delia ("Dillie") Moffet of Madison County. They had five children when he was killed and a sixth was born on January 19, 1888. Delia later married Edmond Phillips of Hearne. Does anyone have any information concerning Mr. Phillips?—A Descendant, 5527 Ocean Drive, Corpus Christi, Texas 78412

Mark Nevin

My father's uncle died in Alaska during the 1930s and was buried at Fairbanks. His name was Mark Nevin. Does anyone know anything about him?—Don Nevin, Route 1, Box 5, Columbus, Mississippi 39703

Brecheen or Brackeen

My mother told me much about Lamar County, Texas in the early days. She was born in 1867. There was little food to eat. Once, when she was a girl, their dog caught a hog and she and a sister tried to knock it in the head. The owner of the hog rode up, shot the hog, helped them clean it and carried it home for them on his horse.

Her father, Josiah Brecheen, was born December 13, 1825, and was killed by carpetbaggers or bushwhackers in 1873. His wife Nancy Walker, whom he married in 1848, died in 1872. Can anyone give me any more information about them?—W. M. Holland, 806 Elwood, Irving, Texas 75060

Kit Carson's Nephew

William Kit Carson, a nephew of the famous scout, was born at Fort Union, New Mexico, on August 7, 1858. He was an Indian scout, drove a stagecoach, and participated in many Wild West shows. He had some connection with the capture of Geronimo and lived in Roswell, New Mexico, for many years. Any information regarding him would be greatly appreciated.—Raymond Dow, 2922 164th Street, Flushing, New York 11358

Lee Family

Several articles about Bob Lee were printed in the old FRONTIER TIMES between 1926 and 1928. I am trying to locate descendants of the Lee family. Has anyone heard of John Lee Jr., Grover Cleveland Lee, or Andrew Jackson Lee? They were Bob's three youngest brothers.—Robert E. Lee, 205 North Main, Fort Stockton, Texas 79735

Thomas Keesee Descendants

Sons George, Milton, and William and daughters Agnes, Jane and Mary were born to Thomas and Agnes Keesee. After Agnes' death, Keesee married Malinda Bond in Saline County, Arkansas, on May 10, 1840. A daughter, Virginia, and son, Benton, were born to them. Virginia married D. H. Thornton in Union County, Arkansas, on December 18, 1855. Benton Keesee was killed in the Civil War. (He is listed in *They Will Do To Tie To*, by Captain Collier of the Third Arkansas.) Thomas Keesee died in Ashley County, Arkansas, on December 1, 1861. After his death Malinda (Bond) Keesee and Virginia (Keesee) Thornton moved to Texas. Can anyone tell me what county they moved to?—George S. Bond, 1906 27th Street, Lubbock, Texas 79411

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The Adventures of a Buffalo Hunter

(Continued from page 29)

wounded, and had strayed off from the rest about four hundred yards. Gardner told me to take one of the guns and kill them. The first one I came to was badly crippled, so I went up quite close before shooting. The next one I thought was in a like fix, so I was a little careless about going up to him. I had walked to within a couple of hundred feet of him when he jumped to his feet and charged me. He was a big bull, and the hair on his head and shoulders stood straight out. He looked to me as big as a house.

I had no time to think, or any place to run to, so I dropped on one knee, took as steady aim as possible and fired at the spot where the windpipe enters the body. By a lucky shot the ball entered his heart, and when he fell he was so close that I could touch the carcass with the muzzle of my gun. After this experience, I never took chances that they were badly hurt. I would rather waste two or three shots on them than run any such risk again.

For the next two or three days, hunt as we would, we did not see any more. Gardner kept the air blue with his swearing at himself for not shooting all he could the night we first saw them in such vast numbers.

When we returned to camp in the afternoon we would pull up all the dry hides, bend them in the middle with the hair in, and put them in piles. The piles were built square, with the bend of the hides on the outside. After putting the hides in piles, a large flat hide was placed over the top of that to keep the wind from blowing them away.

We did not see any more buffalo for a number of days and so concluded to move camp. Loading the wagon with cooking utensils and provisions for five or six days' trip, we buried the rest and started over toward Blue Creek. As we neared the breaks of the creek we heard shooting and turned in that direction. We found it was Charlie Newell's outfit. They had about fifteen buffalo down, and his skinners were at work.

With his party were some half-breed Pueblo Indians. One of them he had sent to a buffalo that was crippled and had lain down about a hundred and fifty yards away. The Indian had just started to work skinning him. While we were talking to Newell one of the men cried out, "God, look at that!"

We all looked in the direction he pointed, and saw that the buffalo had regained his feet and had tossed the Indian up in the air. Before we had time to do anything the Indian came down on his feet in front of the buffalo, which caught him and tossed him up again. This time the Indian fell on his hands and knees a couple of yards away. It took him a moment to regain his feet and as the buffalo charged him, he started to run backwards. In so doing he stepped in a buffalo wallow and fell flat on his back. The Indian having disappeared from his sight the buffalo stopped and Newell, Gardner and I got a shot each into him which brought him down. We then ran over to see if the Indian was hurt. His clothes were mostly torn off him but aside from a few bruises he was uninjured. On looking at the buffalo we found that the Indian had cut the hide around the neck and down the stomach. The only conclusion we could come to was that the bull had only been "creased" and had come to.

The wallows, like that into which the Indian stepped and which perhaps saved his life were made by bull buffaloes pawing and scratching with their horns. The loose dirt was blown out by the wind, which left a hole from a few inches to a foot or more deep.

AFTER STAYING a little while with Newell, we struck out toward the mouth of Blue Creek about ten miles, where we found a small dugout. I may say that a dugout is made by removing dirt from the side of a bank and using the sod to make a front, the walls being formed by the sides of the bank. As the weather was getting cloudy we concluded to occupy the dugout for the night.

There was not much feed on the creek bottom so we took the horses back in the hills for a ways and it was a good thing we did so for about two in the morning we were awakened by the trampling of horses and the crack of half a dozen guns. Bullets whistled through the door and knocked the dirt from the sides of the dugout. Gardner shouted for everybody to lie still, as the marksmen, whoever they might be, were shooting high and we were in the safest place. We managed, however, to return a few shots at them. Then they gave us another volley which did no damage and that was the last we heard of them, though we did not sleep or leave the dugout till broad daylight. We put them down as a bunch of Mexican horse thieves.

Finding our stock safe but thinking our chances were better in a less rough country, we pulled out onto the flats. For a couple of days we kept along the breaks of the Canadian River, but not seeing many buffalo, we turned our heads toward our old camp. When we arrived there we found that the wolves had dug up some of the supplies we had cached and had destroyed quite a lot of it—primers and a few other small things that we had to use. That night it was decided that I, being the youngest and most easily spared, would have to take a trip over to Adobe Walls to get new supplies.

In the morning, early, I saddled up old Joe, and with a needle gun and a six-shooter for companions, I hit out for Newell's camp on the Palo Duro, for there I could get the right directions to the store called the Adobe Walls, which was some twenty-five miles farther on. Arriving at Newell's camp about ten in the morning, I found his wife, a young Mexican girl, had come out from town, and Miller and the rest of the boys had started to fix up a dugout to live in and make headquarters for all of Newell's outfits, of which he had two or three.

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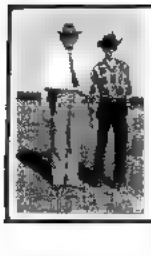

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old Joe a rest, I once more took the trail southwest toward Adobe Walls. Passing over a rolling country I saw a number of buffalo which got out of the way as soon as they had sight or smell of my horse and myself. Nothing of special interest occurred on the trip until I got within a few miles of the place and heard sounds as though a fight was going on. Riding up on a hill, I came in sight of the Adobe Walls situated in a beautiful valley from a half mile to a mile wide and sloping each way from the creek out to the hills.

At that distance the first idea I had was that there was a small settlement out there in the wilderness, 150 miles from any town, but getting close, what I first took for houses turned out to be piles of buffalo hides stacked up ready to be hauled to the railroad. Arriving at the store, I found a party of hunters collected there for the purpose of buying provisions. The warlike sounds I had heard were the men trying their new Sharps .50 calibre 120 grain rifles by shooting at different objects at a hundred to a thousand yards distant.

On looking over the party, I found that they were all strangers with the exception of a couple. One of the men that I knew was Billy Dixon. He was a tall dark complexioned fellow, who looked to be part Indian. The other was a man named Cunningham. Passing the time of day with them, I unsaddled and hobbled my horse and turned him loose down the creek where I saw the other horses grazing. I watched the men shoot for a few minutes, and one of them told me that Mr. Meyers, the proprietor, had gone to Dodge City with some hides and would not be back for a week or more.

I then took a look around and found that the main building was a low adobe, facing south, which had been newly fixed up with an addition added at one end in the shape of a picket-built house of logs. On the other end was a small corral for the safety of the horses in case of an Indian attack. They did not fear an attack on the house itself as there were a number of men employed and always hunters about the place. The new part of the house had barbettes which would hold two or three men very easily, so they concluded they were safe on that score.

A little way off was another small adobe building, fixed up for a stable or storehouse. It was situated on a small creek that rose a little way back from the ranch and ran southeast into the Canadian River. For hundreds of yards around there were green hides staked out, and dotted here and there were piles of dry hides. After this survey around the outside I entered the house and found it was two rooms, the old and the new. In the new part was a counter across one side, behind which was kept the smaller stores, while in the old building was stacked flour, bacon, corn meal, horse feed, lead and other things for which the hunters found use, and which Meyers traded for hides. Having finished my business, I went outside and took part in the shooting. After supper the night set in stormy so everybody kept inside. Some of the boys played cards, others talked about how many buffalo they had killed, and some kept busy swapping lies with one another.

During the evening another outfit came in, making altogether about nineteen men at the ranch. In the afternoon some of the hunters had loaded their wagons and pulled them inside the corral to keep the horses from getting at them. When bedtime came two of the men went out to the corral and slept in their wagons. Some went out to the stable to sleep and those playing cards stayed up till they got tired or went broke.

ABOUT TWO IN THE morning, the boys who were out in the stable were awakened by the cracking of the ridge-pole, and dirt falling down on them. There seemed to be no reason why such a thing should occur at this time, though it was probably on account of the damp weather. In the light of what happened later, some of the old-timers insisted that the falling dirt was something in the nature of a supernatural warning.

We lay for some time trying to sleep and still the dirt kept falling. Thinking the roof was soon to cave in on us we all got up and went into the main building. Of course after that there was no sleep for anyone, so they all got up.

Billy Dixon said, "While you boys are getting breakfast, I will go down the creek and drive the horses." He had not been gone more than five minutes or so when we heard a couple of shots, and he came running back shouting, "Indians, boys! Indians and lots of them!" This caused some excitement and everybody made a rush for guns and ammunition.

When Dixon got back to the house he said he did not see the Indians but could hear them singing farther down the creek, and had fired his gun to warn us. I might state here that Indians always sing when they were going into action, just as white warriors have bands playing to inspire them.

By that time, with the exception of the two men who had slept in the wagons, everyone was up in the house. Those two would not get up as they did not believe there were any Indians in the country.

The hunters then started piling sacks of flour, feed, and any other thing that would stop a bullet, against the sides of the picket house and in the windows of the adobe house. It was now breaking daylight and objects could be distinguished at from four to five hundred yards. Dixon and Cunningham had gone out for a short distance while the others were working. In a few minutes they came back and said that the Indians were getting closer and to be ready. Dixon took his stand in the doorway.

As it grew lighter we could see that the savages were riding two abreast in a line which stretched across the valley. It was the grandest and most awesome sight I have ever seen. Their many colored blankets and the eagle feathers in their warbonnets waved in the wind as they came riding on at an easy canter, chanting a war song. As nearly as we

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could judge there was between three and four hundred of them; I reckoned about three hundred and fifty. When about five hundred yards from the house, they broke into a war cry. It was a sound I shall never forget, that yell of defiance and hate. The war cry was the signal for battle, for they dropped their blankets to the ground, disclosing their naked bodies painted all colors, and quirted their horses into a run.

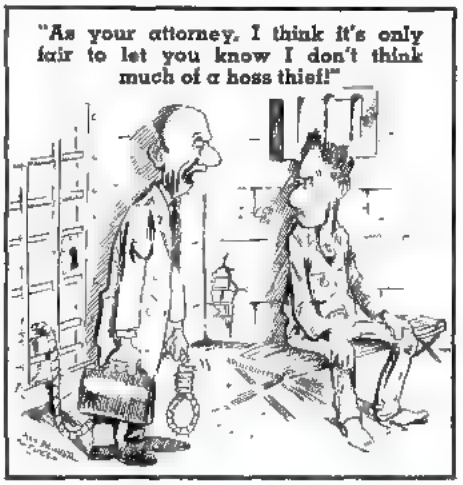
They made a grand charge towards the buildings, firing their guns and arrows as they came swooping on. It sent a thrill through everybody who saw and heard it.

DIXON opened fire on them and his first four shots downed four horses. One of the two men who had slept in the wagon ran for the house. He fell just outside the door, badly wounded. Dixon stepped out, picked him up and carried him inside, where he died some time later. Then Dixon closed the door and took up a position at one of the port holes. On the Indians came, yelling and singing. They never stopped till they rode up so close that those who had guns tried to shoot in the windows and between the logs of the house. Others looted the wagons.

In this charge a man named Tyler was killed and several of the hunters wounded. The Indians were about one hundred yards from the house when the hunters turned loose their guns. At the first fire a number of horses and riders went down. We had no time to see anything more, for they were on to us in a flash and for the next few minutes—which seemed like hours—it was each man for himself.

The house soon filled up with smoke, and as every chink was closed but the loopholes, it became stifling in the place and every man perspired freely. Now and then there was a shout from a hunter as his shot told, and words of encouragement were exchanged. All the time the guns played havoc with the Indians.

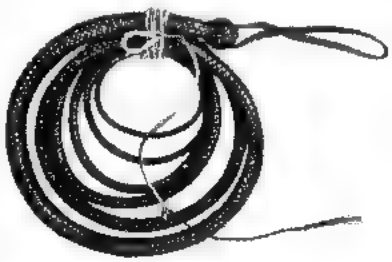
After a while the warriors commenced to retreat, taking as many of the dead and wounded with them as they could. In a moment they recovered, and made another charge only to retreat again. In the second charge, one young Indian, a mere boy, was shot through the chest. Instead of retreating with the rest, he rode his horse full tilt twice around the house before he fell dead.



Some of the Indians took up positions behind the hide piles, while others rode their horses out of range and did all they could to draw the fire of the hunters. When the hunters saw a good chance to get in a telling shot, they did so, and the Indians fired at the house in return.

After an hour of this kind of fighting, the clear notes of a cavalry bugle sounded in the distance, which raised a cheer from the powder-begrimed, beseiged men in the suffocating storehouse. Crouching behind sacks and boxes every eye was glued to the loopholes to catch the first sight of the rescuers, every nerve and muscle drawn to fullest tension. The suspence was fearful, as every moment we expected to see a party of cavalrymen dash onto the scene. But minute after minute passed, and no sight of Uncle Sam's men, yet at intervals could be heard the sound of the bugle. Pretty soon we saw that the Indians paid no attention to the sound and our hopes of a rescue dropped to zero.

As the day wore on, our water supply became exhausted and we suffered greatly from thirst. The place was choked with powder smoke, and the men's tongues began to swell, so that they could speak only in whispers. One of the suffering men left his position and started to dig in one corner. Then it was proposed that a couple of men should dig for a while and then change off with



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two more, so as not to have too many men away from the portholes at once. When down about five feet they struck water. Although there was plenty of alkali in it, the men drank eagerly. The change that came over the men was wonderful, one would not suppose it was the same party. Some tried to sing, others to whistle as well as their parched lips would allow. They made themselves as comfortable as possible for a long struggle. Canned fruit, crackers and other eatables were brought out, and we made quite a meal. Hope and strength returned, the only question now was how long would we be cooped up in the foul smelling place?

ABOUT THIS TIME one of the men discovered that the bugle blower was a big Negro, supposed to be a deserter from one of the colored regiments then stationed at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, who had joined the Indians.

So the morning wore on, with now and then a shot from the hunters and the same from the Indians. They would slip out from behind a pile of hides, shoot, then jump back to cover. One Indian about eight hundred yards off climbed on top of a hide pile and started to dance, but a bullet from one of the buffalo guns ended his career as a dancer.

The Negro with the bugle kept well in the rear. He would step out in sight, blow a short call, and then retire for a while. Nobody had paid attention to him up to this time, as he was too far away, though it was noticed that when he gave a call the fire from the Indians became stronger.

When another call came from the bugle one of the boys said, "I am going to shoot him the first chance I get." It was not long after that the bugle was heard again. Then three rifle shots sounded through the house and before the reports died away, the bugle notes were cut off as though the instrument had been snatched from the lips of the blower. A man they called Dutch Henry shouted, "I got the bugler, boys, that will end that music!" and to him the honor was given. It was a long shot but a good one.

From that time on, the Indians began slowly to disappear. They only fired a shot now and then. Shortly after there was not an Indian in sight. Dixon then took a scout around outside and reported that he could not see any of them. Then all the boys went out into the fresh air and looked around. In front of the Adobe Walls lay seven dead Indians, and from ten feet out to a thousand yards in all directions lay any number of dead and crippled horses.

The Indians had carried off all of their dead and wounded except the seven who lay too close to the house. One thing which was very noticeable was the large number of handsome white horses that were left dead. Afterwards we learned that the Indian commissioners had held a council with the Indians at Fort Sill some little time before the fight and had presented certain chiefs with these white horses on account of their good behavior! Every one of them was killed in the fight.

The Indians had decided to attack the Adobe Walls for their medicine men had made a medicine so strong that they believed the white men's bullets would not hurt them. It was on account of this faith in the strong medicine that they made so fierce a charge. As is well known among those familiar with the Indian mode of warfare, they will not attack at a disadvantage unless they are convinced that the disadvantage of numbers or position is overbalanced by the potency of their medicine.

The other man who had slept in the wagon was found partly dressed, lying dead alongside the wagon, cut in a terrible manner. All the other wagons had been looted and the packages of goods which had not been carried away had been cut open and their contents scattered all over the ground. The wounded men were attended to, and after dark the three men who had been killed were buried.

Our thoughts then turned to the partners of the men who were in camp, and several were willing to take chances and go to warn them. Dixon said he thought the Indians would split up in small bands and raid the country. It was found afterwards that he was right in his surmise. He thought there would be enough men left to defend the store in case of another attack, and no doubt more hunters would come in as soon as they heard that the Indians had broken loose.

So about ten o'clock that night, Dutch Henry and I started afoot for Charlie Newell's camp on the Palo Duro, which we reached the next morning. After an hour or so of rest I said goodbye to Henry and made over to our camp where I hoped to find Gardner and his men safe. Henry was to go down the Palo Duro and warn some hunters that he knew to be in that vicinity then go over on San Francisco Creek where his partner was.

ON MY ARRIVAL at our camp the boys wanted to know what the trouble was as I had been gone so long and came in on foot. After being told, they at once loaded the wagon with everything but the hides and made a bee line for San Francisco Creek, as Gardner thought that would be the safest place. Our outfit reached the dugout early next morning and found that a party of Indians had been there the day before and everything had been cut up and destroyed. On looking around, the body of Sharpe (Dutch Henry's partner) was found lying above the dugout. It seems that Sharpe had killed some buffalo six or seven hundred yards up the creek and was in the act of skinning them—one was partly skinned and his field glasses lay on another—when he discovered the Indians coming and made for the dugout. We found him about half-way between the dead buffalo and camp.

By this time Dutch Henry, with Hoodoo Brown's and Gus Johnson's outfits, had come in and we buried poor Sharpe at the crossing of the creek. Charlie Newell came along during the night

taking his family to town. There now being twelve men in the party, we decided to hold the dugout and wait developments. The next day a small party of Indians showed themselves on the hills near camp and fired at us. After staying an hour or two and no doubt thinking we were too strong, they pulled out.

The first week we kept a close watch and saw quite a number of Indians at different times, but as they did not come very close we did not bother them. A couple of weeks went by and not seeing any more Indians we thought we would go over to the old camp and haul the hides over to the dugout.

When we got there we found that our enemies had visited the place, torn down the piles and cut the hides all to pieces so that they were of no use and our trip had been made for nothing.

Not thinking the party was strong enough to hunt, we pulled back to San Francisco Creek. Here Gardner joined forces with another hunter. We went over the Cimarron River and established a camp close to the Point of Rocks. As the party was so much stronger we were able to leave some men in camp and also use the wagons to hunt with, one going one way, and one another. About a week later on one of the hunts we were jumped by a small party of Indians as we were pulling out of the Sand Hills.

We made for the Cimarron River bottom and the other outfit coming in from the other side joined up. The two wagons were placed about sixteen feet apart and the stock was tied between them. While some of the men stood the Indians off, the rest dug rifle pits. There were about thirty Indians in sight and they proceeded to surround us. At times two or three of them would dash in from opposite sides, trying to draw our fire.

The warriors were always moving rapidly and a person had to be quick to get in a good shot. If one of the Indians fell the others would take all the chances in the world to pick him up, whether he was dead or wounded. For that reason it is hard to tell how many are killed or wounded in an Indian fight. As the old saying on the Plains was, "You can never count a dead Indian till you have him in your hands."

Hunters not used to Indian fighting often lost their lives, the understanding of their tactics being of vital importance. The Indian way was to first surround the party and then make quick dashes in and out to draw their fire. The inexperienced hunters would blaze away, hitting nothing. Soon their ammunition would be exhausted, then the Indians would charge in and kill the whole party. It never took an Indian long to find out the kind of men he was fighting. If they saw that the hunters were old hands and that they (the Indians) were losing their horses and having their men crippled, they would pull off after an hour or so.

This attacking party found out in a short time that we knew our business, for in about an hour they struck south, leaving a number of their horses that had got in range of our guns. We spent that night building a sod wall about three feet high around two sides of the

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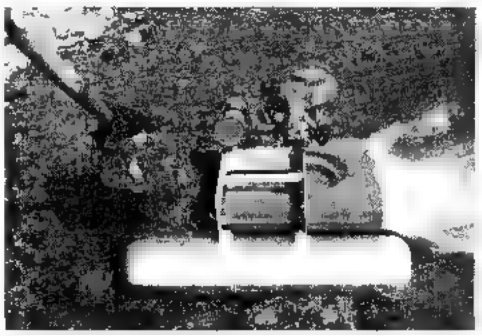

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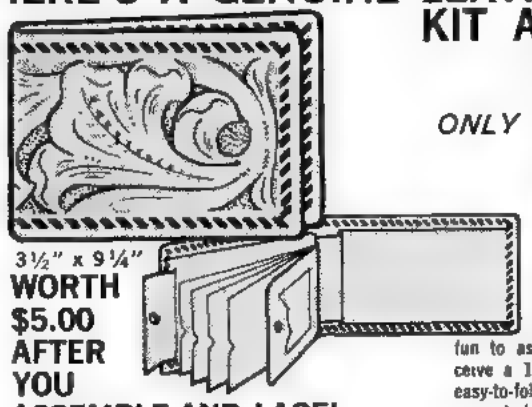

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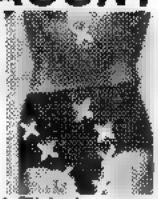

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wagons. The next day, not seeing any more Indians, we made for camp.

For a few days no hunting was done. Then when things got in working shape again, buffalo were found to be very scarce, so after hunting a couple of weeks and getting very few we loaded up the wagons and pulled into Dodge City.

I WISH to state here that in the summer of 1874, General Nelson A. Miles, leading an expedition after Indians, ran onto the Adobe Walls and destroyed them, claiming that the place was a headquarters for Mexican horse thieves. I must say further that I am glad the destruction was postponed till after the walls had served us so well.

Of the hunters who were in the business until the buffalo were all gone, Billie Dixon and his partner Cunningham became scouts and guides at Camp Elliot on Sweetwater Creek. Tim Cox of the Gardner outfit joined Bill Henderson's gang of horse thieves and was hanged with Henderson and a man by the name of Lloyd some time later at Fort Griffin, Texas. I have heard since that Bat Masterson was in the fight but I did not know him then.

In the fall of 1876, I was in Deadwood, Black Hills, Dakota. There I joined an outfit going to Fort Laramie, Wyoming, which was in charge of a big fellow called Mexican Charlie. In talking with him about the Panhandle country, he told me that he had traded with the Indians before and after the Adobe Walls fight. They told him there were sixty-odd Indians killed, and over eighty wounded. Without a doubt it was one of the hardest fought battles that ever took place in the western country. Mexican Charlie also said that the Indians were quite angry at the medicine men who had deluded them into thinking that the white men's guns could not hurt them, and that when the Indians got back north they used the medicine men pretty rough.

John Jennings' Diamond

(Continued from page 21)

to court, wouldn't touch him in the presence of the judge. I walked back to the doorway to the lobby, and took my time building a Bull Durham cigarette. You know how particular the old judge is about smoking in the courtroom.

"The kid lawyer that the city attorney's office had sent out to represent them, was trying to persuade Judge Clark to deny the writ. He tried to tell the judge that holding for investigation was sanctioned by usage.

"When the judge finally dismissed the petitioner, my thief, I let him walk by me. But when the two officers got to me, I blocked the door and asked them for a match. By the time they could move me out of the doorway, the kid was down to the second floor and out of sight, and he must have kept right on going.

"Once the detectives got to the first floor, their pigeon had lost himself. They didn't know if he had gone north to Main Street, or south to Grand Avenue. Either way would lead to railroad yards, with freight trains coming and going.

"You know, it must have been all of four years before I heard from that kid crook. We'd bought the yellow brick out on Classen—2600 block—where we live now. The door bell rang about 2 o'clock one morning. It was Bill Light—runs the limousine service in front of the Huckens Hotel. Ours isn't the kind of neighborhood where folks live who have callers at 2 a.m.

"Bill said he had a chap out in the car who wanted to see me but didn't want to get out of the car. The buck-o expected me to come to him. He hadn't even given Bill a name. I wasn't about to go out and meet a stranger at 2 o'clock or any other time of night.

"But Bill thought I should. 'He claims he stopped over here in the city just to see you,' Bill insisted. 'Plans to leave soon as I get him back downtown. He ain't armed. I made him stand a frisk before I agreed to drive him out here. I'm carrying my gun.'

"I'd put on my robe and slippers, before I came downstairs," John said. "Finally I walked on out with Bill. Between the street lights and the voice, when he spoke, I recognized my long-gone thief. I started in cussing him where I had left off in the city jail, for not sending me a fee.

"I was handicapped a little in my cussing, having to cuss under my breath so as to not wake up my neighbors. When I slowed up a bit he handed me a brown jeweler's envelope. I tore it open. This stone lay there in my hand, winking at me from the street lights. He began talking back like he had in the jail—completely ignoring the cussing I'd given him.

"'Judge John,' he said calmly, 'The reason I was so slow, it took me quite a while to find something I thought was nice enough for you.' Then he told Bill to get him back downtown.

"I never went back to bed. Between then and morning I did a lot of thinking. Figuring what the hell to do. Knew damn well the stone was stolen. I couldn't afford to be charged with selling, concealing, or even possessing a stone like this. Few people ever saw a diamond this large. I hadn't.

"THE FIRST THING next morning, I strolled into the police station and had a look at their stolen diamond file. This was routine for me, I make periodic checks to know what is going on, but it was the first time I ever went before going to my office. The files had nothing on it, and never have had.

"It's set out. Size, color, a special-made stud setting, all tend to make it conspicious. I figured the reward offered for its return would be sizeable. Never had it weighed and appraised. If anything ever comes up, I can truthfully say I have no idea as to its value, or whether it's a real diamond. It's exactly as that thief handed it to me. Didn't dare change the setting, even. Otherwise

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I would give it to Mrs. Jennings for putting up with me all these years. I've been a chore.

"It's never been worth a dime to me, in any way. That very day I had my tailor work a tiny buttonhole in the shirt I had on, and I put it out in plain view. When I order new shirts from old man Lehr, I specify a hole for a stud.

"I've worn it every day since. Folks that don't know me can think it a fake. Even if it should be recognized, they can hardly stick me for having stolen property, knowingly—wearing it in the open like this. No cop ever gave it a second glance."

I lost track of John—World War I, and then the long seige of Malta, kept me from the office for some time. When I returned to my office in 1920, I found both John and Al had moved to California. People said John had quit his drinking entirely. He was building the second best law practice among Hollywood's silent stars, and lesser lights. They loved his personal appearance, rugged vocabulary, aggressive ways, and above all, the notoriety of the Jennings name. While John was not a member of the wild bunch, he was never adverse to benefiting from the notoriety of his brothers and his own part in Oklahoma's colorful past.

I don't believe John ever made a trip back to Oklahoma, but Al came from time to time until he became a very old man. The papers considered his visits news. When possible, I'd always call on him. Many of his best stories, and he was full of them, he told me during these visits—mostly stories he somehow neglected to put down when he was writing.

On one such visit, shortly after John died, I asked Al if John still had his huge yellow diamond, when he passed away. Al said he did, and had continued to wear it as long as he was active.

Maybe I should say the outsized yellow stone and John complemented each other. If we remember one of John's expressions, it might help, "No cop ever gave it a second glance." It belonged, like the thief thought it did. It must have been that simple. Personally, I have known no other man who could have worn it so nonchalantly.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

however. Too many horses and buggies were available and much better suited for mushing than a railroad coach.

Every time I think of McKees Rock I am reminded of a little experience in that connection. I was at home in Del Rio when an emergency call came for a train crew to deadhead at once on a westbound train. The regular train crews lived on the cabooses when away from the home terminal as they were fitted with pullman type bunks and there was room back of the cupola for a water barrel and a gasoline stove, with suitable lockers for food storage. The three of us got down to the freight yard at once and found our caboose attached to the outgoing train. It was a cold winter day with a heavy icy rain falling. The first

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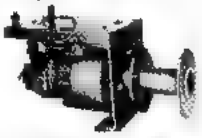

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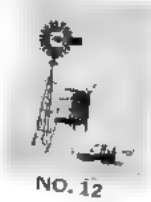
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thing to do was get the heating stove going to warm up the place and then proceed to get a meal to take the place of the ones we had missed at home. Being deadheads we had no concern with the operation of the train. By the time we passed McKees we were seated at the table ready to eat. The table was hinged on the side of the caboose.

I sat facing forward and the other brakeman sat facing me. The conductor sat in a side-armed chair. He was a pretty stocky man and filled out his seat rather snugly. As the train was traveling along on the side of the Rio Grande canyon it came to a sudden stop. In my some ten years of railroading I have been in wrecks and at other times experienced emergency stops, but this was the most stoppingest stop I have ever experienced. From some thirty to thirty-five miles per hour to a dead stop in less than no time means you ain't goin' nowhere fast!

Then we learned the reason for the stop. As the train was about to pass McKees Rock, a huge boulder, weighing several tons and loosened by the heavy rains, had fallen just as the locomotive approached, hitting it squarely on the pilot. A second later and it would have struck the locomotive and probably caused death or serious injury to the men in the cab.

Well, such places no longer exist. McKees Rock is gone. The Pecos High Bridge (321 feet above the river) has been displaced and the SP trains now run back of Judge Roy Bean's old place at Langtry instead of in front of it.—Burr H. Mallory, 3 Mitchell Place, Glen Ridge, New Jersey 07028.

Dear Sir:

Concerning your "Scrapbook" feature in the October 1968 TRUE WEST, Del Rio is and Painted Cave was on the San Antonio Division of the Texas & New Orleans Railroad or The Texas Lines of the Southern Pacific. Prior to that, in the 1890s, the track east of Del Rio was on the Houston Division and those west of Del Rio were on the El Paso Division.

An enlargement of the locomotive tender lettering might provide the railroad name. The two initials in the slanted top portion of the tender side would identify the owning railroad while the initials on the tender side would provide the name of the operating railroad. The locomotive is a Baldwin product of the 1880s, I believe. Knowing the initials on the tender would allow reference to a roster.—Scott Irby, 775 Carmel Avenue, #7, Sunnyvale, California 94086

Dear Sirs:

In *Cram's Unrivalled Family Atlas*, copyright 1883, Painted Cave appears on the railroad—which I read to be the Galveston, Harrisburgh & San Antonio Railroad. The stations on that area of the railroad are as follows, west to east: Lozier, Samuels, Langtry, Shumla, Painted Cave (with square for landmark as well, in cliffs or rimrock), Flanders, Musquez, Devil's River and Del Rio. According to the scale on my map it was about twenty-five miles northwest of Devil's River, following the railroad.

Rand McNally Atlas of the World for 1888 gives this information: Painted Cave, Val Verde County, on Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Railroad (See Southern Pacific); Telegraph station, Texas Exp., Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Exp. Mail: Del Rio. No population figure is given so it must have been mighty small. Towns shown nearby are from west to east: Lozier, Samuels, Osman, Langtry, Shumla, Painted Cave, Flanders, Comstock, Feely, Devil's River, McKee's and Del Rio.—Mrs. James Wyss, 419 Emily Street, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin 54729

Dear Sirs:

Regarding photographs on pages 36 and 37 of TRUE WEST October 1968. My wife and I believe the photograph in the top center, middle center and lower right are of the railroad bridge across the Pecos River. My wife went to Del Rio, Texas in 1905 and at that time all of the old-timers still called it San Felipe del Rio which was the original name of the town and the part that lies across the San Felipe River (or Creek) is still called San Felipe by the Mexican people and that is my wife's nationality as she was born in the state of Nuevo Leon in a small town called Linares about seventy miles south of Monterey.

Some time ago you ran an article about a frontier photographer named Rose. Mr. Rose photographed all of my wife's family and all her sisters and their children. She tells me that Mr. Rose was a very kind and considerate person and would give children all-day suckers when he had finished taking their pictures.—Taylor E. Newman, 701 Washington Street, N. E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87110

On McPeak in Last Cattle Corner

Gentlemen:

I am writing about a story in your October 1968 TRUE WEST written by Laura Trowbridge, "Last Cattle Corner of the West." This story was most interesting but I would like to make some corrections and comments. The cattle rustler McPeak had two names—the other was McClure. He had very bad eyesight and always wore a large black hat to shade his eyes. He thought the sheriff and the deputies were his men and he rode right into them. When he saw what he had done, he started to make a run for it. The sheriff and deputies began shooting. They first shot the horse which fell on him, then they shot him.

McPeak's body was taken to the Northern Pacific where a freight was flagged down and the body was thrown on a flat car with his saddle and bridle on top of it. When it arrived at Medora, North Dakota one cowboy took his hands and another his feet and they threw him on the depot platform like a side of beef. Then they threw the saddle and bridle down on top of him. My mother, Mrs. Anna Dreyer, saw it all.

When I was a boy in Glendive, Montana, at the corner of our house was an old rusty gold pan that contained about a dozen arrowheads, a couple of

Indian peace pipes, several stone skinning knives and a tooth from McPeak's horse. The bones of his horse had been carried away as souvenirs.

I might add that I was born in that long narrow house in Wibaux, Montana, which Pierre Wibaux had built for an office. One had to go out on the porch to go from one room to the other. There is a story about a man being hung from one of the cottonwood trees in front of this house but this I do not believe. The name of the town of Wibaux was originally Mingusville and the story goes that Pierre Wibaux gave the town $1,000 to have it named after him.—F. B. Dreyer, 315 Columbia Avenue, Sunnyside, Washington 98944

Grandfather Tipton's Picture

Dear Joe:

I just wanted to tell you that since you published the picture of my Grandfather Tipton and his daughter's old homestead and family in the October 1968 TRUE WEST, I have received a multitude of letters giving me all the information I was seeking in regard to the old TEE-CROSS brand in southwestern Oklahoma.

It seems that there was no Tee-Cross Ranch, but that was the cattle brand of some men from Texas who used that area to graze cattle and rest over a few days on the way to the northern markets, back before the land was opened for settlement.

I had one letter from a man in Canada who said that it was the brand used by his forebears when they came to the U.S. from Ireland. The family had operated a pub in that country, and the name of it was Tea-Cross, referring to a confection which they served with tea. He says that brand is still used by his family.

Well, there you have it. I am satisfied and—best of all—I have had letters from friends and relatives whom I had lost track of for years who read TRUE WEST. That magazine sure gets around. Just recently, correspondence with William Childress, editor of STUDENT magazine, published in Quonset Park, Iowa revealed him as the son of one of my cousins. Never knew there was such a person until he saw this picture in TRUE WEST and wrote me.

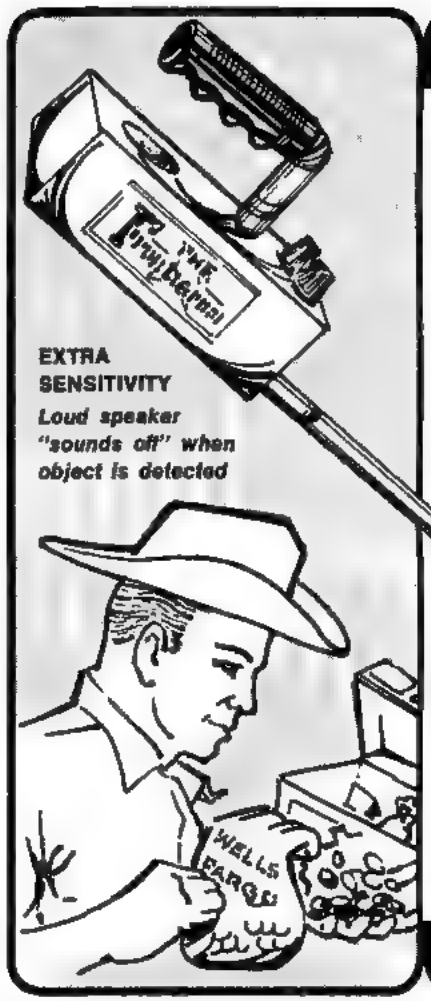
So, Joe, I owe you a lot of thanks. I sure have had a lot of happiness from your courtesy, and I do hope that you will grow in circulation until it takes all the woods in Canada to make the paper to print your magazines.—Leon "Old Buck" Dial, 250 Smith Avenue, Dinuba, California 93618

Point of Rocks

Dear Sirs:

About time for some comments. In the June 1968 issue one article was of particular interest, namely "Point of Rocks." The last ten years I worked before my retirement I was stationed in Morton County, Kansas in which this story site is located. I have been over about every foot of that territory, a good share on foot.

I knew or heard of several of the men



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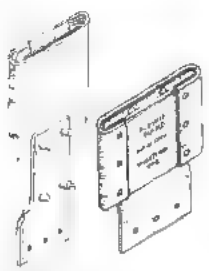

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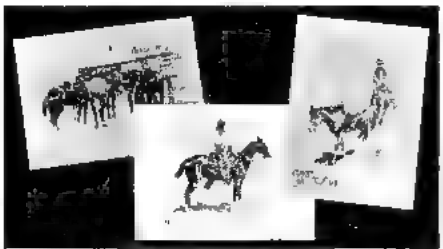

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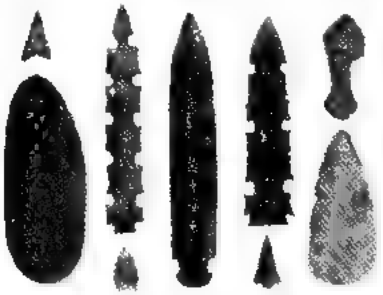

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mentioned in the story, especially Guy Tipton. I knew him well enough that we called each other by first names and he used to tell some pretty harrowing tales of that country. I have heard him mention the author of the story several times. Guy died since I came to Oregon six years ago. I also knew his wife, Maggie Tipton. I have heard another old-timer, Andrew Riley, tell of when he first came to western Kansas and was too young to file on a claim and had to work a year till he became of age.

I have heard Maggie Tipton tell of how the Cimarron River was just a small meandering stream till after the big flood. The Cimarron is a treacherous stream and the average tourist would think it just a big sand draw. The bed of the river is fifty to seventy-five yards wide and white sand. But on two different occasions when we had not had a drop of rain in two or three months I have seen water coming down from the mountains in New Mexico and Colorado that completely filled the channel carrying brush and small trees ahead of it, which is quite a sight.—E. F. Duvall, Route 2, Box 808, Estacada, Oregon 97023

Cream By The Inch

Dear Editor:

I could put a finish to the story written by Reno Ingles and edited by Richard Summers in the October 1968 TRUE WEST.

My parents moved from Nebraska to Oregon in 1893 or '94 when I was sixteen months old. My father bought the Hollister farm four miles south of Greenville before the town of Banks was formed.

I knew Mr. Washburn, the Sells, Snyders and others mentioned in the story. I also knew the Meade family and a number of the Ingles family. I knew Dr. Large very well. He delivered many babies, including one in our family. My mother, Mrs. Newton Shipley, worked many times with him. Both my father and mother have been dead over forty years.

My husband (who is eighty-five years old) and I love the Westerns. We came to California in 1917. My husband, Edward Dunn, was born where the Union

(Continued on page 80)

How Great Falls Began

(Continued from page 11)

THAT WINTER, the shack not being warm enough for the family, we spent in Fort Benton, but the spring of 1885 saw us once more on our claim in Great Falls. There could be noted a marked improvement in the town. Two business houses were on Central Avenue, but even so, we still had to depend on Fort Benton or Helena for nearly everything we needed.

Our shack was enlarged that summer, and I lined it with muslin. Then, up and down, over the top, and around the sides, raced pack rats. The pack rat has a distinctive odor, much the same as skunks, and the house was permeated with the stench. We shot, trapped,

The Rolfe children. Left to right, sitting: Hester, Edgerton, Edith. Standing, Ione and Helen.

snared, and finally resorted to strychnine to rid ourselves of the pests. Finally one died of the poison, but unfortunately chose at its place of demise a space behind the muslin in our dining room, where it soon made its presence known. But after this one rat died, the others seemed to shun the place, and quiet reigned. In their place, a family of skunks moved in, making themselves very much to home under the shack, and we feared the consequences of trying to dislodge them.

The town was growing, but not as fast as its promoters desired. This called for advertising, and that demanded a paper. So a weekly paper, formerly published in the town of Sun River, was brought to Great Falls. Every issue carried articles throughout the state and elsewhere booming Great Falls and its resources. The advertising efforts were not fruitless, although they furnished a great amount of amusement to the residents of older towns in the state, who fell into the habit of referring to Great Falls as "The Future Great."

The winter of 1885-86 was spent in Helena, and in the spring of 1886, we returned to Great Falls. Now six children had to be housed in the shack, and in addition, my sister and two cousins from Ohio and my husband's niece and her girl friend. These, with my husband and me, made a reasonably large family.

Just before the 4th of July, we women were asked to make a flag for the celebration, the first to take place in Great Falls. We agreed to sew the stripes, but would not undertake to make the stars. Some of the young men said they would paint the stars on the flag after it was assembled. The finished product floated proudly from a tall pole on the day set.

The first 4th of July celebration, and the first flag in Great Falls, shared the honors that day. Preceding 4ths had been celebrated with heavy hail or ice storms. I am not exaggerating when I call them ice storms. One man testified

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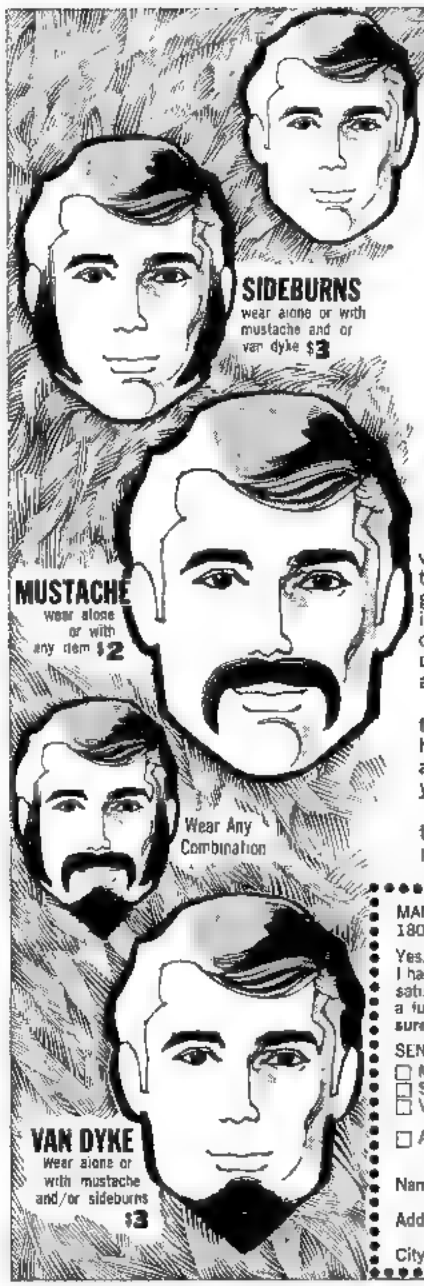
that he saw hailstones as large as the bottom of a water glass. I know the hailstones cut the tar paper roofing and then melted, raining down into the rooms beneath for an hour or more after the storm ceased. To protect the baby I covered it with a waterproof, and to save the piano spread buffalo robes over it. But the lightning was magnificent! The whole heavens were ablaze! I saw one bolt descend that formed, for an instant, a veritable pillar of fire between earth and sky. Others told of seeing balls of fire that rolled along the ground.

In August occurred our tenth wedding anniversary, and the young folks in town requested permission to celebrate it. This was readily granted, although we couldn't see how a party could be given in our cramped quarters. Especially so, as there was to be dancing, but the young men said they would take care of everything. A few days later they came to say the only tin worker in town was on a periodic spree, and would not be sober enough to finish the tinware they had ordered. Would we please postpone the celebration? We would and did. That next week a platform was built in front of the shack, and the following week the party came off in the greatest style. Our one newspaper described the affair in the following manner, a part of which is quoted:

"The party started from town at 7:30 p.m., and flew over the smooth road in carriages and on horseback to the accompaniment of tin horns and tin cans, to Mr. Rolfe's magnificent ranch two miles from town. The grounds were illuminated with Chinese lanterns [there were eight in all, the total that could be obtained], and a spacious platform in front of the house was ready for the dancers. A short musical program was given by various persons. Two tents had been pitched on the lawn for the use of the card players." The paper went on to describe the gifts, which were numerous, and concluded with a list of the guests, and a mention of refreshments being served.

The "ground illuminated" and "lawn" consisted of native soil covered with bunch grass and sagebrush. A number of the guests were forced to sit on logs, there being but few chairs. The young people danced on the rough floor of the platform, and apparently enjoyed themselves as young people will under the most discouraging conditions. The paper failed to state that we of the household were aware that under the shack dwelt a family of skunks that were unused to parties, and it made those of us, who were in on the secret, somewhat apprehensive. But either the skunks liked the sounds of revelry, or they temporarily evacuated the premises, because they remained quiet, much to our relief.

James J. Hill had been interested in Great Falls from its inception, and it began to be rumored that he would extend a branch of his railroad to the town. Soon the rumor became a reality, and the railroad was built in 1887. When the first train entered the city, the residents and those from adjoining towns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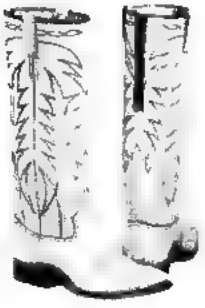

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The Bolte house, first frame building in Great Falls.

celebrated the event in a fitting manner. From houses and business places floated the Stars and Stripes, and everyone turned out for the big parade that took place at 2:00 p.m. At the head of the parade marched the 3rd U.S. Infantry band, said to be the finest in the Union, and which had been brought from Fort Shaw to grace the occasion. The parade was followed by an address from an eloquent Kentuckian, aquatic sports, more music, fireworks, and then a ball and supper. Commented a local writer, "This day of the railroad's arrival ended also the pioneer period in the history of Great Falls. Gone forever is its trials and joys, only to endure as a cherished memory by those who experienced them."

Belle Starr's Killer Revealed

(Continued from page 13)

Belle had first married Jim Reed, an outlaw, bandit, and killer who ran with the Jesse James gang and the Younger brothers. He had been killed in Texas about a year before she married Sam Starr.

Dr. Mooney left with the messenger on the long ninety-mile trek by horseback, taking the back trails and avoiding the main roads. They camped the first night after estimating they had made half the distance over rough terrain. They arrived the second night well after dark. It was up on the side of a small mountain, so rocky and rough they were leading their horses, that they were challenged by a lone sentry and allowed to pass.

Soon they entered a large cave, by stepping behind a boulder over six feet tall which hid the entrance. Once inside, by the light of two oil lanterns, Dr. Mooney found Belle Starr lying on an Indian blanket on the dirt floor. She had been shot in the upper left shoulder. Dr. Mooney later learned that the hideout cave was known as Starr Dugout and Spring, and was located in the Choctaw Nation a few miles from Atoka.

Belle had an ugly tear, probably caused by a .45 caliber pistol. It had festered and was exuding, and she was suffering from a high fever. He first administered a strong febrifuge, then set about extracting the bullet. It was a most difficult one to remove, as its position was deep against the bone. Belle lay there during the whole ordeal and never whimpered or even flinched from the pain.

Once the bullet was removed, and the wound cleaned and dressed, Belle remarked, "I don't want you to say nothin' 'bout me gettin' hit to nobody. Somebody else might try it if they hear 'bout this. The one that done it won't ever be doin' no more talkin'."

In a moment she continued, "Thanks for coming, Jesse. As soon as I can travel I'll be back at Younger's Bend. You best come by in three or four days and see me." With that, she handed Dr. Mooney three bright $20 gold pieces. Not only had this been the longest trip he had ever made to see a patient, it had produced by far his biggest fee.

THE DOCTOR did ride over to see Belle Starr in four days and pronounced her condition much improved. He met her daughter Pearl and a woman named Mabel Harrison who lived with Belle at the Starr house. Dr. Mooney was utterly amazed at the interior of the three-room log house. It was unusually well furnished, and even had a piano in the living room, as Belle was a fair musician and entertainer. She had many bookshelves full of books, and the large mantel over the fireplace was decorated with buffalo horns and deer antlers, trophies of her marksmanship. The young doctor had made a hit with Belle, as she vowed he had saved her life.

During the remainder of that summer and winter, Dr. Mooney attended several country square dances at Tamaha, Whitefield, Briartown, and even over in the Cherokee Nation at Porum, as he and his wife liked to dance. His cousin Isaac lived across the river at Briartown, and was well acquainted with Belle Starr. She and Pearl had been at most of the

dances Dr. and Mrs. Mooney went to that summer and winter, and while the rule was for all to leave their guns checked at the door, Belle and Pearl always wore their guns during the dances, and no one objected.

On one occasion, when Dr. Mooney was dancing a waltz with Belle, she remarked. "You know, Jesse, I either like a person or I don't. It's jest like I've always said - - - a friend is just like a pregnant woman - - - (her hyphenated expression of this condition was not quite this polite or professional)—you either is or you ain't! You can't be on the fence no mor'n you can be jest a little bit pregnant. Ain't that right, Jesse?" And Dr. Mooney had to agree with her.

On February 3, 1889, the startling news spread across the Indian Nations and all of the Southwest that the famous Belle Starr had been murdered. It happened on her forty-third birthday. Dr. Mooney and his family were over at nearby Briartown visiting his cousin when he heard the news, and he left immediately on horseback for the Starr house. When he arrived, Belle had been placed on her bed, and contrary to all stories, she lived for about an hour after she was hit twice by shotgun blasts. When Belle's horse had loped into the barnyard with blood on the saddle, Pearl had rushed back to find Belle lying in a puddle of mud, water and blood. She had been hit in the back, neck and shoulders, and the side of her face, and was bleeding profusely. A nearby neighbor named Hoyt had taken her in his wagon back to the Starr house.

Belle had been dead about fifteen minutes when Dr. Mooney arrived. Pearl was still at her bedside weeping.

"Did she tell you anything, Pearl?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," Pearl sobbed, "someday I'll tell you, Jesse."

The Starr house was soon filled with friends and neighbors, all trying to console Pearl and Mabel Harrison. Dr. Mooney agreed to have a coffin built, and his cousin Isaac made one of pine boards and brought it back from Briartown the next morning in his wagon. At the funeral six Cherokee Indians carried the coffin to the open grave they had dug close to the Starr house. The lid was removed, and over a hundred people passed by, both white and Indian, to see the remains of Belle Starr.

It was actually only a burial, as no funeral service was held, except that each Cherokee dropped a crumb of cornbread in the coffin as he passed, in traditional tribal custom, so that the departed sister might have food during her journey to the hereafter. Belle was dressed in her best black velvet riding attire with a white frilled collar, wearing her best jewelry, and titivated to perfection. She had on black silk stockings and her fancy riding boots. She looked pale but peaceful, and was marred only by bandages on her neck and one side of her face which Dr. Mooney had placed there to cover the wounds from the shotgun blasts.

Dr. Mooney and his wife Ella attended

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the burial, along with the many friends and neighbors. Belle's last husband, Jim July Starr (no relative of Sam) had ridden back from Fort Smith, Arkansas, making the seventy-five miles on horseback in the incredible time of nine hours, most of it after dark. After all had passed by the coffin, with Belle Starr lying on an Indian blanket in the plain pine board coffin, with her hands crossed and her right hand holding her favorite pearl-handled .45, the Cherokee pallbearers, heavily armed, placed the lid back on the coffin and nailed it shut. They lowered Belle Starr into her grave, and in silence carefully covered it up.

IT WAS seven years later, November 1896, when Dr. Mooney had finished his medical schooling and was back in Arkansas visiting his mother and relatives in Mountain Home, that he read in the Fort Smith newspaper that Eddie Reed, Belle Starr's son, had been killed in Claremore, I.T. while drunk and shooting up a saloon.

Dr. Mooney left immediately for Wagoner for Eddie Reed's funeral. He remembered as he bounced over the rough trail on the stagecoach that about two weeks before Belle had been killed, Eddie Reed had knocked at his door at 3:00 in the morning, bleeding from lacerations suffered when his mother had awakened him from his sleep and had beat him unmercifully with her riding quirt for taking her favorite horse against her orders. He had made some open threats the following week that he would get even with her. (Eddie had been on the run from the law and did not go to his mother's funeral.)

Dr. Mooney had decided to go to Eddie's funeral, as he knew Pearl would be there. Pearl had been very close to her younger brother and, in fact, in 1891 had gone into prostitution to raise money to hire lawyers to get Eddie out of prison (which she did). Pearl later capitalized on her mother's notoriety and name, and was one of the most famous harlots in the Southwest, operating on Water Street and later on Front Street in Fort Smith, Arkansas for over twenty-three years.

About noon, Dr. Mooney found Pearl Starr at the funeral home which was located in the rear of a furniture store. The funeral was to be at 3:00.

"I didn't know where you were, Jesse, but had a feeling you would be here," Pearl Starr told him. "I suppose you still want to know what Mama said just before she died." She hesitated, as she stared out in space, apparently remembering back when Dr. Mooney had arrived shortly after her mother had died.

"Did Eddie do it, Pearl?" the doctor asked.

Pearl turned quickly and looked surprised.

"Then you knew all the time?" Pearl asked.

"I only thought so. You know when you and Will (Will Harrison, her husband), lived at Tamaha when I did, I told you that Eddie stayed with me for three nights until his cuts healed some after Belle gave him such a beating. He was bitter and showed his hate."

Then Pearl told Dr. Mooney, "She opened her eyes after we got her home in bed, and she whispered to me, 'Baby - - your brother Eddie shot me - - - I turned and seen him before he cracked down the second time'." Then Pearl sobbed openly.

Of all the stories told, this is the only one that came from the lips of Belle Starr, who had looked her assassin in the face after the first blast from the shotgun hit her in the back and had unhorsed her from her side-saddle. There have been many stories told, and numerous men suspected—from Jim Middleton, brother of John Middleton, who believed that Belle had John murdered at Pecola; Edgar Watson who was arrested for the murder, but released because of lack of evidence; Jim July Starr, Belle's last husband who some thought killed her; and as late as 1937, a relative of Frank West, who killed Sam Starr, claimed that old Tom Starr killed Belle. He apparently didn't know that Tom Starr died before Belle was killed. There will perhaps be some who will not believe that for so many years, Dr. Mooney, his wife Ella Mooney, and their youngest son, myself, have kept these facts secret, but it's true.

It is well known that Eddie Reed and his mother Belle Starr never saw eye to eye, were often estranged in their thinking, and that they crossed many times. But Pearl thought the world of Eddie, and never divulged her secret of Belle Starr's last words until after Eddie was dead. She would have protected him with her life, as he was something sacred to her. Yet, for a young man who had the blood of Belle Starr in his veins, and whose father was a notorious and arrant outlaw, and whose cool nerve and wild recklessness had been proven and established, it is more than likely that he was capable of this deep revenge, even against his own mother.

Pearl informed Dr. Mooney that day in Claremore, that she never divulged to Eddie that she knew he had killed Belle.

"I'd jest as well tell you, too," Pearl volunteered to Dr. Mooney, "Mama told me several months before she was killed, and after Sam [Starr] had been shot, that Sam told her he followed John Middleton and blasted him in the face with his shotgun from close ambush at the river's edge near Pecola, as Sam seemed to sense what was going on."

She continued, "I don't know why I'm telling you all about this, but guess I think somebody else ought to know, but I don't want you to tell nobody till after I'm dead and gone, outside jest your family."

After the funeral, Dr. Mooney again gave his personal condolences to Pearl Starr and returned to McGee, I.T. in the Chickasaw Nation where he had been practicing medicine and operating a partnership in a drug store. He again gave his word to Pearl that the information would not be divulged until she was dead and gone, and he and his family kept their word. Pearl died July 6, 1925 at Douglas, Arizona.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

AFOOT TO THE GOLD FIELDS

Thrilling Narrative of the Adventures, Sufferings and Starvation of Pike's Peak Gold Seekers on the Plains of the West in the Winter and Spring of 1859 (Ye Galleon Press, $2.00) by Daniel Blue is a facsimile reprint of the excessively rare 1860 edition. Blue was a Whiteside County, Illinois, farm boy who along with two brothers, a cousin and a neighbor caught the gold fever from the glowing reports from Colorado. With a pack pony, they attempted the trip on foot from Kansas City, starting late in February 1859. They met other foot travelers and of the final party of sixteen men only five lived to reach Colorado. This is not pleasant reading but it is a part of western history. Only three copies of the Chicago edition are known and an undated reprint at Morrison, Illinois, about 1890, also is rare. Glen Adams, the erudite publisher, gives the printing history in a brief foreword—his attractive edition consists of 500 numbered copies.

BRUSH COUNTRY LIFE

Texas Boys, Memoirs of Western Americana (Exposition Press, $6.00) by Walter Overton is composed of six true stories of young Texans who grew up in the brush country between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande. Overton is a master story teller, presenting boyhood experiences with feeling, color and suspense. The stories include "Hey Soos", a captivating Mexican friend; "South by Moonlight", an exciting chase of an innocent accused murderer by a Texas Ranger; "Hill Country Boy", a story of exciting ranch life and suspenseful adventure; "The Countryman", Paisano was a horse with the "soul of a gentleman, and the intellect of a genius"; "The Trap", the fate of two Mexican boys; and "An Evening With Davey", the romance of Aleena, the scourge of the bandits. Overton was born in 1892 on the Texas frontier. He is an artist of note, and *Texas Boys* is "better than average even for Texas."

PASSING OF THE BUFFALO

Many have written about the slaughter of the buffalo on the Great Plains. Many have mourned the passing of the millions of "Indian cattle." Many more have carried misconceptions and misinformation about this phase of American conquest and settlement. The passing of the buffalo is most thoroughly and informatively told in *The Great Buffalo Hunt* (Bison Books, $1.95) by Wayne Gard and illustrated by Nick Eggenhofer. From Chapter 1, "Monarch of The Plains" to Chapter 18, "Bones on The Prairie," Gard meticulously tells the grisly story. Frank Gilbert Roe in his *The North American Buffalo: A Critical Study of the Species in the Wild State* estimated upward of 60 million head of buffalo on the Plains about 1800. According to Gard there were only 4,376 buffalo in the United States and 11,957 in Canada in 1926. Today there is a buffalo breeders association producing the animals for commercial meat, and about 20,000 head are said to be in private ownership. Anyone interested in natural resources, western history, or just buffalo will want Gard's book.

A PAIR FOR PANCHO

The Writings of J. Frank Dobie, A Bibliography (Museum of the Great Plains, $7.95) was compiled by Mary Louise McVicker, Head Cataloger at Ryan Library, California Western University at San Diego; however, this bibliography was her personal project for some twenty years—she started the work while at the University of Texas Library in the forties and she had the active help of the maestro as long as he lived. It is an admirable job and if it doesn't quite live up to the dust wrapper "plug" —"has gathered here in one volume every known sparkle from the delightful pen of this illustrious Texan of Letters"— it is simply because (like a woman's) a bibliographer's work is never done. There is a helpful index, an introduction (The Work of J. Frank Dobie) by Chancellor Harry E. Ransom of the University of Texas and the bib is further enhanced by photos of Pancho and the reproduction of Tom Lea's great portrait of him. Facsimiles of a number of title pages, including two with Lea illustrations and one with a Ben Carlton Mead drawing, will be helpful to collectors. For the dedicated Dobie buffs there is a deluxe edition of 500 numbered and signed copies with a Gane imitation leather spine in a slip case at $25. Strongly recommended.

J. Frank Dobie: A Portrait of Pancho (Steck-Vaughn, $5.95) by Winston Bode is a reprint in Steck-Vaughn's Life and Adventure Series. This profusely illustrated and sensitive biography of Dobie was an outgrowth of a television documentary prepared and narrated by Bode for The University of Texas educational channel KLRN-TV. This edition contains additional material as well as many excerpts and quotations from other books by and about Dobie. Mrs. J. Frank Dobie assisted the author with selections of photographs and other materials from the Dobie collections. A second chance to obtain a fine book about a great man.

LINCOLN COUNTY WAR

Publication of *Maurice Garland Fulton's History of the Lincoln County War* (The University of Arizona Press, $8.50) has been long awaited by Western Americana buffs. Colonel Fulton, author, teacher, historian, and friend and advisor to writers on the Southwest spent thirty-three years gathering the material for this book. Part of his research was used in introducing and editing the reprints of the books of two of the participants in the aftermath of the war—Pat Garrett and John Poe. When the Colonel died in 1955 the manuscript was reported to be almost completed. The choice of an editor to complete the manuscript and smooth up the text was a particularly fortunate one—Robert N. (Bob) Mullin, a long-time friend of the author and a fellow-seeker for the truth in Lincoln County affairs. Those scholars who look for a bibliography will not find one as such; yet Bob, with access to the Colonel's papers, has provided (in the introduction) an excellent list of the sources used. The thing really different about this book is that it is based on original interviews and correspondence, contemporary newspaper stories (pro and con), official reports, court records and business accounts. In a few instances Bob was unable to determine the sources of the Colonel's conclusions about certain events but they were so logical and checked so closely with his own research that they were not questioned.

The Lincoln County War has long been considered one of the three great range wars in our Western livestock history—the other two being the Johnson County War (Wyoming) and the Pleasant Valley War (Arizona). Colonel Fulton concludes that the Lincoln County War was not a range war—not, at least, in the pattern of the other two—but a struggle for economic and political power. To be sure, the key to the economic problem was the Government beef contract to feed the Indians and the Army so there was a tie to the livestock industry. As predicted by your reviewer many years ago, based on several exchanges of views in personal contacts and numerous letters from the author, Billy the Kid does not dominate the book. His role is set forth fairly but no more. This is objective history and yet the characters come through unusually well —a particular feature is the brief biographical chapters at the end setting forth the fate of several of the principals —Jesse Evans, the Kid, Juan Patron, John Chisum, James J. Dolan, John H. Riley, J. B. Mathews, and Sue McSween. There is an index plus some good photos and maps. Worth the wait—strongly recommended.

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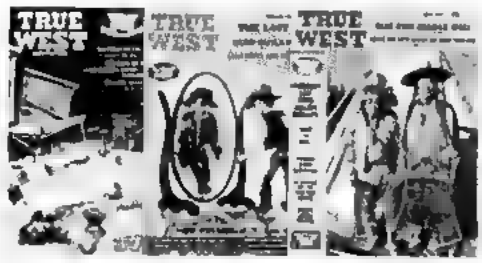

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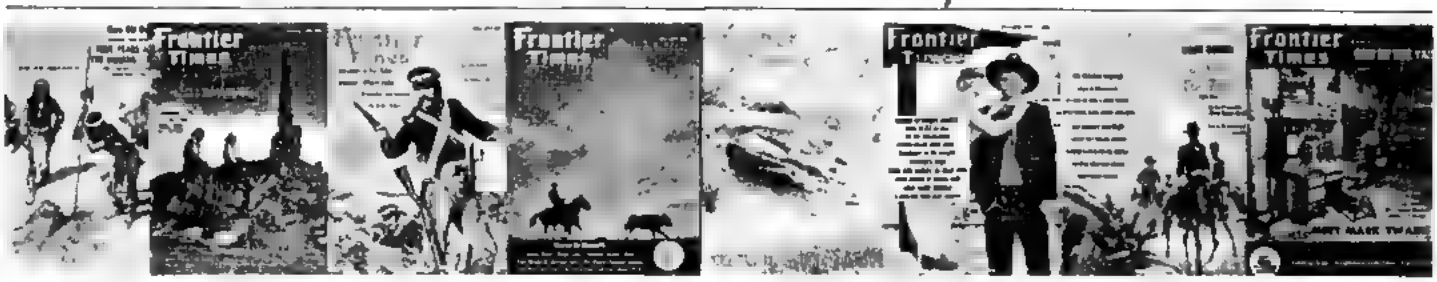

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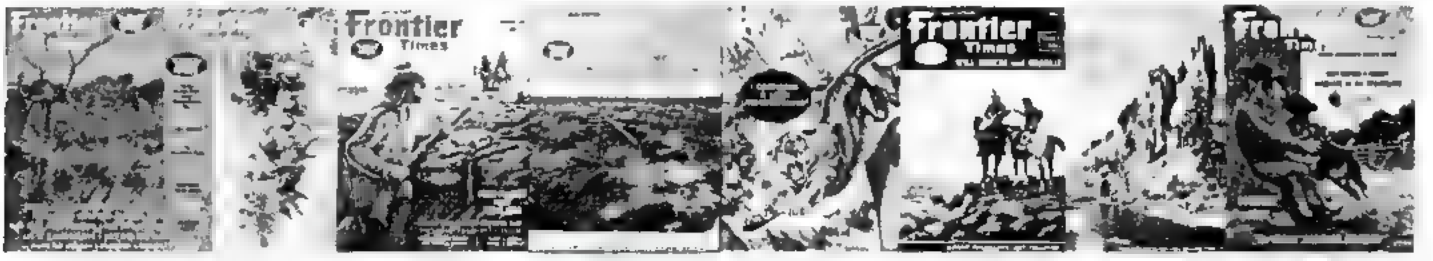

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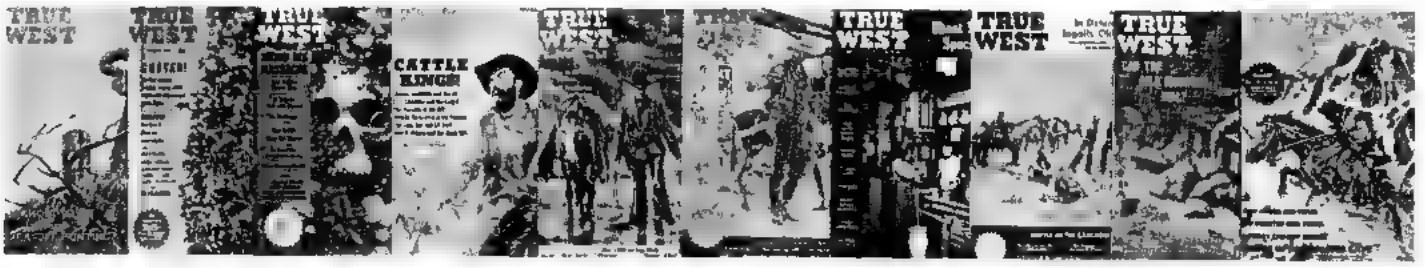

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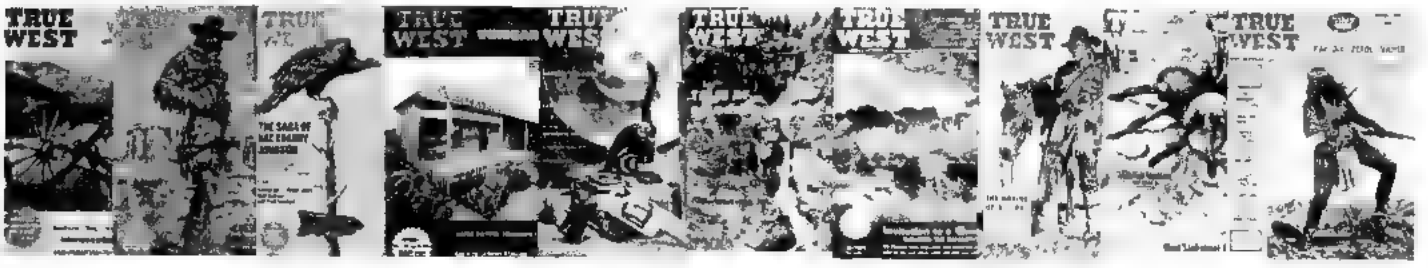

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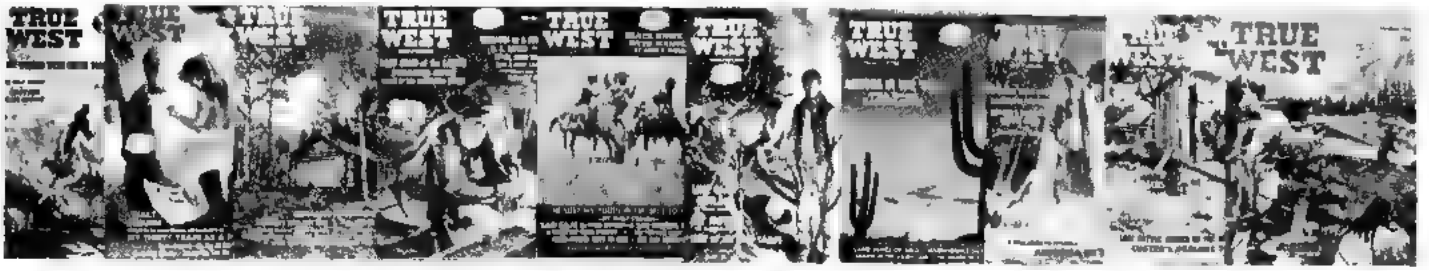

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Courtesy Irbymae Ford

The corral at the Graham ranch in Pleasant Valley.

Long Remember

(Continued from page 25)

WITH the first outsiders to reach the Cummings farm were some officers. Among them were expert trackers Henry Garfias and Henry DeNure. They followed the killers' sign to the side of Salt River where they separated. But the two sets of tracks rejoined on the north side. Riding on several miles together the two men split up again.

After a chase of ten more miles John Rhodes was overhauled. He surrendered without offering resistance. Garfias on examining his gun found that it had not been fired that morning.

Late in the afternoon Garfias and DeNure reached Tempe with Rhodes in custody. Duesha had ridden in and was on the street when they tied up and dismounted to go to the justice of the peace's office.

Duesha wore two six-guns, one holstered and the other stuck inside his belt. The sawed-off shotgun was on his saddle. Without more ado he drew the extra six-shooter, aimed and squeezed off a shot. The bullet whipped past Rhodes' head, embedding itself in the door frame of the newspaper office the three were then passing.

Knowing what would happen, with officers falling to the ground and jerking weapons, Duesha slid around the corner of a building from sight. A huge crowd gathered at once, yet Duesha continued to seek a vantage point hoping to get another shot at Rhodes. The officers rushed their prisoner inside a building and then out the back door to safekeeping elsewhere.

Riding a fast horse, Ed Tewksbury escaped all pursuit, safely reaching the Tom Wilson ranch in Tonto Basin where he worked. Three days later he was arrested there by the sheriff of Pima County.

The following series of court hearings and trials were long, drawn out affairs. At the justice court hearing for Rhodes in Tempe the trackers described both getaway horses. Tewksbury's was a very dark brown gelding, seventeen hands high. Rhodes was caught mounted on a buckskin. Both horses had been taken over by officers as evidence. They identified the animals' hoof sizes, stride and imperfections in the shoes.

The same horses were also described accurately by young Ed Cummings and the two girl witnesses. At Rhodes' hearing and later in court, the three children repeated their testimony. They also pointed to Tewksbury and Rhodes as the men they saw hiding behind the mesquite. In subsequent trials they never varied in their identifications of men and horses.

Public feeling against Tewksbury and Rhodes in the Salt River Valley reached the explosion point. Public meetings were held and plans to insist on justice or assume action were formulated. Lynch talk caused officers to use extra precautions against mob violence.

Stunned with grief, Anne was a walking automaton until after the funeral which was attended by 2,000 settlers. For two days she seemed in a trance, at times verging on coma. But she had iron in her and began to come out of it, a beautiful, bitter-faced woman of stern resolve.

She was required to attend the coroner's jury investigation and Justice of the Peace W. O. Huson's preliminary hearing for Rhodes in Phoenix. On the stand she testified to the incidents of skulkers on the farm and Tom's departure for town with the load of wheat on the tragic morning. She was followed by Ed Cummings, his sister, and Elizabeth Gregg.

Sitting in the first row of seats, Anne's burning eyes never left the form of Rhodes sitting with his counsel at the table before the judge's bench. The hearing droned on, officers giving their testimony. Suddenly Anne leaped to her feet, Tom's Colt's .44 appearing in her hands. Before any of the paralyzed

crowd could move she aimed the weapon at Rhodes' head and pulled the trigger. But the gun failed to fire. Frank M. King and a deputy sheriff grabbed and disarmed her.

Anne was led from the courtroom by her mother and friends sobbing hysterically, "Oh, let me kill him! Oh, please let me kill him for what he did to Tom!"

Territorial newspapers, all in sympathy with the bereaved widow, gave a fanfare of reports on her attempt to exact personal justice. Many fanciful accounts have been given as to why the gun failed to fire. It did not for the simple reason that not one cartridge was in the cylinder.

That morning Mrs. Melton had driven from the farm in a light buggy with Anne. They stopped briefly at the Cummings place where that family also was preparing to go to Phoenix. Anne had the gun then and for some reason placed it on a table under her reticule. Mrs. Melton, suspecting that she had it, now knew so. While Anne was out of the living room briefly her mother broke the cylinder, extracting every cartridge.

All the evidence against Rhodes was conclusive. It therefore came as a stunning shock when on August 19 Justice Huson released Rhodes for "lack of evidence."

Citizens of the Salt River Valley were highly indignant in their conviction that a gross miscarriage of justice had taken place. Anger seethed to a high pitch in Phoenix and Tempe. Citizens organized into groups and issued proclamations to hang both Rhodes and Justice Huson. Their feeling was so pronounced that Rhodes, fearing mob action, chose to stay in jail.

After sundown it became known that a vigilante group of more than 300 men planned to hang Rhodes at dawn. They proposed the same fate for Justice Huson. Warned, the magistrate fled town and hid out in the country for more than two weeks.

Into town on the night of the 19th appeared half a dozen of Rhodes' reckless cowboy friends from Tonto Basin. All were armed and mounted on fast horses. Conniving with them to prevent lynch law from taking over, the sheriff slipped Rhodes from jail shortly before midnight. He was safely gone when the mob began assembling.

THE AROUSED populace was still going to "get" Ed Tewksbury. After a closed preliminary hearing, he was removed to the county jail in Tucson for safety.

Tewksbury's battery of lawyers, after negotiating delays until public excitement had quieted and following a grand jury indictment, obtained a change of venue. The trial began in district court at Tucson, December 4, 1893.

A jury promptly found him guilty of murder in the first degree with a recommendation of mercy. On legal technicalities Tewksbury obtained another trial, going before a judge and jury the second time January 2, 1895.

Despite the unchanging evidence of witnesses and that of several others pro-

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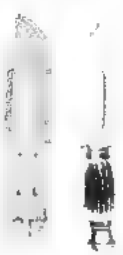

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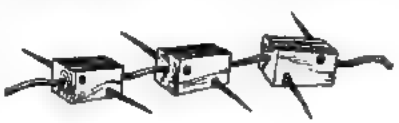

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duced at this trial, the befuddled jury failed to reach a verdict. Admitted to bail pending another trial, Tewksbury was never tried again and died at Globe in 1904. Rhodes outlived him nearly forty years and was a respected citizen of southern Arizona.

The valiant Anne was never able to recover from the tragedy and her disillusion in the justice of the courts. Indeed, she was unable to testify at the later Tewksbury trial. She had had tribulations enough. As time went on her mind reverted back to the few happy days with Tom. A mental block caused her to imagine that Tom was still living and would come home at almost any minute. Only occasionally did she recall the events of that terrible morning when bushwhackers struck. As the years passed she became more seriously deranged. The brave woman who had displayed so much raw courage could not accept the gruesome facts of her husband's death.

The Meltons concluded that if she were given a complete change of scene, she might regain her mind. To this end Anne was persuaded to sell Tom's remnant of cattle and property. The farm was sold to Byron Carr on September 30, 1898. The Meltons with Anne and the little girl, Estelle, moved to southern California.

Although Anne did show signs of improvement occasionally, complete recovery was not to be. By 1900 doctors finally convinced the Meltons that their daughter would never fully regain her sanity. Almost the rest of her life was spent in an institution. There were periods when she could be taken home for awhile by Estelle after the girl was grown and married.

Anne died shortly after the end of World War II. Only death released the valiant woman from her tragic memories.

Old Duesha spent two years lurking in areas frequented by Rhodes. He shadowed Tewksbury after the latter's release from jail, and was often on the trail of Jim Houck whom he wanted for the murder of Billy Graham. But this hounding work was too exhausting for his overtaxed and feeble strength. Despairing of ever being able to kill the men he hated, Duesha teamed up with Johnny Moore as a prospecting partner. Actually he spent most of his time at his home in Phoenix until his death in 1925.

Duesha was buried in the cemetery at Twin Buttes, Tempe, almost within a stone's throw of the spot where Tom Graham was murdered. To his day of passing he said often, "The one time I failed to go with Tommy, they killed him!"

The facts of this case, although long known to me, were rechecked with the minutes of the coroner's hearings, records of justice and district court, and the territorial newspapers of the years concerned. I have researched the entire Tonto Basin War and the following Graham-Tewksbury Feud since 1932. Previous to that I heard the stories of that feud from the survivors concerned. This also included some Tewksburys.

The Mighty McClure

(Continued from page 33)

Cheyenne Frontier Days, the richest and most competitive outdoor rodeo in the country. They stopped only to eat, sleep and exercise Legs alongside open stretches of highway. When they backed him out of the trailer at Cheyenne, he looked like a different horse.

McClure had won the 1930 Cheyenne calf roping; he had won the steer roping in 1933, the year before. Now he knew he must repeat. He was deperately anxious to win. His savings were gone. He *had* to win. And he was never any better than when he had to do something.

So there at Cheyenne, late in July, McClure again proved his terrific mastery of working under intense pressure. With the chips down and a whopper purse up, roping against an outstanding aggregate of rodeo talent—men like Hugh Bennett, John and Everett Bowman, Dick Truitt, Richard Merchant, Juan and Tony Salinas, Clay Carr, Ike Rude, and many others—McClure bedded down three rank calves in an average of 19.4 seconds. He won the roping and was able to outfit a new bank account with a check for $1,792.

Roping times at different rodeos have never been closely compared. There are many inconsistencies—indoor arenas, outdoor arenas, unequal starts given the calves and different kinds of calves. Hereford calves, for instance, have round, drum-tight bellies and short legs, making them difficult to tie; Angus calves are fast; Brahman calves are long-legged, limber and feisty. In his day McClure roped all kinds and, under varying conditions, was credited with some remarkable runs.

Once at Tucson, Arizona, he two-looped a razzle-dazzle Brahman over a 60-foot start in 21 flat—an amazing performance, for even though he missed a loop he still took a piece of the three-calf average. At the 1933 National Western Stock Show and Rodeo at Denver, he averaged 16.2 seconds on four head of spirited Hereford youngsters. At Billings, Montana, one summer, he roped another four head of Herefords in a fast 14.2-second average and was paid

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off in silver dollars—620 of them.

One of the fastest calves he ever secured was grounded at Detroit in 1930. Over a 15-foot start he executed a beautiful run on a junior Angus. As the roper raced up behind this calf, it bolted to the left. McClure loved a shot over his left shoulder. He stood up straight in his stirrups, cocked his little loop, swung it fast and threw. Like a fast ball zipping across the plate, the loop whistled over the calf's head. McClure leaped off his horse and tied the calf. The stop watches completed the run with an unbelievable 11.2-second rating.

"Jake nearly cut the calf's head off with that fast loop," observed one of his admirers hunkered down in the arena.

LIKE ALL MEN WHO have roped seriously, McClure was aware of the value of an honest, well-trained horse. He used the bay, Legs, that he had bought from Tom Standefer for $300, and he used another gelding called Silver, a light sorrel with lots of speed and action. Silver was given to McClure by C. C. (Bud) Parker, a southern Arizona rancher. He was so well thought of in rodeo circles that in 1931, after his new owner had triumphed in calf roping at the Calgary Stampede in Alberta, Canada, Silver was awarded the Prince of Wales Rope Horse Trophy for being the best equine performer on the field.

McClure considered Legs and Silver like partners in an investment. Their job was to function without fault—to stay calm in the box, to break swiftly from a flat-footed stance, to overtake a calf in the quickest way, to stop with clod-clattering suddenness, to back up on a taut rope, holding a calf down for the all-important tie. McClure's job, too, in this partnership, was not to make any mistakes. Of course, they were not always perfect but they were a threat every time they jogged into the box.

McClure loved his horses in a sort of secret, bashful cowboy way. When they both died in the same week in 1937, he was so heartbroken that he went to bed for several days, refusing to speak to a soul. Legs dropped dead while grazing and Silver was hit by a car on the highway cutting through the ranch.

Separated from the two mounts that had done so much to make his rodeo career a success, McClure began to slip. He seemed to lose his touch; hard luck stalked him from one rodeo to the next. When he reached New York in the fall of 1938—his last appearance before a Madison Square Garden audience—contestants smiled sadly at the "has-been" and whispered to one another that McClure was finished. But he fooled them all.

Riding Honey Boy, a nimble, indoor rope horse owned by the Salinas brothers of Encinal, Texas, he went into the finals ahead of everybody. He won the last go-round as well as the 11-calf average, carting off over $3,000 in prize money. Everett Shaw, veteran rodeo cowboy from Stonewall, Oklahoma, well remembers the final run.

"In the last go-round I had the fastest calf down in 16," he says. "Sure thought I had a winner. But Jake roped one in

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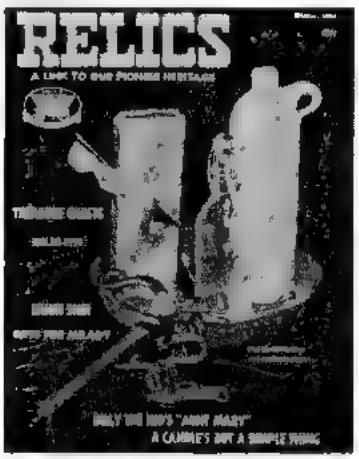

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15.2—an arena record at that time."

In the spring of 1939 McClure stepped up to the pay-off window at San Francisco's World's Fair Rodeo on Treasure Island and pocketed his last roping check. A few weeks later he was operated on for a ruptured appendix. Complicating infections so reduced his strength that his doctors literally gave him little chance to live. But he fooled them, just as he had fooled his competitors at New York. A year later he was judging rodeos and that summer, completely recovered, he started roping again.

But his luck was running away from him. On July 3, 1940, he tossed his final loop. Six days later, the fastest roper that ever lived died in the hospital at Lovington.

He had roped a steer on his ranch to check the brand. As the loop settled over the horns, the steer cut straight back. Slack whipped out of the rope and the heavy steer jerked the horse down on top of its rider. McClure was badly crushed around the head and shoulders. When a neighbor, Callie Hirst, reached him he was unconscious. He never opened his eyes again.

To the younger men of rodeo today, McClure is a legend. To old-timers he's a memory. And from these memories come yarns about a small and hungry loop—a loop that for ten years ate up rodeo purses as fast as Jake McClure could shake it out and pop it on a calf.

Tom Ellerts

Jail Break—Farmer Style

(Continued from page 39)

whip to the ears of the mules and headed down the dusty road to town. This was one day when he wished he were sitting behind fast horses instead of his slow-poke mules.

The silence was broken only by the boy making comments to himself as he played on the floor of the wagon box.

George helped Liza down from the wagon in front of the general store and carried in the crates of eggs with a nodded greeting to the store clerk who was busy measuring out dress material. Liza waited for him on the board walk and spoke as he tied the mules to the hitching post.

"Glen and I will meet you at your sister's. Dora likes to eat supper right at 5:30, so try not to be late."

He nodded and headed up the dusty street to the livery stable. Every Saturday in the summer you could find the men of the countryside behind the stable with a keg of beer. One keg at a time, anyway. There was nothing like good beer to quench a man's thirst, and my! he was thirsty after that hot, dusty ride to town.

Not that he figured himself as a drinking man, but he did take a few too many once in a while. Like the time a few months ago when they'd received the news that land was to be opened in Oklahoma and, after the keg was finished, he and seven or eight others headed for the saloon to do some real celebrating. Just getting drunk wouldn't have been so bad, but he had taken offense at Big John Murphy's calling him a Dutchman, and the fight which followed had put Big John in the doctor's office and himself in jail. He'd spent the night and the sheriff had released him the following noon, sober and contrite.

George figured that next time he'd see to it he got hurt some. Doc's wife was a better cook than the sheriff's. He'd been a guest of the county in Kansas, Missouri and Wisconsin and none of them served food as awful as the jail in Whitewater.

"I wouldn't have slopped that breakfast to the hogs," he muttered to himself as he rounded the corner of the stable.

"GEORGE, WHERE in tarnation you been?" Ed hollered. Ed was his best friend in these parts and worked at the flour mill just outside of town. "Get yourself a cup of beer. Tom's up at Jonce's now waiting for him to finish barbering Pete. Then they'll both be down. Tom says the land in Oklahoma is as good as it is here in Kansas and I guess you'll be pulling out next year to try for a piece of it."

For the next hour they were joined by friends and neighbors all arguing eagerly about whether or not to try for a fresh start on the new homestead lands. Tom and Jonce soon joined them and Tom stood with his hand on George's shoulder answering questions as best he could.

When the second keg ran out, the small group of men wandered up to the saloon and George went with them listening to the arguments that continued over homesteading the new territory. He didn't join in the quarrels. Every man had to decide for himself and he'd already made up his mind. He'd be in Oklahoma to run in the land rush.

At the saloon a poker game soon sprang up and he didn't notice the pass-

ing of time until he glanced outside and realized it was dark. Liza and Glen would have already left town and he'd have to rent a horse to get home. He'd have just one more beer, then leave. As he set the empty glass back on the bar and turned to go, Big John Murphy blocked his way.

"I been thinking about that fight we had, George. The sheriff saved your bacon for you, coming along just when he did. I think it's about time we finished. What do you say?"

George looked up at him and shook his head. "Some other time, Murph. It's already late and I've got a long ride home. Besides, I promised Liza I'd try to stay out of trouble for a while."

Big John stood with his hands on his hips looking down and, when George finished speaking, he put his head back and guffawed loudly.

"So the little Dutchman's henpecked, is he?" he hooted.

That did it. Before Murphy could get his hands up, George belted him, knocking the big man end over teakettle across the table behind him. They wrestled and punched their way across the saloon and out into the street. Dust clung to the blood and the sweat rolling off them.

As soon as the sheriff heard the commotion, he hightailed it over. He arrived earlier than he had the last time and neither of them were hurt as yet. This time both went to jail.

It was early the next morning when George drove the wagon he'd rented at the livery stable into the yard at home. Liza stepped to the kitchen door and stood staring at him as he climbed down off the seat.

"George Benjamin Eilerts! You get to that pump and clean up before you step one foot in this house! You look like you've been butchering hogs!"

She stepped out into the yard and her gaze traveled from George to the wagon and then back to him.

"What happened? And what've you got in that wagon?"

George headed for the pump to wash up. As he pumped the handle, he answered her, "Now don't get excited, Liza. There was a little fracas at the saloon last night. Murph started insulting me and I knew you'd want me to defend myself. Sheriff threw me and him in jail. When I woke up this morning, I got to thinking about that awful food and I just couldn't stand the thought of eating it again. So I took out my jackknife and unscrewed the door and left."

George bent to rinse his face and said, "I'll take it back and lock myself in again as soon as I've had breakfast."

"But why in the world did you bring the door home with you?" Liza asked.

"Because I don't intend to do time for breaking jail! It just stands to reason that if I've got the cell door with me I'm still behind bars and in custody."

And, you know, that is exactly the decision the good-natured sheriff reached, too. But afterwards he always frisked his prisoners for their jackknives.

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3. **Put the car in Drive (1st gear with manual transmission), and see how fast the car rolls at idling speed.**
4. **Remove plugs and install Jet-Fuel Igniters (a 10-minute job).**
5. **Now see how fast your car rolls at idling speed. You can expect it to go 4 TO 6 MILES PER HOUR FASTER without touching the gas pedal—dramatic proof that Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters increase engine RPMs by 100 to 150 with no increase in gas consumption. (At high speeds, RPMs increase by 300 to 350.)**

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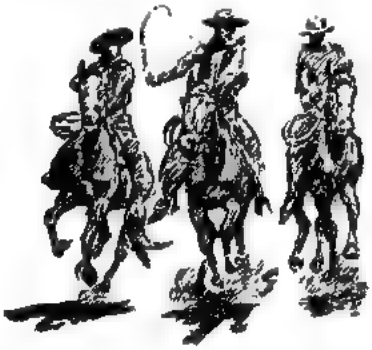

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Left to right: Rupert, Dr. Brown, the hermit, unidentified and Norris. Below, the rag hut where the hermit slept.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 37)

down in the dark and dragged their carcasses back to his "abode" along with pots, buckets, and pans of all shapes and sizes.

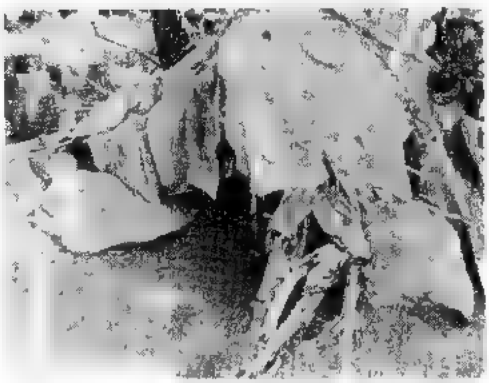
After we returned to Raton, I gave my account of our discovery to the town druggist, Mr. Brown, who insisted that no human being could possibly exist on the rotten remains of animals. To satisfy his curiosity, I arranged a trip to the hermit's camp on the following day, accompanied by Mr. Brown, a lawyer, and two other witnesses.

We found the hermit the next day with little difficulty; and were even fortunate enough to witness a hind leg of a dog being boiled in one of his pots on a fire made from two perpetually burning sticks. He had also hung rotten carcasses of chickens on a tree, I suppose to obtain a better aroma. It was our guess that he devoured these in the same manner as a vulture. We found no bread, but there were canned goods which probably had been thrown out because of their swelled ends. It was amazing how a human being could possibly survive on such contaminated food.

The hermit had no firearm and no knowledge of one's purpose or how to use it. When talking, later, to an elderly rancher, I mentioned the hermit. He then told me of an incident which had occurred about twenty years before. A family was murdered and the killer never found. It was supposed that he went to hide in the mountains.

Even though our hermit showed no signs of being a vicious killer, he did possess a great fear of people. He was suspicious of anyone who came with me, especially if one happened to stray toward an overgrown mound on a hill behind his lean-to. Here something must have been buried. He did not mind me, because I brought him candy and tobacco.

After news of the hermit spread, many people tried to find him, out of curiosity. They never succeeded because of his constant perch in an ideal lookout point



where he could see anyone coming for miles below him. I must admit that I may have been responsible for their curiosity for I sold pictures of the hermit as postcards in the Seeburg Hotel in Raton while I was night clerk.

Many years afterward, when I was in Oklahoma, my sister wrote me that our hermit was found in his light apparel of rags and discarded boots, frozen to death in his camp.

Living like an animal for so many years, he had become one; skin like leather, stomach like a vulture's, a loss of intelligence and a fear of people. Yet, he must have had some reason for deserting civilization; a man doesn't turn animal for nothing.

THE OX-BOW TRAIL

TO EARLY travelers looking at their maps, the trail from Nebraska City to Fort Kearny, shaped like a letter "B" laid on its side and flattened, resembled the curved wooden yokes they placed on their oxen to pull heavy wagons. The trail, therefore, acquired the name "Ox-Bow."

The Ox-Bow Trail, running northwest from Nebraska City to the Platte River, then southwest to Fort Kearny, had some significance in the story of the crossing of the Plains. In 1836, Col. Henry Dodge and 120 mounted dragoons passed along

part of what eventually became the Ox-Bow Trail and met with representatives of several Indian tribes at a site about ten miles north of present-day Ashland. The first recorded wagontrain of immigrants bound for homes in the West came through in 1846 on its way to California.

When the United States Army was sent to Utah in the mid-1850s, the freighting firm of Russell, Majors, and Waddell contracted to supply 16 million pounds of supplies. Ten million pounds of this were sent west from Nebraska City along the Ox-Bow Trail in 1858 and 1859. However, the freighting firm was dissatisfied with the trail's long detour as it curved north and then back south. A cutoff route directly west from Nebraska City to Fort Kearny was laid out in 1860, and traffic on the Ox-Bow quickly declined.

But the Ox-Bow Trail was an excellent example of what one geographer called the "science of the dividing ridge." Wagontrain travelers were caught between two conflicting desires on their way West. On one hand, they wanted easy access to water for themselves and their stock; on the other hand, they wanted to make as few dangerous stream crossings as possible.

As a result, trails sometimes followed the ridges dividing the watershed of one stream from that of another. In this way travelers were always close to water and yet did not have to constantly cross streams.

The Ox-Bow Trail stretched more than 200 miles, yet it had only one major stream crossing, the one at Saline Ford (present-day Ashland) where the trail crossed Salt Creek. Even there, the crossing was achieved with a minimum of danger since the stream at that point had a rock bottom.

Although the trail did not remain important as a cross-country route, its brief period of importance did result in the establishment of the town of Ashland. A land speculator, seeing the importance of Saline Ford, staked out a town at the spot. His company built two buildings and then, for some reason, abandoned the project in 1856. Ashland's first permanent settlers came that same year, returned to towns along the Missouri River for the winter, then set up permanent homes in 1857.—*Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society.*

"Always rearranging—now she wants the chair over by the door!"

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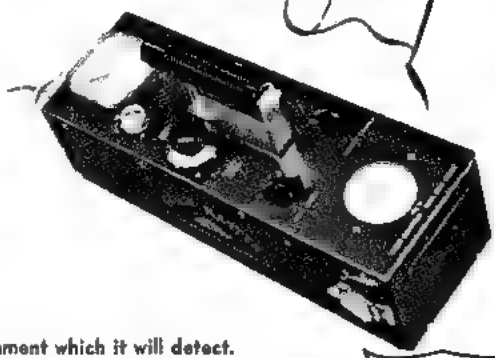

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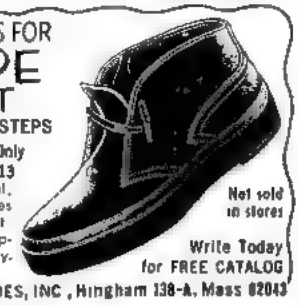

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 62)

Depot is today in Portland, Oregon. He has been retired for many years.—Mrs. Edward J. Dunn, 830 S. Azusa Avenue, Azusa, California 91702

Trouble Rode Out of Chihuahua

Dear Sirs:

The story by Maggie Roberson in the October 1968 TRUE WEST brings back many memories of fifty years ago. Vic Culberson branded his cows with three large letters, GOS, which covered the while side of a cow, and trailed his beef to Santa Rita and Hurley. Al Luxton, a native of Devonshire, England served his apprenticeship as a carpenter and cabinetmaker in the hills of Devon but left old England troubled with asthma and sailed for Australia. As soon as he was aboard ship his asthma left him. For several years he lived with the blacks of Australia and hunted kangaroo for bounty. He then moved to Canada to work on the new CPR at the time of the Louis Riel Rebellion.

We next find him in Luna and Grant Counties in New Mexico, framing square sets in the Lady Franklin mine and fighting Apaches on the Gavilan Trail from Lake Valley. Perhaps it may have been close to the turn of the century when the foreman of the Alamo Hueco conceived the idea that cooked food could be reached more easily if the dining table could turn with a circular motion so that each cowboy could easily reach the portion of food that he wished to eat. Al told me that he found the hub of a buggy wheel and a portion of an axle and built the table around the hub.

As Al was a first-class cabinet-maker the table itself was a success and then came the sad part of it. Some of the boys marked columns of numbers on the table and turned in into a roulette wheel. When the boys gambled all night they were not much good for daytime work. It started as a great adventure and ended in disaster. Perhaps there are some living who can remember the event. Al Luxton was a member of our family for eight years and a finer man I never knew. It may be that some of his grandchildren will read this story.—John Hoffman, Route 2, Box 311A1, Saugus, California 91350

Fort Buchanan—Fort Huachuca

Dear Sir:

This is to draw your attention to what I believe is probably an erroneous caption under a photograph in the August 1968 TRUE WEST. On page 33 is a photo of barracks on an Army post labeled "Fort Buchanan Barracks, Arizona." This photo was obtained "Courtesy Department of Library and Archives, State of Arizona."

I have no intention of posing as an expert in this field, but to anyone who has some knowledge of this area and its early military installations, there is something very wrong about the picture—about the title, that is.

Fort Buchanan was one of the earliest posts established in the Territory, built in November 1856. In July 1861 it was burned by retreating Federal troops. The necessity for military protection in the area as well as its strategic importance led to another fort being constructed at a site near the ruins of Fort Buchanan. This fort, Fort Crittenden, was established August 1867 and was closed July 1873.

Fort Buchanan could not possibly have had barracks such as are shown in the photograph. Ray Brandes, in *Frontier Military Posts of Arizona* states "Fort Buchanan was poorly situated and badly constructed. It consisted of a series of temporary jacals." In Herbert Hart's *Old Forts Of The Far West* is this comment: "Fort Buchanan's appearance belied its strategic role. Although stables, huts, pens, and corrals were spread over a half mile, they were merely temporary jacals built of decaying timber coated with mud. The rooms were low, unventilated, narrow, dirt floored, and could boast neither comfort nor neatness." Such descriptions of what Fort Buchanan was like are hardly compatible with the barracks in the photo. Fort Buchanan does have some claim to fame even though it didn't have such fine barracks. Lt. Bascom, who was later killed at the battle of Valverde, led a force of soldiers from Fort Buchanan to rescue Mickey Free and thereby began the Apache wars by his treatment of Cochise; also, Capt. Ewell, later Lt. Gen. Ewell of the Confederate Army, commanded at Fort Buchanan. As with so many sites, so full of history, there is nothing left to commemorate the lives and deaths of the brave, lonely men who were assigned to that then isolated spot.

Now it is one thing to point out mistakes, another to correct them. And since we TRUE WEST readers are a loyal bunch, I will hazard a guess as to the real identity of the barracks in question and try to clear up the problem I opened in the first place. I think they were at another Arizona frontier post—Fort Huachuca. On page 41 and 42 of Ray Brandes' book are photos of barracks identical to those you show. The background is also similar.

Much of the value and interest of your magazine lies in the pictures, so we all have an obligation to make sure they are accurate. If I am wrong in this instance, my apologies to TRUE WEST and the Library and Archives of the State of Arizona.—Jerome Ritter, M.D., Veterans Administration Hospital, Tucson, Arizona 85713

Dear Sir:

I have just been reading the August 1968 TRUE WEST and enjoying it as I always do.

May I, however, point out what I believe to be a mistake in the caption of the photograph on page 33 purporting to be the barracks at Fort Buchanan? I will bet a reasonable sum of money (with a bad conscience, because it is such a sure thing) that the picture is of the barracks at Fort Huachuca and not Fort Buchanan, which was, according to available records, of single-story adobe construction.

My first few years of the thirty-five years I spent in Uncle Sam's army were spent at Fort Huachuca, and I remember this scene well.—C. C. Clendenen, Col., U.S. Army, Ret., 758 Holmes Street, Livermore, California 94550

Dear Sirs:

Our apologies and we will take all the blame. The picture on page 33 of the August 1968 TRUE WEST is of Fort Huachuca. We do not have a picture of Fort Buchanan and cannot explain how this picture was located in the wrong file. We are indeed sorry and Col. Clendenen does win the bet!—Marguerite B. Cooley, Director, Department of Library and Archives, State of Arizona, Phoenix, Arizona 85007

TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
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OH, WE WERE SITTIN' AROUND, SCRAPING THE BOTTOM O' THE BARREL..
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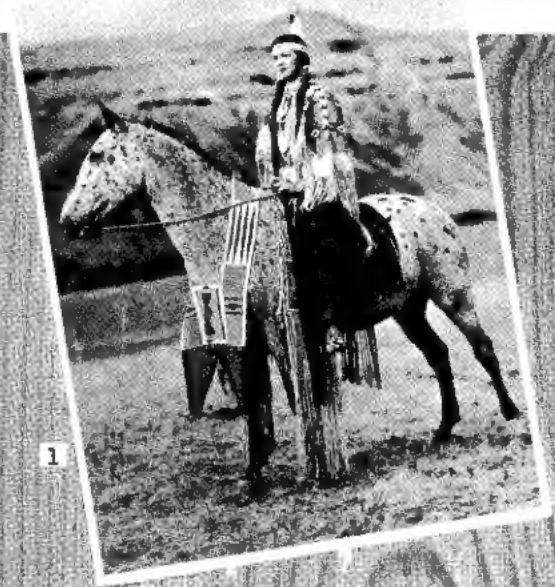
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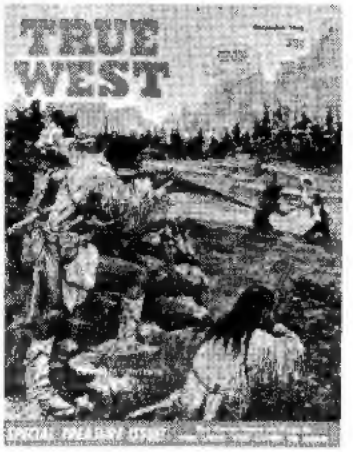

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